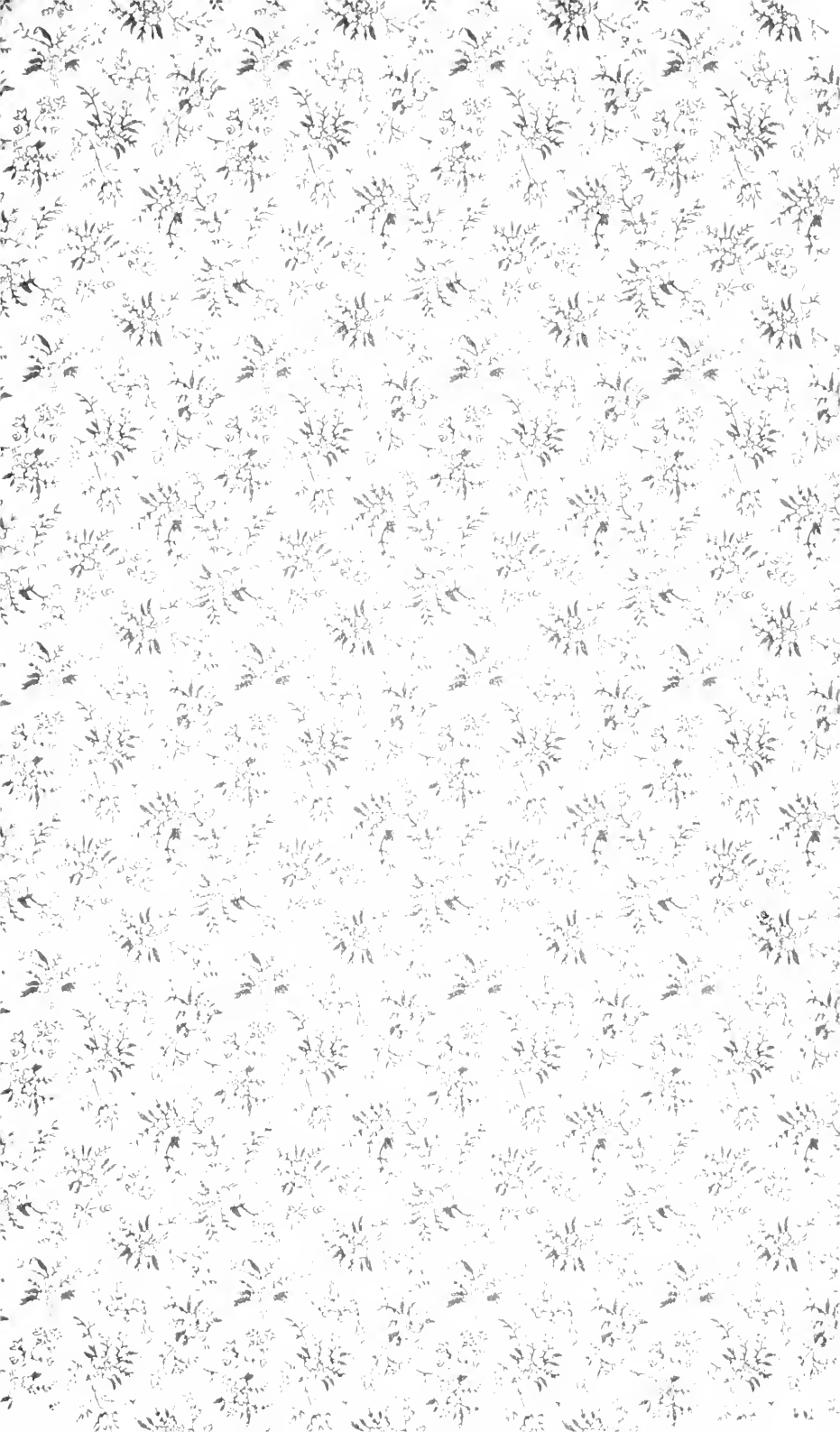


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HISTORY

OF THE

Fifty-second Regiment

Massachusetts Volunteers

BY THE CHAPLAIN

J. F. MOORS

BOSTON

PRESS OF GEORGE H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET

1893

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May 1913

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BY J. F. MOORE
1893

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE 52D REGIMENT.

G R A T E F U L for many acts of kindness extended to me, it gives me great pleasure to put on record some of the incidents of our brief but eventful campaign in Louisiana. I hope you will receive this in the spirit of charity and good will which has marked all your intercourse with the chaplain.

J. F. M.

AT the annual reunion of the 52d Regiment, held at Florence, Mass., Aug. 14, 1891, a committee was chosen to consider the matter of the history of the regiment. The committee consisted of these comrades: —

Company A.—CHAPLAIN MOORS.

- " *B.*—A. A. SMITH.
- " *C.*—H. S. GERE.
- " *D.*—HENRY NYE.
- " *E.*—EDWIN BAKER.
- " *F.*—LIEUT. STEARNS.
- " *G.*—J. L. DELANO.
- " *H.*—H. C. COMINS.
- " *I.*—H. A. BISBEE.
- " *K.*—C. K. MORTON.

The committee organized by choosing J. B. Whitmore chairman. At a subsequent meeting of the committee, held at Northampton Jan. 13, 1892, it was voted that we publish a history of the regiment, and that it contain

(a) The addresses given by Col. Greenleaf.

(b) A complete roster of the regiment, which shall include all who died in the service and also all who have died since they were mustered out.

(c) Brief personal sketches of all members of the regiment.

(d) Portraits of Col. Greenleaf and Chaplain Moors.

(e) That Chaplain Moors be requested to arrange the material and prepare the book for publication.

(f) A sub-committee was appointed of one from each company to secure the facts for the personal sketches, which they have done according to the best of their ability, though in many cases they have been unable to secure the returns.

J. B. WHITMORE.

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HISTORY OF THE 52D REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

I.

ORGANIZATION AND CAMP MILLER.

[GREENFIELD TO NEW YORK, SEPT. 13 TO DEC. 20, 1862.]

September, 1862.—The war was dragging slowly, wearisomely on, and a half-year had passed since the stars and stripes had been assailed by rebellious foes in the harbor of Charleston, S.C., a year and two months since the disastrous defeat of the Union Army at Bull Run. The first impulse of enthusiasm resulting from the firing upon Fort Sumter in April, 1861, had carried us hopefully through the first campaign, which ended in disaster and shame in June, 1861. Then came the real hour of trial. This country never saw so dark a week as that which followed that disgrace. "Are our men cowards when danger is to be faced?" was asked. "Will the North give up in despair, and yield principle and honor?" "No," was the emphatic reply. "We know we are right, and we will prevail." Armies melted away like dew before the sun, but new ones sprung up to take their places. Fifty thousand failed in June, 1861. Two hundred thousand are in camp in December of that year. Disaster followed next year on the peninsula; but the strength and courage of the loyal North had not been exhausted, and in the public mind the determination was stronger than ever to put down the rebellion and maintain, at all hazards, the unity of the nation.

On the fourth day of August, 1862, an order was issued from the War Department for a *draft* of three hundred thousand troops, to serve nine months; but the people and the State officials were opposed to a draft, and it was not resorted to, and the call was for three hundred thousand volunteers. The quota demanded of Massachusetts under this call was nineteen thousand and ninety men. The great number of men already in the service made it more difficult to secure the additional nineteen thou-

sand and ninety. The demand for so large a force made this one of the hardest and most anxious years of the war, alike to the State and national government. But the work of recruiting was entered upon with great alacrity and enthusiasm. It was ordered that Hampshire and Franklin Counties should raise a regiment, to be designated the Fifty-second. It is the story of this regiment I am to try to tell in these pages. Enthusiastic war meetings were held in every town and village of these two counties. Every device was used to stir to greater heat the already awakened flame of loyalty and patriotism. We shared the universal spirit of the loyal North. The nation was fully aroused. Defeat at first had been needed to accomplish this result. No one thought of giving up, but joined in the exultant shout, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

I hope I may be able to give the outlines, at least, of a picture of army life; for, though our experience was not a long one, it was varied. We saw almost every variety of soldier's life. We had an experience of the crowded transport, of monotonous camp life, of the exhausting march, of the terrible battle, of disheartening defeat, and of exulting victory. We knew what it was to have our blood thrill at the sound of inspiring music: we knew what it was to have the blood chill at sights of mortal agony. We saw a portion of army life in all its aspects, except as prisoners of war. We lost but two men as prisoners, and one of them reached home before the rest of us: the other was never heard of after he was captured.

The most earnest and soul-stirring appeals were made to the young men to heed this call of their country in this hour of peril. The appeal was to their pride, their love of adventure, their heroic desire to do something in the great cause to which so many thousands of their countrymen had given their lives. The most generous promises were made to the young men on condition of their enlisting. They should have all the places of profit and honor their fellow-citizens could furnish if they returned in safety. If the fortunes of war were fatal, the public would watch over those dependent on them, and see to it that they had every comfort a grateful people could bestow. And every new recruit left the war meeting loaded with bouquets of choice flowers, bestowed by those he looked upon as the fairest and bravest of his acquaintance. With this overflow of patriotic zeal, the ranks were speedily filled, and on the thirteenth day of September the regi-

ment was gathered together at Greenfield, with James L. Hartwell as Post Commander, and a camp organized as Camp Miller, named in honor of Major Ozro Miller, of the 10th Regiment, who had been killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, a personal friend of Col. Greenleaf.

None of the companies had received their full quota when they entered on camp life, but recruits came in ; and, when the regiment was mustered and took the oath of allegiance, the ranks were nearly full.

Capt. H. S. Greenleaf, of Shelburne Falls, Co. E, was chosen colonel, and Lieut. Richmond was promoted to the vacant place. Capt. J. J. Storrs, of Amherst, Co. G, was chosen lieutenant colonel. Henry Winn, of Shelburne Falls, was elected major. J. M. Decker, formerly lieutenant colonel of the 10th Massachusetts Regiment, became adjutant ; E. C. Clark, of Northampton, quartermaster ; Dr. F. A. Sawyer, of Greenfield, surgeon ; Dr. J. H. Richardson, of Chesterfield, assistant surgeon ; Rev. J. F. Moors, of Greenfield, chaplain ; Dr. Henry M. Sabine, of Lenox, was added to the medical staff April 20, 1863 ; Henry M. Whitney, of Northampton, sergeant major ; Edward A. Whitney, of Northampton, quartermaster sergeant ; William W. Ward, of Worthington, commissary-sergeant ; George D. Clark, of Northampton, hospital steward.

The ten companies were officered as follows :—

Co. A.—Alanson B. Long, Greenfield, captain ; Eben S. Hurlburt, Bernardston, 1st lieutenant ; Franklin C. Severence, Greenfield, 2d lieutenant ; W. Scott Keith, Greenfield, orderly sergeant.

This company mustered 95 men. Of this number Greenfield furnished 62 ; Bernardston, 19 ; Gill, 5 ; Shelburne, 3 ; Leyden and Northfield, 2 each ; Hawley and New Salem, 1 each. Total, 95.

7 died in service. 3 were discharged for disability.

Co. B.—Alvah P. Nelson, Colrain, captain ; Leonard B. Rice, Charlemont, 1st lieutenant ; John W. Buddington, Leyden, 2d lieutenant ; Arthur A. Smith, Colrain, orderly sergeant.

This company mustered 94 men. Of these Colrain furnished 41 ; Charlemont, 20 ; Heath, 9 ; Leyden, 8 ; Rowe, 7 ; Monroe, 5 ; Halifax, Vt., 3 ; Adams, 1. Total, 94.

Died in service, 14. Discharged, 1.

Co. C.—Mark H. Spaulding, Northampton, captain ; Edwin C. Clark, Northampton, 1st lieutenant, commissioned quartermaster ; John R. Hillman, Northampton, 1st lieutenant ; Luther A. Clark,

Northampton, 2d lieutenant; Henry H. Strong, Northampton, orderly sergeant.

Mustered 95 men. Of these Northampton furnished 79; Easthampton, 3; Cummington, 3; Williamsburg, 2; Ware, South Deerfield, Worthington, Northfield, Orange, Conn., Goshen, Westfield, and Springfield, 1 each. Total, 95.

Died in service, 10. Deserted, 2.

Co. D.—Fred M. Patrick, Conway, captain (resigned Oct. 29, 1862); Horace Hosford, Conway, captain; Samuel F. Edwards, Deerfield, 1st lieutenant; Oliver P. Egerton, Conway, 2d lieutenant; Edward J. Hosmer, Deerfield, orderly sergeant.

The company mustered 96 men. Of these Deerfield furnished 39; Conway, 32; Whately, 17; Buckland, Lynnfield, South Hadley, New Salem, Hawley, Colrain, Prescott, Leverett, 1 each. Total, 96.

Died in service, 16.

Co. E.—Halbert S. Greenleaf, Shelburne, captain (promoted colonel); Josiah A. Richmond, Shelburne, captain; Ansel K. Bradford, Plainfield, 1st lieutenant; Samuel H. Blackwell, Waterville, Me., 2d lieutenant; Samuel A. Little, Buckland, orderly sergeant.

Mustered 91 men. Of these Shelburne furnished 27; Buckland, 26; Hawley, 17; Ashfield, 10; Charlemont, 2; Plainfield, Waterville, Me., Cheshire, Colrain, Northampton, Chesterfield, 1 each; Heath, 3. Total, 91.

Died in service, 10. Discharged, 3.

Co. F.—Lucian H. Stone, Montague, captain; Alphonso Ballou, Orange, 1st lieutenant; Marshall S. Stearns, Northfield, 2d lieutenant; Samuel H. Crandall, Shutesbury, orderly sergeant.

Mustered its full quota of 100 men. Of these Orange furnished 29; Montague, 28; Northfield, 22; Leverett, 9; Shutesbury, 7; Erving, 4; Wendell, 1. Total, 100.

Died in service, 13. Discharged, 2.

Co. G.—Samuel S. Storrs, Amherst, captain (promoted lieutenant colonel); George L. Bliss, Northampton, captain; Justin P. Kellogg, Amherst, 1st lieutenant; Asa A. Spear, Amherst, 2d lieutenant; James W. Stebbins, Sunderland, orderly sergeant; Edgar J. Pomeroy, Sunderland, orderly sergeant at last.

Mustered 86 men. Of these Amherst furnished 42; Sunderland, 24; Pelham, 11; Leverett, 2; Montague, 2; Shutesbury, Wendell, Conway, Northampton, Bernardston, 1 each. Total, 86.

Died in service, 8. Discharged, 4.

Co. H.—William Perkins, Hadley, captain; S. Alonzo Williams, South Hadley, 1st lieutenant; Malcolm Bridgman, Granby, 2d lieutenant; H. Weston Smith, South Hadley, orderly sergeant.

Mustered 93 men. Of these Hadley furnished 37; South Hadley, 32; Granby, 16; Holyoke, 2; Hinsdale, N.H., 2; Chicopee, Williamsburg, Whately, Burke, N.Y., 1 each. Total, 93.

Died in service, 12. Deserted, 1.

Co. I.—Charles E. Tileston, Williamsburg, captain; Lucius C. Taylor, Chesterfield, 1st lieutenant; James W. Clark, Northampton, 2d lieutenant; Edward F. Hamlin, Northampton, orderly sergeant.

Numbered 90 men. Of these Williamsburg furnished 33; Chesterfield, 19; Cummington, 15; Northampton, 10; Greenwich, 6; Whately, 4; Hawley, Hatfield, Goshen, 1 each. Total, 90.

Died in service, 8. Discharged, 2.

Co. K.—Edwin C. Bissell, Westhampton, captain; Lewis Clapp, Easthampton, 1st lieutenant; Henry P. Billings, Hatfield, 2d lieutenant; Martin L. Williston, Northampton, orderly sergeant.

Numbered 90 men. Of these Easthampton furnished 37; Hatfield, 24; Southampton, 14; Westhampton, 12; Northampton, Shutesbury, Southboro, 1 each. Total, 90.

Died in service, 11. Discharged, 3.

ORDERS FOR SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16.

Officer of the Day, CAPT. NELSON.

Officer of the Guard, LIEUT. KELLOGG.

Officer of the Picket, LIEUT. WILLIAMS.

To-morrow being the Sabbath, divine service will be held on the ground at two o'clock. Dress parade immediately afterward.

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP "MILLER,"
Nov. 15, 1862.

Special order }
No. 21. }

The colonel having received marching orders for Wednesday morning, the 19 of Nov., 1862, commanders of companies are ordered to have their companies in readiness to march at that time.

By command,

LIEUT. E. C. CLARK,

Acting Post Adjutant.

JAMES L. HARTWELL,
Commanding Post.

But few of the men or officers had any practical knowledge of military affairs, and the time at Camp Miller was diligently spent in securing the requisite information. On the whole, camp life here was easy and pleasant, though, when rain or a snow-storm came, and the tents were drenched with water, there was not a little grumbling at the hard lot the men thought they were enduring. It was afterward, when they encountered the real hardships of the soldier's life, that the boys looked back upon Camp Miller with changed feelings. The regiment remained at Camp Miller till November 20, and in a cold rain-storm were taken by rail and steamboat to New York.

Of life at Camp Miller not much is to be said. The days were spent in company and battalion drill; and in the nights, if some of the farmers in the neighborhood lost their poultry and their green corn, it was no more than could be expected.

Instead of attempting to recall the experiences of nearly thirty years ago, I have preferred to avail myself of letters written at the time to friends at home and journals kept from day to day, several of which have been placed at my disposal. As far as possible I want "the boys" to tell their own story in their own way.

I make here some extracts from the journal of Charles Church. Co. H.

"The morning of September 30 was a momentous event in our lives. We gathered in front of the old hotel in South Hadley, and nearly the whole population of the village were on hand to bid us good-by and God-speed. We were supplied with plenty of food, huge bouquets, medicine, writing material, and many other things we thought necessary, but afterwards found superfluous. Amid the cheers, tears, and good wishes of the assembled crowd, we climbed into the big wagon, and started off. We knew not what was before us, or we should have shown some feeling not becoming bold soldier boys. But we yelled for all we were worth, waved our hats and bouquets, and were off for Northampton, where we took the cars for Greenfield. Our camp was known as Camp Miller, in honor of Major Miller of the 10th Massachusetts and a great friend of our colonel, who wore the sword carried by the major when killed at Fair Oaks.

"I went on guard the next day after our arrival. It was a comical experience. Coming to a fellow on beat, he was found with his musket across his arm, as though he had been hunting. In his unengaged hand he held a huge turnip, and, as he passed

his beat, gnawed away at his turnip. It was quite a distance from the place where the turnip grew, but he communicated his order to the new guard who had come to relieve him in this way. 'You want to walk from that ere stick to this ere one; and, if you are hungry, go over there and get a turnip.' We experienced here our first snow-storm. The snow fell eight or ten inches, but the Greenfield people provided stoves for every tent."

Daniel W. Lyman writes to the Northampton *Gazette*, Oct. 28, 1862:—

"The week has been of considerable interest at Camp Miller. The uniforms have been distributed, and the men are quite satisfied with their new suits from Uncle Sam. A beautiful banner was presented to Co. A, in behalf of the ladies of Greenfield, by Miss Ella Grinnell. On Sunday, Capt.—that is, Rev.—Mr. Bissell, preached in the Second Congregational Church. On Thursday last, the 20th, we broke camp at Greenfield. The morning dawned upon us with a cloudy sky and a drizzling rain. The morning was spent in packing, and at 2 P.M. came the order to "fall in." The regiment formed into line and marched to the station by a circuitous route, that we might be seen by the good people of that town. The great crowd assembled to see us depart."

"*Camp Miller, November 20.*—The day was rainy and unpleasant; but precisely at a quarter to three the regiment, numbering 930 men, formed a line with their knapsacks, haversacks, and canteens on, when the adjutant read the order for their departure for New York. Then Col. Greenleaf's clear and manly voice gave the word 'Attention, battalion, right first by sections, march!' And under the escort of the Greenfield band it marched to the depot and passed into the cars. Thousands of people thronged the streets, ladies waving their handkerchiefs and the soldiers cheering them. Thousands were gathered about the station, where the regiment remained for about half an hour. There were tender parting scenes during the time,—mothers parting with their only sons, wives with husbands, and sisters with brothers. In this regiment the very flower of Franklin and Hampshire Counties have gone, many of them, to find their graves far from friends and home, but all filled with that love of country that makes them willing to risk all for its welfare."—*Greenfield Gazette*.

II.

THE "ILLINOIS."

[NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, TO BATON ROUGE, LA., DECEMBER 17, 1862.]

If "the boys" thought they were playing soldier, and were off for a prolonged picnic, they were disabused of that idea when they reached New York. The rain fell in torrents: no provision had been made for their coming. They marched, dirty and hungry, through the muddy streets to the Park, and toward morning are let into the City Hall to get what rest they can on the stone floor, — at least they are out of the rain and the mud. The next day they march eight or nine miles through Broadway and Grand Street over the ferry into Brooklyn to their camp on the old Union race track. No tents, no overcoats: it was dreary and dismal enough. The next day was Sunday, and the tents came, and the men were busy pitching them in long rows. They floor them with rails from the fences near by, and carpet them with straw and hay, and in spite of rain and cold, raw winds, a measure of comfort is attained. Thursday was Thanksgiving Day, and a strange Thanksgiving it was to us. We ought to have had a religious service, but did not till dress parade, when the chaplain, arrayed out with new clothes and sash, read the Governor's proclamation and offered prayer.

"In New York, where we landed, the rain had ceased to fall; but it was a cold wind and a hard march of ten miles. Our clothes were wet, weighed double what they ought to have done, and we were green at our work. When we arrived at the Park on Long Island, the ground was frozen solid, no tents had been provided, and we had to sleep on the ground with no shelter but our blankets. It seemed to us that we had been on the down grade continually; but we were a jolly crowd, and, when anything unusual occurred, some one would shout, 'Who takes the next bouquet?' — one of the numerous stock phrases used at recruiting.

"After we had been in camp long enough to get immensely hungry, some loads of cakes, cookies, and pies, were driven into camp. The boys were not overloaded with money, but they all

took a notion just then to wearing haversacks. So they were filled up by the rear of the wagons, while some one bartered with the driver at the front. A good deal of food changed hands in that way, but not much money. It is sad, no doubt; but hungry men will steal when food is within their reach."—*Church's Journal*.

The New York *Mercury*, November 26, pays this compliment to the 52d Regiment, and describes the interesting scene of the presentation of a flag to the regiment:—

"This regiment, commanded by Col. H. S. Greenleaf, embarked yesterday on board the steamer 'Illinois,' bound south on the Banks expedition. It had been remarked that during their stay in the city none have been found intoxicated. During two days and nights after their arrival they stood in the mud and rain, marched to Union course, their tents not having arrived, and but few words of complaint were uttered. We speak for this regiment a good name wherever they may be placed. It is made up of a splendid body of men, raised principally in Franklin and Hampshire Counties. On Tuesday last the regiment was presented with a magnificent flag. The regiment was drawn up in a square, and Col. C. K. Hawks made the presentation speech, of which the following is the substance:—

"*Col. Greenleaf, Officers and Soldiers of the 52d Regiment*,—It is my agreeable duty, as it is my pleasure, to present to you in trust a stand of national colors. It was expected that our distinguished fellow-statesman, the commanding general of the expedition, Gen. N. P. Banks, would have performed this agreeable task; but his engagements are such as to preclude the possibility of his presence, and I, as a mutual friend of the donor and recipient, have undertaken it. Would that I possessed the language to express in adequate terms the sentiments my heart would utter! . . . The colors bear the same relation to the soldier as honesty and integrity do to manhood. It is the guiding star to victory. When in the smoke and din of battle the voice of the officer is drowned in the roar of artillery, the true soldier turns his eye to his color, that he stray not too far from it, and, while it floats, is conscious of his right and strength. In the name of our friend, I present you with this banner, the emblem of our country. On the one side, a full Union, with every star set and not a stripe erased; on the other, the insignia of the State from which you hail, the staff composed of the bundle of rods by which we are taught to read, "In unity there is strength." With full confidence that you will guard and

protect it, and return it with its honor unsullied, I now present it to you. Take it, guard it as you would the honor of the mother, wife, or friend you leave behind. Take it, and with it the prayers and blessings of every Union-loving woman, man, and friend you leave.'

"Col. Greenleaf responded as follows:—

"Accept, sir, my sincere and heartfelt thanks. Language would fail, were I to attempt to express the affection I bear the star-spangled banner or the sorrow I feel that it is being disgraced and trodden under the feet of rebels and traitors. I accept the gift as presented not for myself alone, but in trust as a flattering testimonial, as a good will towards the 52d Regiment, which I have the honor not only to command, but in this instance to represent. Whether we shall prove as worthy of this valuable consideration at your hands, time and future events will determine: but of one thing you may be assured, that it will be our anxious endeavor so to act in the work that is before us that neither you nor any other friend shall have occasion to blush at the records of our deeds. We go forth on our country's call, not to make for ourselves beds of roses, but to give battle to the unnatural foes of our country, and to vindicate with our lives the loyalty we profess. We go about the work that is given us to do, carrying with us the fondest recollections of home and kindred and friends. Even now, as we recall the many delights and associations of the past, our dear New England hills, our homes, our wives, our children, our parents, our kindred, and linger for a moment in the old orchard, in the meadows by the brook near the old well, under the old elm, and around the family hearthstone, forgetting all else, we exclaim with the Irish bard.—

"" Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled.
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.""

Friday, November 28.—We are ordered off, but shall hardly get aboard ship before evening. All sorts of rumors about where we are going.

On Board the Steamer "Illinois."—We are in pretty close quarters, but are as comfortable as can be expected on board a vessel with 1,200 men. Lieut. Edwin C. Clark, of Co. C, has

been appointed quartermaster. I sent ashore Sunday morning more than five hundred letters.

"*Saturday, Nov. 29, 1862.*—The bunks for privates are all below the main deck, and after this fashion: the floor is all covered, except the alley-ways; then a tier of shelves or boards put about twenty inches above them, then another set of men, then more shelves above them, and so on, one above the other, all in the dark, where the men are obliged to stay most of their time, and not allowed on the upper deck and only in one part of the ship. There is too much difference between officers and privates. The bunks are so near each other we cannot sit up in them. Our rations are hard bread twice a day, an allowance of four crackers to a meal. Have not used a knife, fork, or plate since I left Camp Miller."—*Corp. Stowell's Journal.*

Dear Judge Mattoon,—At three o'clock on Friday we formed into line, and marched to Brooklyn. No time for supper. We were crowded into a barge, and put aboard this steamer at nine o'clock. We have 1,200 men on board, stowed away like cattle. I do not know the terms aboard ship. I only know that we are four stories deep, swarming with life. My time is very busy with letters. I sent off seven hundred the day before yesterday and four hundred yesterday.

"*Dec. 2, 1862.*—We hauled in our anchors, and steamed out of New York Harbor. We have a splendid boat, the 'Illinois,' but are very much crowded. It was a novel experience to most of us. No land in sight, and we knew not when there would be. The sea became very rough, and multitudes were very sick. The fact is, most of us were *dry-land sailors*, though some had crossed the Connecticut River once or twice. I was detailed for guard, and ordered, with others, to report to the adjutant on the hurricane deck. He tried to form us into line for what we came to know afterwards very well,—namely, *guard mounting*; but, every time the steamer pitched over one of those huge waves, away forward we all went, and most of us brought up lying on our stomachs, and, when the head came up, we went rolling and staggering back like drunken men. The adjutant laughed and scolded in the same breath, although I think he enjoyed the situation. At last he cried out, 'Well, if you can't stand still, sit down and see if you can sit still long enough to be counted.'

"Our quarters are crowded, food was poor, somewhat limited in quantity: the condensers were not large enough for such a multi-

tude. So our tea and coffee were well flavored with salt water and grease. As we sailed up the Mississippi, we saw fine groves of orange-trees well laden with fruit. Negroes were plenty on the levees, who waved their tattered hats and rags, and cried out, 'Bless de Lord!' They always did so, unless when called to do some work; and then their lips would stick out so that you might hang your hat on them, and they had 'the wus misery in their bowels' you ever saw."—*Church's Journal*.

Following is an extract from an address delivered by Col. Greenleaf at a reunion of the regiment at Williamsburg, Aug. 14, 1883:—

Comrades of the 52d Regiment,—As probably is already known to many of you, I was requested some time ago, by our worthy Chairman of the Executive Committee, to give you to-day a chapter or two of our army history, which, he had been informed, I had prepared and delivered elsewhere; and it affords me pleasure to say that I am now here to comply with that request.

But I think it proper that I should premise my unpretending effort by saying that this paper, which I now propose to read to you, was originally prepared at the request of the George H. Thomas Post, Grand Army of the Republic, of Rochester, N.Y., and that it only takes us down to Brashear City on our return march from Barre's Landing; and that, although I have since continued this imperfect narrative down to the time we took passage on board of the old river steamer "Choteau" for our home voyage up the Mississippi, it is my purpose to leave you to-day at Barre's Landing, as I prefer not to weary you with too long a story at any one time, and do not wish to trespass upon the time that justly belongs to others.

And I may say here that my main object in these opening chapters was simply to give my Rochester friends some little idea of the military service rendered by a regiment of Massachusetts volunteers, composed of as good material as was ever mustered into the service of the United States. I wish to tell a plain, straightforward story of the army experiences of the 52d Regiment, without exaggeration and without undue embellishment. And I think it but due to you and to me to say further that, had I originally prepared this paper for you instead of preparing it for veteran strangers, I should naturally have generalized less than I have, and have been more personal in many respects than I now

am ; but such as I have I now give you, with now and then a brief interpolation, without further preliminary.

I presume, however, you will not expect me to generalize, altogether, in what I have to say to-day, but rather that I will describe, as best I may, some events which came under my own observation during our brief term of military service ; and this I propose to do, although I must say that I have little expectation that such scenes as deeply interested and affected me, in those dark days that "tried men's souls," can be so described by me as to make them of any particular interest to the world at large.

But, however this may be, the 52d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, numbering nine hundred and thirty strong, which, by virtue of a military commission, I had the honor to command, sailed with Gen. Banks from New York Harbor, on his famous expedition to the Department of the Gulf, on the second day of December, A.D. 1862.

This regiment, together with the 18th New York Battery, better known, perhaps, as "Mack's Battery," of Rochester, N.Y., embarked on the stanch ocean steamer "Illinois," and steamed for twenty-four hours in a southerly direction, under sealed orders ; no one of the twelve hundred souls on board, in the mean time, knowing whither we were bound, or when, if ever, we should again return to our Western Massachusetts or Green Mountain homes.

We had on board, in addition to the regiment and battery already mentioned, several distinguished gentlemen—Union refugees from the State of Texas—who, by permission of Gen. Banks, had taken passage with us in the expectation that we were to be landed at Galveston. These gentlemen,—and among them I remember especially, and with pleasure, Judge William Alexander and Col. Haynes, of Texas Cavalry fame,—these gentlemen, together with the commissioned officers of both commands, occupied the steamer's cabin, and were made comparatively comfortable and happy throughout the voyage. But not so with the rank and file : these poor fellows, notwithstanding the most urgent protests made by myself, the surgeon, and by influential personal friends of the regiment, to Gen. Banks, were packed on board very much like sardines in a box, or, not to exaggerate, we will say very much like so many Coolies on a Cuban slave-ship, so that, with a very rough sea,—such as is to be expected on the Atlantic coast in the month of December,—with nearly every one

on board sea-sick, not even excepting the commissaries and cooks, with hundreds in the "hold" who were not only painfully sea-sick, but were also much of the time nearly stifled from the effect of bad odors and worse air,—one can better imagine than describe the discomfort, yea, misery, suffered by these unfortunate human cattle on that memorable voyage to New Orleans and Baton Rouge.

But at the appointed time—when twenty-four hours at sea—our sealed orders were broken, in the presence only of the captain of the steamer, the captain of the battery, and the colonel of the regiment, to find that the "Illinois," with all on board, together with the numerous other vessels of the fleet, was to report, with the least possible delay, for further orders at Ship Island in the Gulf of Mexico. Up to this time many of us, but especially our distinguished Texas friends, had been led to believe that our expedition was destined for some point on the coast of Texas; but now it seemed clear that our first objective point was elsewhere,—and this much to the surprise and disappointment of the latter, who were anxious to return and help sustain the Union cause on the soil of their own State.

I recall one most tragic event on the passage. When about midway on our voyage, we had what I many times had read about, but never before witnessed,—“a burial at sea,”—the most solemn and impressive of any kind I had ever witnessed before, or that I have since attended.

The poor lad Richmond, of Co. E, who had died from the effects of sea-sickness and too close confinement, the night previous, was sewed up tightly in his woollen blanket, and placed in a horizontal position on a wide plank, one end of which projected a little over the larboard bulwarks, while the other end, a little higher, rested on an old box or other thing adapted to the purpose. Heavy weights were attached to the feet. Then, there, in the early morning, with the stars and stripes at "half-mast" floating over the inanimate dead, and with hundreds of mourning comrades with uncovered heads and pale faces, gathered around, the chaplain of the regiment extemporized an eloquent discourse, earnest, tender, and admirably suited to the occasion. A fervent prayer to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift" was offered, an appropriate hymn sung by a choir of comrades standing near, and then, with only the clear blue sky above us, and naught but the mad waves of the ocean around us, so far as

the eye could reach, a kinsman, Capt. Richmond, gently lifted the higher end of the plank, the soulless form plunged into the sea, the blue waves thereof closed over it, and the soldier-lad was lost to sight forever!

I also remember a serio-comic incident of the voyage. One day, when we had been several days at sea, and all were suffering great discomfort, as I was going the rounds of the ship to see for myself that the actual condition of the command was no worse than it need be, I passed down into the "lower hold," where, even in the daytime, it was quite dark, except under the several open hatchways; and, as I groped my way along between the many rows of "bunks" from the "stern" to the forward part of the vessel, brushing against some unhappy sea-sick fellow at almost every step until I approached the open "forward" hatchway, and while the darkness yet concealed my presence, I heard the voices of several men from under the hatchway, who were talking in a very loud, angry, boisterous way. Among the angry voices I recognized the familiar one of private Niles, Co. I, a comical, good-natured soldier, not supposed to be at all vicious.

I heard him first cursing "the cooks"; then the "quartermaster"; then, still more violently, "the captain"; and finally, just as I emerged from the darkness, came a full, round, very profane expletive applied to "the colonel"! I took no notice of what I had heard—of what the men must have known I had heard—except to say, in a quiet, pleasant way: "You seem excited, boys. What is the trouble? Can I do anything for you?" "Yes, you can, colonel," says Niles, who was standing with his back to me as I approached,— "yes, you can. Just look at them d—d old gravel stones for potatoes, and say if you think we ought to be starved into eating them!" holding up his hands, with three, medium-sized potatoes in each one. "Why," said he, "it is enough to make *the chaplain swear* to be served with such 'grub' as this. The potatoes have not been cooked at all; and our beef and pork are quite as bad when served to us."

Said I, "Let me see those potatoes." He handed them to me, and I found them as he said, nearly as hard as brick-bats: they were perfectly raw.

I asked, "Is this the condition in which your potatoes generally come to you?" "Yes, colonel, it is." Then I said, "Well, boys, this is all wrong; but you shall no longer be kept on raw food if I can prevent it, and I think I can. Let me take those potatoes

to 'the quartermaster and cooks'"; and, with the hard, raw things in my hands, I turned to leave, when Niles loudly exclaimed, "There, I told you so. Didn't I tell you that the colonel would set things right as soon as we reported the matter to him?" Whereupon I turned back, and said: "Why, Niles, I thought I heard you cursing and swearing about the colonel as I came up, a moment ago!" "Ah!" said he, as quick as a flash, "I didn't mean *you*, colonel. I meant the *lieutenant colonel*!" And the poor fellows had a hearty laugh, in spite of their disagreeable surroundings.

Our strong, swift steamer was among the first of the fleet to reach the rendezvous designated in our sealed orders. We arrived at Ship Island, and dropped anchor the eleventh day of December, having been nine days on the passage. Soon other vessels began to arrive, and by the thirteenth nearly the whole squadron had come to anchor. On that day we received further orders, and steamed away for the mouth of the Mississippi, and thence moved up the river, passing many fine sugar plantations, and the two celebrated forts, Jackson and St. Phillip, on the way to New Orleans, where we learned for the first time that Gen. Banks had come to relieve Gen. Butler, and to take command of his Military Department.

We found lying quietly at anchor in the middle of the stream, apparently as harmless as the other vessels, the famous flag-ship "Hartford," with her great admiral, Farragut, on board; also, his renowned frigates and sloops of war, "Mississippi," "Richmond," "Pensacola," and "Albatross," all of which afterwards rendered conspicuous service in the river or at Mobile Bay.

I had spent some months in New Orleans, on different occasions, before the war; and the town looked quite familiar to me, although full of Union soldiers, and but few of its old inhabitants were to be seen on the streets or in any of its public places. Remaining here but a day or two, we proceeded up the river to Baton Rouge, a beautiful town of some seven thousand inhabitants, situated on the east bank of the river, one hundred and thirty miles above New Orleans, and there disembarked and went into camp: most of the enlisted men and some of the officers having been constantly on shipboard from the second to the seventeenth day of December, with what sad effect our hospital reports made painfully clear to us shortly after.

I have not these reports to refer to; but my recollection is that

within a week or ten days from the time of landing the 52d Regiment alone had one hundred men in the hospital, and the regimental records show that by September, 1863,—that is, after our return,—we had buried nearly this number, who had died from disease alone, contracted in the service, and which, in the opinions of our surgeons, as well as in my own, was directly traceable to the inhuman confinement on shipboard heretofore described.

From Corp. Stowell's journal:—

"*On Board the Steamer 'Illinois.'* December 12.—On Tuesday afternoon, December 2, we weighed anchor, and soon were quietly sailing down the bay. Our fifes and drums played 'Yankee Doodle' and 'The Girl I left behind me.' Early Friday morning the wind began to blow and the ship began to rock, and then came the sea-sickness which I shall not attempt to describe. It would not have taken a large force to capture us at that time. It is amusing to go over the ship in the night-time, and see the various places the men sleep in. Here is one sitting on a box, another on a barrel. There was a box on deck with some augur holes in it. Open it, and you find a soldier quietly sleeping there."

"December 6.—Oh, we have had a dreadful time of it! On Friday the non-commissioned officers of Co. F were all unfit for duty. It commenced blowing in the morning, and by noon blew a perfect gale, and on the increase till eleven at night. Such a sight I never wish to see again. In the first of the storm the little Testaments were out pretty thick; but it soon got too hard for that, and nearly all were sea-sick. The worst was at night. All the men were sick and groaning through the night,—sick as death.

"One poor fellow is on deck, sewed up in his blanket, and will soon be lowered to his resting-place in the deep. The burial service of the Shelburne boy Richmond has just taken place. His comrades sang two or three pieces, the chaplain read from the Bible, offered prayer, and with uncovered heads we saw the poor fellow slide down the plank. I pray that I may be permitted to die among my kindred and be buried in my native land."

"December 9.—The water gave out two days ago. We have none but what is condensed from the sea water. A very small allowance of that, and poor enough."

"December 14.—We have had what we call a cracker pudding. Took two barrels of hard tack, put it into a caldron with some

salt and water, and boiled it until it became soft, served with a little water for drink."

Daniel W. Lyman, Co. K, wrote to the Northampton *Gazette*:—

"U.S. Transport '*Illinois*,' *Gulf of Mexico*.— On the morning of the third day a stiff breeze was blowing, which soon increased to a gale. The heaving of the ship brought out all the sea-sickness, and but few escaped. Such a scene as we presented on board I shall not attempt to describe. I never witnessed the like before, and I hope I never shall again. This Sabbath morning was a sad one to our regiment. Richmond, of Co. E, was stricken with typhoid fever, and died in less than a day after he was taken ill. The funeral services were held on the hurricane deck, and his remains consigned to a watery grave. No other services were held through the day, except in the evening a few who had the love of Christ in their hearts started a prayer-meeting; and, though the surroundings were anything but pleasant, it mattered not, for God was with us. The next Sunday we were at the mouth of the Mississippi River. Religious services were held on deck, and the chaplain preached an appropriate discourse from the text, 'Put on the whole armor of God.' After a brief stop at New Orleans, where we did not land, we started again up the river for Baton Rouge. Our guns that had been boxed up during the voyage were now taken out, and forty rounds of ammunition given out to every man. We were accompanied by several gunboats, especially one turtle-shaped thing called the '*Essex*.' At noon orders came for the 52d Regiment to land, which they did cheerfully, having been on board the steamer nineteen days. We marched to the top of the bluff and stacked our guns, leaving our baggage on the boat. At roll-call at eight in the evening we were ordered to sleep with our belts on and to lie on our arms, and turn out at four in the morning. The night was pleasant, but cold, and we were very uncomfortable without our blankets; but morning came at last, and with it the warm sun.

"*December 19*.— Yesterday we were marched out two miles on picket duty. The night was cold, and we had to keep very still and quiet. No rebels were seen through the night, though we hourly expected them.

"We are now comfortably settled in camp; and, should the rebels attempt to capture us, they would find us ready for them. Everything about the city looks like desolation. There is no business going on, the public buildings are deserted, grass is growing in the streets."

Rev. James K. Hosmer, Co. D, was appointed one of the color guard, with the title of corporal, and after his return published his notes under the title of "The Color Guard," which is regarded as one of the best accounts of soldiers' life that the war produced. I am permitted to make extracts from this journal, and only regret that I cannot make them more complete.

"*On the 'Illinois.'*"—Have I mentioned that now our places are assigned? The non-coms (please read it non-commissioned, and not non-compos)—for some high-minded privates declared it might well mean that—have assigned to them an upper cabin over the quarters of the officers. The privates are in front, on the lower decks and in the hold. Five sergeants of our company and two corporals have a state-room together, perhaps six by eight feet. Besides us, two officers' servants consider that they have a right here. Did any one say elbow 'room'? Below there are three tiers of bunks, with narrow passages among them. The men lie side by side, with but two feet or so of space.

"This morning I took breakfast in the berth, which is dining-room, study, and parlor as well. Sergt. S. carves a lump of boiled beef with my dirk. 'Just the thing for it!' he exclaims. There has been no end to the grumbling. We have all been seasick, and responsibilities which the disordered stomach should shoulder have been thrown on the food. This brings me to speak of what I have noticed again and again, since we became soldiers, that the first to complain of their rations are those who have come from the poorest circumstances. Those who at home have been forced to live on the coarsest food are now first and loudest in their outcries against the rations.

"We left Ship Island yesterday (Saturday), having lain at anchor there since Thursday. Sergt. S. was one of the few who went ashore, and came back smacking his lips, telling great stories of a hoe-cake with butter which he bought of a contraband. He must have had a good supper, and became the pet of the non-coms for that evening; for they made him repeat the story again and again, endeavoring from the lusciousness of his description to realize the actual sensation which the palate of the sergeant had experienced. All day long transports laden with troops were arriving. The decks of all were dark with troops. We hear from some the drum and fife, from others the strains of a full band, and from every regiment cheer after cheer, as they round the point of the island, pass in among the ships, and finally cast anchor. Word was

passed Saturday night that we were bound to New Orleans. The day is beautiful as we ascend the river. We pass a plantation belonging, as we are told, to Judah P. Benjamin. We come within a stone's throw of the orange groves and the balconies. A crowd of negroes, of all sizes and both sexes, rush to the bank to shout and wave their hands. As night is falling, we can begin to see the lights of New Orleans. Ed and I sit on the paddle-box watching the light of the hostile city in chains under our cannon. The fine band of the 41st on the 'North Star' play 'Twinkling Stars are laughing light,' and other pieces to the delight of all of the transports. One of our fellows offered to swop our band for theirs, which caused a joke on board the 'Illinois'; for we are rather lame in point of music.

"A certain creeper, the pest of camps from time immemorial, has made its appearance on the 'Illinois,' and has been the staple horror on the latter part of the voyage. Some one must yell out the enquiry if the 41st know anything about them. The answer comes pealing back, 'We have got them with U. S. marked on their backs.' So go the jokes through the evening.

"Here are the great peacemakers of the city. We find frigate after frigate, grim, dangerous, silent; our flag at the stern, with formidable batteries all in perfect trim and trained against the city. Blue tars crowd the decks, watchmen with spy-glasses are on the tops. Should secession grow ripe again and the watch behold the dust arising from 'an emeute,' New Orleans would be blown into shreds and splinters.

"We cast anchor again, the day goes by, we buy oranges ripe and sweet from boats which come alongside. While the hope of landing fades and fades."

III.

BATON ROUGE.

[DEC. 17, 1862, TO JAN. 20, 1863.]

From Col. Greenleaf's address :—

"Shortly after we landed, the 52d Regiment was formally assigned to the 2d Brigade of Grover's Division, 19th Army Corps, as were also the 24th Connecticut, Col. Mansfield, the 41st Massachusetts, Col. Chickering, and the 91st New York, Col. Van Zandt.

"We here went to work at once, and with a will, to add to our small stock of military knowledge. The days were spent in company and regimental drills, and the nights in studying the tactics and army regulations. We spent the winter thus, and in performing the well-known routine duties of camp life."

Chaplain's letter :—

BATON ROUGE, Dec. 17, 1862.

My dear Friends of the Sunday-school,—It is almost a month since I left home. We have been on board the steamer "Illinois" more than two weeks, and have made a voyage of twenty-three hundred miles from New York. The men were very much crowded, but going to sea was new business to most of them. They enjoyed it for a few days while the novelty lasted. After that we had a hard storm, and most of the men were sea-sick. The chaplain took his turn with the rest. We spent a couple of days at Ship Island, as desolate a place as can be imagined. We did not land there; for just as we were making arrangements to do so came orders to sail, but in what direction we did not know. We sailed south, and next morning, which was Sunday, found ourselves at the mouth of the Mississippi River, and sailed up that river more than a hundred miles to New Orleans. We all enjoyed it very much. The disagreeable rockings and pitchings of the vessel were over. The men felt well, the weather was as pleasant as a June day at home, and the country was so new and strange that it made it the pleasantest day we had seen since leaving Massachusetts. The banks are low, and are covered with tall, coarse grass. The men were on the lookout for alligators, but did not see any. About ten o'clock we

passed Forts Jackson and Phillip, where there were a great many Union troops, who cheered us as we passed, we cheering lustily in return. When we had passed the forts, I tried to have a religious service. There were several hundred present, but there was so much to attract the notice of the men I could hardly get their attention. While reading from the Bible, I found I had lost the eyes of my congregation: I found they were all gazing upon the shore. Looking in that direction, I saw that we were passing an orange grove. The trees were loaded with luscious ripe fruit. It was not strange that the attention of the men was called off from the preaching. It is my opinion that the boys and girls in our Sunday-school would have done the same. We passed many orange plantations, then came sugar plantations, immense fields of sugar-cane. Some of it was cut, and many acres are not and will not be. The men are in the secession army, and the negroes will not work. There were no signs of Sunday anywhere. The negroes would cheer us as we passed, but the white people were very still and sullen. We reached New Orleans just before sunset, and it was a splendid spectacle. One large vessel after another sailed majestically up the river, all crowded with Union soldiers, who cheered each other lustily. The bands were playing on all the boats, the flags were unfurled, and, on the whole, it was a very grand and inspiring spectacle. Monday we spent at New Orleans. We were not allowed to land, but toward night the colonel told me I might go to the post-office and carry the letters which had been written on board. They were in a large box, and numbered about three thousand. It took two men to carry them.

On my return, finding the boat was not going to sail for some time, Capt. Bissell and I took a stroll through the city. All the great places of business were closed. Some whole streets were as empty as if there were no people in the neighborhood. The next morning, Tuesday, all was hurry and confusion; for we were ordered to sail at once, but in what direction we did not know. By twelve o'clock all the steamers, eight in number, with some formidable-looking gun-boats, were ready for the start. The sail up the river was very like that of the Sunday previous. We had, on the whole, a delightful sail. The only drawback was that we were in rebel territory, and might get peppered with bullets at any moment. The men were ordered to secure their arms, fill their cartridge boxes, and load up their guns. At night orders were given to have breakfast at daybreak, and, with two days' rations, ready to

meet the enemy at any moment. Everything looked like active work. In view of what was behind and before us, our voyage and the impending battle, our distance from home, the uncertainty of the future, it was natural enough that the religious element was a good deal stirred within us. So a prayer-meeting was held late in the evening down in the hold of that crowded ship. There was no room for men to stand; but, taking my position where two narrow alleys met, I could see rows of heads sticking out of the bunks on either side, one above another, far down each of the alleys, as the men lay stretched out at full length. We had as earnest, hearty, whole-souled a meeting for prayer as I ever attended. The place, the position of the men, the circumstances, all made it as impressive as possible.

After the meeting I turned into my bunk and slept as well as I could in the confusion till five o'clock, when the hurrying of the men on deck and the raising of the cannon from the hold of the vessel awakened me. Hurrying on deck, I could see that we were near Baton Rouge, the capital of Louisiana. We moved up quite near the town. One of the famous iron-clads preceded us. Presently we saw the flash and heard the boom of the big guns of the gun-boat, then another and another in quick succession. We were reminded that we were in Rebeldom, but there was no response to our firing. Hardly any of the inhabitants appeared in sight. A few women and children, chiefly negroes, came out of their houses to look at us. The town had, evidently, surrendered. The Confederate troops who had been here had skeddaddled, and, we are told, are but a few miles away to make an attack upon us when we land. The gun-boat anchored near the shore. We sprang from our steamer upon the gun-boat, and from that to the shore, where we formed hastily into line, and rushed up the bank to the high ground on which the city is built. It was a curious change. Instead of being assailed by a rebel force, as we anticipated, as we hurried across the open space in front of us, the grasshoppers hopped out of our way and the robins were singing in the adjoining trees. But we soon saw the desolation that war had made. There are many stacks of chimneys standing, which is all that is left of what, before the war, were beautiful dwellings. Some earthworks are here, thrown up a year ago, when the Union army held the city; and these our regiment took possession of, in the hope that they would be of some service in case we were attacked, as there are indications that we should be very soon, quite likely before morning.

One good house is standing in this part of the city. It was closed, and the furniture gone. The colonel and his staff have taken possession of this house. In one room I found a little table and a chair. These I have appropriated, and so am able to write you this long letter. It is the first time I have sat in a chair, at a table, since I left home. We shall spread some blankets on the floor, and sleep well, if the "rebs" will let us. The men are busy pitching their tents close to the house. They have torn down the fences to make floors for the tents. It is sad to see a city in such ruins as this, and to witness such a destruction of property: it would be sadder still to have a terrible battle, as we anticipate we may have. I dread to think of it. The men had a hard night of it. They had hurried from the boat without their blankets, and there was no means of securing them. So at roll-call, at eight o'clock, they were ordered to sleep with their belts on, and to lie on their arms, and turn out at four o'clock for roll-call. The night was pleasant, but cold; and it was very uncomfortable sleeping without our blankets,—indeed, there was very little sleep for us. We walked about most of the night to keep from freezing. In our room we were very busy. The order came to be ready for action. We were liable to be attacked at any moment. The doctor had his instruments and medicine ready, and men detailed to carry stretchers which were brought into our room. Then we lay down and slept as well as we could on the hard floor, without blankets. But no rebels came; and to-day we are disposed to laugh at our preparations for a foe, which, for aught we know, is miles away. Still, we are in the enemy's country, and have to be very watchful. To-night we have a good fire and our blankets, and a hard floor will not trouble us. A good many men are suffering from colds contracted largely that first night on shore. The water, too, is very unhealthy. We hope to get a mail soon. We have not heard from home since we left New York.

From Church's journal:—

"The morning of December 17 found us opposite Baton Rouge. Forty rounds of cartridges, with two days' rations, were issued. War began to show his face. Some queer things took place while the shelling of Baton Rouge was going on. We were to land at once, as we supposed, to fight as soon as we were on shore. Some of the officers appeared to have lost their pride in their shoulder-straps, and seemed to be pleased with very small badges of their

ranks. Not so Col. Greenleaf, who appeared in his most showy uniform. Some of the boys had absurdly bought tin vests as a protection against rebel bullets, but they were all thrown aside when we came to actual work."

Says the chaplain in the *Greenfield Gazette*:—

December 31.—Baton Rouge is the capital of the State, and before the war must have been a beautiful town. The 52d is encamped on the edge of the plain on which the city is built. East of the camp is a good parade ground. At the right is a good two-story house, unfurnished, which the officers of the regiment occupy. The town, what there is left of it, is a deserted, desolate place. The streets are forsaken, the stores are closed. To the east of us are a large number of stacks of chimneys, which are all that is left of what six months ago were elegant residences.

The health of the regiment is much the same as that of other regiments. Our men still suffer from their eighteen days' confinement on shipboard. Our first night on shore was a hard one. The men were without blankets: the night was cold and damp. The men laid on their arms, and many took cold. The changes of climate, of living, and especially the water, have impaired the health of many of the men. There are about twenty in the hospital, and nearly a hundred under medical treatment. The hospital, a deserted hotel and club-room, where the sick are as well cared for as they can be in camp. But the camp is a sad place to be sick. There is a great deal of homesickness and heart-sickness in the hospital.

The weather has been delightful, and continues so. The heat in the middle of the day is often oppressive. The men throw off their coats, and move about listlessly, as at home on a hot day in spring. The roses are in full leaf, the buds are just ready to open in the yards. The evenings and nights are chilly, cold, and very damp. The most prominent building we saw as we approached was the State House. The interior had been sacked and desolated when our troops took possession here a year ago. On Sunday there was an alarm of fire, and it was soon discovered that it proceeded from the interior of the State House. Co. A, situated there, did what they could to check the flames; but, in spite of them, the interior was burned out. Only the blackened, scorched, and windowless walls remained of the edifice which was the pride of the city and of the State.

There are more than a thousand poor, miserable contrabands

within our lines under the care of Lieut. Stearns, of Northfield. They are as happy and careless, as ragged and dirty, a set of beings as can be imagined. What is to be their fate is one of the mysteries which time alone can determine. Do you ask how many troops we have here, and what we are here for? You can answer that question as well as we.

One morning we were aroused from our slumbers by the "long roll," and were soon in line of battle; but, after standing in the cold an hour, and as no enemy appeared, we were ordered back to our quarters. The scene was a little exciting, but the men were decidedly *cool* before it was over.

Corp. Stowell writes home:—

"*December 26.*—The army is just the place to give a man an appetite and make him rugged, if he is only tough enough to endure the hardships. We are called up every morning at half-past four, and ordered into line with all our equipments, and sometimes are dismissed as soon as roll-call, sometimes kept on the line for hours, and get chilled entirely through; and that is what makes so many sick."

"*December 29.*—Last night it was excitement all night. The State House was set on fire about dark, and burned through the night. It makes me mad to be put under such restrictions in regard to using rebel property. They would allow us to starve rather than touch anything that belongs to the cussed rebels. I wish I could have the command of this army for the remainder of the nine months. We never can do anything towards stopping the rebellion so long as we are so careful of the rebels. They destroy our lives and property at sight, while we dally along and try to do nothing to aggravate them."

To the *Greenfield Gazette and Courier*:—

Baton Rouge, December 29.—Our regiment drills three hours a day, which may be considered a short day's work; but we have no time to spare after getting our guns and clothes clean and our accoutrements in good order. We have not been troubled as yet to kill time. The morning roll-call is at five o'clock, breakfast at seven, guard mounting at eight, drill from nine to ten, from eleven to twelve, from half-past one to half-past two, dinner at twelve, dress parade at half-past four, evening call at eight. Five or six hundred negroes have come into the city since we landed. They come from the plantations around this city. They usually run away in the night. Co. A has been detailed as guard for provost

duty. Their quarters are at the State House, where there are several rebel prisoners. The ladies of Baton Rouge supply them (the prisoners) with such luxuries as they can obtain. Since its organization in September, Co. A has furnished, besides its company officers, a chaplain, surgeon, adjutant, two sergeants, and three corporals. Private Henry S. Gere, Co. C, has been appointed brigade postmaster. He is acting postmaster for the whole camp. It is an excellent position for the editor, and we congratulate him on his good fortune.

BATON ROUGE, Jan. 1, 1863.

My dear Wife,—The health of the regiment has improved a little, I think, since we landed. There are none very sick. Sammis, of South Deerfield, is ill, but I think he will recover; the same with Capt. Long and Capt. Stone. We have just received the account of the terrible reverse our army has received at Fredericksburg. In view of our hardships and these reverses, you naturally ask, Do I repent engaging in the enterprise? I reply confidently, "No, not for a moment." However the contest terminates, I do not regret that I put my hand to the work. If it shall terminate, as I still hope and pray it will, I shall rejoice that I had a part in it. If it shall turn out disastrously, I shall have no reproaches that it was through my fault.

Jan. 2, 1863.— . . . Capt. Long admitted me very cordially to his mess. I feel now as though I had something to depend on. His quarters are at a gentleman's confiscated house near the ruins of the State House, so I walk half a mile to my meals. Yesterday being New Year's, our darky cooks prepared, what they call, a bang-up dinner,—a baked chicken, some fresh beef, tough as a bull's hide, some toast, lemonade, and hominy. We had a table cloth, some crockery plates, and a blessing asked, and, on the whole, a civilized dinner. We have been put into the 2d Brigade with the 41st Massachusetts Regiment and the 24th Connecticut. Gere and I have been talking this morning about sending for our wives. If you were here now, it would be very pleasant for a week, possibly a month; but, before you could get here, we may be far away and far less pleasantly situated. I hardly know what we could do with you if you were here. This is a very good room, but in addition to the inconvenience of sleeping on the floor is that of sharing it with seven or eight men. The house has not a closet, and, of course, no cellar.

JANUARY 11, 1863.

My dear Sunday-school Scholars,—Let me tell you of to-day as a specimen. I rose at seven. A toilet which consists of pulling on one's boots and washing one's face is soon performed. A walk of half a mile brings me to the house occupied by Capt. Long. He is living in clover, as he says. As the morning is cool, the captain has in his private room a little fire. On entering, you are amazed at the costly and elegant furniture. The bed-posts, for instance, are of solid mahogany, at least ten inches in diameter. Breakfast is served in the dining-room, which, like the bedroom, contains marks of former magnificence. The occupant fled at the approach of the "Yanks," and took what he could; but he could not carry away his costly bedsteads, sideboard, extension table, etc., and now we use them as complaisantly as if we owned them. The breakfast is served by the "intelligent contraband," and has been cooked by his wife, and consists of corn-cake and molasses. Our keen appetites call it a good breakfast. Shortly after preparation is made for a religious service, which is to be in the Court House, where Co. A is quartered. The chaplain grows red and hot with indignation when he finds that no notice has been given of the service except to Co. A. The sergeant-major hurries through the camp, and gives the notice. He finds half the men washing themselves or their clothes, the other half writing letters.

Half an hour behind time the chaplain goes to the extemporized desk, and finds before him a congregation of about seventy-five men; women, none; children, none. On the table a bouquet of delicate, half-open roses, gathered from the yard outside. The singing is good. The prayers are tender with grateful memories of home and friends. The sermon from Proverbs xxiii. 25. All very pleasant and somewhat homelike. After the service a couple of hours is spent in the general hospital, going from one to another sick couch, and speaking such words of cheer and hope as could be spoken. After reading the eighty-first Psalm, a prayer is offered and words of faith and trust spoken. Some of the patients are sound asleep through the service; some listen; many do not. It is a painful, sad service. There are about thirty of our regiment in the hospital. Jonathan Slate, of Bernardston, is quite sick: so is Hall, of Co. E; the same with Roberts, of Amherst; Montague, of Sunderland; Morgan, of Co. H; and others more or less ailing. On leaving the hospital, a call came to pack

knapsacks and take forty rounds of ammunition and be ready to fall in at a moment's notice. Hastening back to quarters, I find all stir and animation. News is received that a large force of the enemy are near at hand, and we may expect an attack at any moment. Aides-de-camp are hurrying about on fast horses, delivering and receiving orders. The chaplain, having no orders to give or receive, except to have his knapsack packed that he may be ready for anything that occurs, sits down to look over the day's accumulation of letters, some two or three hundred in all. In the mean time the regiment is called out and hurried to the ramparts, where they are put through a pretty sharp practice of lying down and in that position going through all the processes of loading and firing their guns. At last they were dismissed to their tents, with orders to be ready to assume their positions behind the parapets at a moment's notice.

The supper of hominy and molasses and coffee completes the feeding for the day,—not rich food, but wholesome,—and a quiet evening, not knowing what the night will bring forth. The country and the climate are delightful. Birds are singing in the trees, butterflies are on the wing, the grass is green in the fields. But hark! there is a steam whistle. A boat is coming up the river. Will it bring a mail? We must know, so we hasten to the muddy levee to find there is no mail. But there probably will be to-morrow. But what will be on the morrow? Shall we have a bloody battle, and death and wounds, and all that? or is this alarm only a little practice which the soldiers need? I strongly suspect the latter. In either case, we shall be likely to hear the long roll before morning. Now the evening is past, and you have learned somewhat of how I am spending my time. The days are much alike,—much in them that is pleasant and much that is sad. We all long for home and peace. And that is the hope and prayer of your friend and pastor,

J. F. Moors.

To my wife :—

January 5.—Yesterday a boat came up, saying that the rebels had attacked a party of our men at Plaquemine, twenty miles below here; and four companies of our regiment—namely, Cos. E, G, H, and K—have been sent down to guard the place. Co. A is still doing police duty in the city, so five companies are gone. More than a hundred are on the sick list, sixty are required for guard duty, seventy for picket, so we have but few left in the camp.

I have suffered very much lying on the floor, which is very thin, and the air came up through it to such an extent that I could not keep warm. I resolved not to sleep there any longer, and confiscated an old sofa, on which I spread my blanket, and slept warm and comfortably.

I have lived lightly for a few days, and am getting around without taking any of the doctor's camphor and opium pills. I can take care of myself better than most can, for I can better command my own time. I have confidence in the doctor that he will take good care of me if I am sick.

I shall defer all account of this expedition to Plaquemine till its return.

On Saturday afternoon I wanted a place for religious meetings. They must be held in the evening, and the air is too chilly and damp for out-of-door services. I thought of the second story of the old foundry, standing a little way from us,—a large, unfinished room made to store the wooden patterns used in the shop below. The windows are sadly broken by musketry and the walls battered by shells. Getting twenty men to help me, we cleared out half of this room, arranged boards for benches, and soon had a comfortable church extemporized, in which we have earnest meetings in the evening, from one hundred to two hundred present, with one candle to make the darkness visible.

January 12.—Back to camp to attend the funeral of Norman Roberts, of Amherst, who has been sick ever since we landed. A prayer and Scripture reading in the presence of the whole regiment, then a procession of soldiers with arms reversed and muffled drums, the body in a covered United States baggage wagon drawn by mules, members of Co. G without arms, and the chaplain on horseback,—a solemn and impressive service, more so because it is our first. I told the colonel it was not well to make so much of a parade at a funeral. It depressed the spirits of the men. A few should be detailed for this service and not the whole regiment. Nothing can be more sad or solemn than these processions, with their funereal music, wending their way to the old cemetery, whose fences have been torn down, whose paths have been grown over, and the whole appearance of the place telling of war and its ravages. Hundreds of U.S. soldiers are buried here. A board is the only sign that marks their resting-place. On returning, the 52d was out on the parade ground for battalion drill. As Dolly and I felt well, I thought it was a good time to drill her and my-

self a little in military tactics, so, managing to keep in the rear of the battalion, we capered about till I was tired. Before leaving the ground there came the long roll. "To your posts!" was the order. And in an instant the 52d were on the double-quick for their position on the parapets. There they stood for an hour, when they were dismissed. I suppose it was to give a little practice, which the men stood in need of.

JANUARY 13, 1863.

My dear Wife,—Hurrah! hurrah! the long-awaited mail has come at last! An immense excitement over it! The first we have received! The letters are a month old, but we are glad enough to get them. Continue to send the newspapers, and ask your friends to do so. They occupy a great many odd moments, and, when we are done with them in camp, they do good service in the hospital. There are many sad, weary hours among that crowd of sick men; and newspapers beguile them better than anything else.

January 17.—The most remarkable thing of the last two days has been the very cold weather. I rarely suffer more than I have the last two nights. Thursday night was windy and cold, last night still and colder. The top of the ground was frozen, and ice formed as thick as window glass. "Not bad," you will say: "a Yankee ought to stand that." It is these sudden and severe changes that tell so hard upon the health of men deprived of the comforts of home. In my last I told you, I believe, that there was a young man in Co. C—James Graves—sick in the hospital,—a little, gentlemanly fellow, almost womanly in his refinement. He lay on the floor between two rough men, who were very sick, one of them fretful, complaining, and profane. I felt very sorry for Graves. He is a Sophomore in Yale College. I asked the surgeon to allow him to come to my room, and he was brought in upon a stretcher yesterday, and I am taking such care of him as I can. He is not very sick, but needs quiet and care; and these I can give him. Frank Ball, also, is sick in our room. Sergt. Hosmer is sick, and his brother is taking care of him in the captain's room upstairs. Last night I was up with Graves a good deal, especially to keep up the fire. About midnight Rev. J. K. came to my room, and wanted to know if I had some dry sticks of wood to swap off for some green ones. His wood was burned up, and he had just come in from chopping some green sticks, and wanted some dry ones to kindle. *Mem.*—Ministers should get in wood enough at night to last till morning.

From Stowell's journal : —

"Have been out drilling in the manual of arms. We have been forbidden to destroy any property. I wish they would make a clean sweep as far as we can, and not waste our time and lives in taking care of that rebel truck.

"Went out on picket duty yesterday. We are on for twenty-four hours. One company from each regiment go out about three miles, and are left, three in a place, along in the woods. Three others, with myself, act as scouts. The orders to pickets are very strict in regard to firing a gun or taking property,—hens or anything else. Our captain repeated the orders to us after we were posted ; but we thought we discovered a twinkle in his eye which meant, 'If you can do anything and I not know it, why, do it.' Just at night six pigs came into our lines, two of which were quietly hung up by their heels in a very few minutes. The next morning I started with my rifle, went outside the lines about two miles, found a good fat three-year-old heifer, drove her into our lines, and shot her, then, with the help of three or four others, cut her up, put her in our haversacks. We also killed a shoat and a sheep, which we put in our sacks, out of sight, so, when we marched in for inspection, we had the appearance of being empty-handed. Our captain said not a word, nor asked any questions, but ate his share of the pig this morning with a good relish.

"We are preparing for a big battle twenty miles above us at Port Hudson. We expect a bloody fight, as the rebels are strongly entrenched.

"*January 13, 1863.*—Yesterday was a happy day to most of us. We received a mail for the first time since we left New York. One poor fellow from Orange had letters telling him his wife was dead. He takes it very hard.

"The folks at home will never know what the soldier has to endure. Take my last guard, for instance. In the first place, the mud was two or three inches deep, and there we must stay twenty-four hours. We have some little tents to go into half the time ; but we are not much better off for them, for the rain comes through, and the mud is as bad inside as out. When night comes, we can stand up or lie down in the mud with all our equipments on ; for no one is allowed to take them off during the twenty-four hours he is on guard.

"But we have some good things here to eat. Co. F drew a barrel of flour, and yesterday we had a rarity for dinner and supper.

We took half of it and put it in the big cauldron we make our coffee in, and made a minute pudding. We then took some molasses, vinegar, water, and made a pailful of good sauce.

“Last Sunday we thought the rebels had come, sure enough. Our pickets came rushing in, telling us that they had been stationed about three miles out, and that the rebels had appeared in force. The long roll sounded, and we started double-quick for the parapet. There we stayed under arms until night, but no rebels appeared.”

To Mrs. Moors:—

Co. A are living in clover. They are in better health than any other company. They are on provost duty in the city, and Capt. Long is provost-martial. On the whole, I think the health of the regiment has improved within a few days; but we have a good many sick. I just hear that Gleason, of Co. B, is dead. The colonel and Capt. Stone dined with us to-day. We had what John Contraband calls a bang-up dinner, with table-cloth and crockery plates; and we have found some plated silver forks. We had chicken, sweet potatoes, brown bread, and a rice pudding. It was a triumphant success, especially the portion of the dinner over which I presided. You must look to your laurels, or I shall have a cook-book out before you do. We bought two pounds of butter for a dollar, strong enough to draw a load of wood up my driveway on High Street.

Jan. 19, 1863.—I wrote a sheet on Saturday, and have not had time to write a word since. We buried Gleason just at sunset. These deaths have a depressing influence upon the men, especially upon those in the hospitals. The Whitneys watched with my two patients. I had a good sleep, so as to be ready for my Sunday duties. At dress parade on Saturday I urged a better attendance on the preaching service, which is entirely voluntary. I gave notice that the service to-morrow would be at 10.30 A.M. I hurried up to get my sick men washed and laid back upon the floor. About nine it was announced that a steamer was coming. I started some men to the levee to see if there was a mail for us; and, lo! they returned bearing a bouncing big one,—about three bushels,—which was emptied upon our floor, and we went to sorting it with a will. At ten o'clock I sent to the colonel that the mail would be better for the men than my sermon, and that the drums better not beat the assembly's call. Continue to send the newspapers. After I have read them, they go to the hospital.

No service to-day, but prayers at dress parade. After looking to the sick boys and the supper, I went to the Court House, and had a service,—about a hundred present,—then to the hospital, and back to quarters at nine o'clock to get the sick boys in my room to bed,—as we have to call it,—though it is upon the floor. I was up at twelve, and sat up three hours; and Whitney sat up the rest of the night. Arthur Ball, Co. D, detailed to take care of the chaplain and his horse, is ill. So our first care is of him, so that he may be able to take care of his brother Frank, who is pretty sick. Graves is better. If it were not for this sickness, we should be in splendid condition. We begin to feel quite at home here. In our room we have added one thing after another, till we have as much as we can take good care of. I have to be "orderly" for the non-coms. H. W. W. calls me the widowed parson in care of four orphan boys.

Tuesday P.M.—My time is fully occupied. Graves is better, begins to take a little broth. Frank Ball is no better, is wandering in his mind. The sickness in the regiment is on the increase. One hundred and fifty of our six companies are sick, and as many more not well. Four companies in the 52d Regiment are at Plaquemine. Two deaths have occurred to-day,—Hall, of Hawley, and Lorenzo Payne, both young men, both dying of typhoid fever. It takes hold of the young men fearfully. One funeral at two this afternoon, and I am just going out to the other. I took a horseback ride with Henry Whitney, to whom I am getting greatly attached. I shall have to send Frank Ball to the hospital. I am too busy to take care of him, and Arthur is not well enough to do it.

January 20, 1 A.M.—Frank is restless and delirious. He is quite sick. A steamer has just arrived, and we hope for another mail. The rumor is that we are to move in the morning. I hope it is not so, but probably we are to be sent further from the river. It is the common opinion that our proximity to the river is one cause of so much sickness among us.

We have some fun withal. Day before yesterday Lieut. Hurlbert was prowling about the back kitchen of Capt. Long's headquarters. He found a nicely packed box. With an axe he knocked the boards off, and found the dinner service of the establishment,—nice earthen white ware. Coming into the dining-room, he whirled our tin plates and cups into the corner, and set the table out with the new-found crockery. So now I sit down to as well-furnished a table as my wife has; namely, that of the Secretary of State of Louisiana.

IV.

BATON ROUGE, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PLAQUEMINE EXPEDITION.

[JAN. 20 TO FEB. 11, 1862.]

Corp. Hosmer writes:—

“The chaplain was sick to-day, so I conducted the services for two of the men, one a boy I knew well at home,—Frank Ball. He will never see again his pretty cottage home under the trees by the Connecticut. We were forced to bury them hurriedly, for it was late, and, I fear, with a less feeling of solemnity than we once had on such occasions. Funerals have been so frequent of late, sometimes three or four a day, that they lose their impressiveness. Most all the deaths have been among the boys. We do not suffer as some men of the regiments are suffering close by us; but it is enough to cast a shadow, and make us feel the insecurity of life. But let me turn from these things. We are, after all, not a gloomy set. The spirits of the men are often high, and there is much fun going forward.

“A great character in the camp is one Niles, a fellow with many crotchets in his brain,—too many for it to remain in a normal, healthy state. He ought hardly to have passed a medical examination; but he is a fellow of infinite jest, and his pranks and sayings keep up the spirits of the regiment. He has wit. When that fails, he blunders into capital hits, sparing no one, from the colonel down. Seeing some officers looking at a big hole in a hollow tree, he came up, and peered with his queer, whiskered face into the hole. ‘That is a big hole, Niles,’ said one of the officers. ‘Yes,’ said Niles, ‘next time the long roll is sounded, if it isn’t full of officers, I will come here and hide.’ By far the most amusing thing I have seen since I became a soldier was Niles’s parody of Col. Birge, of the 13th Connecticut,—a veteran regiment, which went through its admirable drill close to our camp, and whose commander, at such times, threw himself with unusual energy into such work. I heard great laughter and shouting on the parade ground the other day, and, going out, saw Niles mounted on a lean, long-eared jackass, which he would cudgel with a club until

the animal gave up his obstinacy and went off at an ungainly gallop. Niles rushed to one side of the field and then to the other, and roared out his orders, — ‘Close column by division, on second division right in front!’ — then whack would go the stick, and Niles, eager as if in battle, would gallop off to the other side of the field, — ‘Head of column to the left, deploy column on first company!’ etc., — an admirable caricature of the efficacy of Col. Birge, who was always at full gallop, keeping his regiment on the double-quick. Niles drilled his imaginary command for some time, when a sergeant, shocked at the indecorum, started after him at full speed; but Niles’s time had not yet come. As the pursuer approached, Niles’s ungainly steed reared and brayed; and, while dodging his heels, the pursuer measured his length in the mud, leaving Niles, in his shabby uniform, to go on caracoling and shouting his orders.”

From Stowell’s journal: —

“*January 20.*—There are six of our company on picket duty, and we are stationed near together; and I can leave my post a short time if necessary. So I took a man, and went into the woods near by. My gun accidentally went off, and hit a cow right in the head. We took out what six of us could carry into camp to-morrow, brought it near our posts, and hid it: for an officer will come around once or twice to see if everything is all right. Our rations have been pretty hard lately. We should have had nothing but hard-tack. As it is, we shall get along well enough for dinner and supper to-morrow. I was lucky enough to find an old rusty pan, which I can clean up; and it will be nice to fry our meat in. When we reached camp yesterday, we found everything in hubbub. Tents were struck, baggage packed, and all the brigade ordered to leave immediately: where to, we did not know; but we were marched out of the city about two miles, and dropped down into a mud hole,—the most unhealthy place I ever saw. The ground is half-covered with water. We have got our tent raised up and floored in good shape.

“*January 22.*—We went to a rebel’s house near by, took his doors off before his eyes, took his hammer and hand-saw, some sugar and a good spider, and think ourselves fixed up in good shape. Of course, it makes a man look ugly to see us break the doors of his house to make floors for our tents, but might, with rifles to back it, makes everything right. We are most pleased with our spider. We can make most all kinds of victuals with the help of that.

"*January 24.*—Here I am sitting by a good fire in an old house. I am acting sergeant. Have a lot of men, part of whom I have picketed out; and the rest are lying on the floors, snoring like good fellows. I have boarded the windows, so no light can get out; and the wood in the fireplace is crackling in good shape. We shall not be cold to-night; for, when the fire gets low, on goes a chair, a door, or something else. I cannot help but rather like this business. A man feels so independent and saucy.

"Somebody's cow won't come up to-morrow morning. I do not know whose it is; but her hind-quarters are hanging up here, and will form part of our breakfast. Usually, it is hard bread and tea for breakfast, bread and water for dinner, and bread and tea for supper again. So we think to-morrow will be about time for a little beefsteak.

"*January 25.*—When we got home from picket duty, we found Co. D was about having a funeral. I laid aside my gun, put on my dress coat, and attended. It is unusual to have much notice taken when a soldier dies; but in this case there were two brothers, one a corporal and the other a sergeant. The corporal was a Unitarian minister at Deerfield. His brother was taken sick about a week ago with the fever that all have here. The corporal was with him all the time, and took the best care of him; but he had to die. The corporal had a rough coffin made for his brother. The body was brought out, and placed in a gun-box. The sergeant's gun and equipments were laid upon the coffin, then his cap, and a little bunch of flowers at a place opposite them. The corporal stood alone by the coffin through the service. He was not the only mourner. It brought tears to the eyes of nearly every one, the colonel and the other officers in particular. He was twenty-one years of age, and one of the finest men of the regiment. If I have prayed a sincere prayer, it is that I might get home alive, and die among my friends. If not, I want to die by the bullet, and not by disease.

"Our chaplain made a speech to us on dress parade last night, and its subject was 'Cultivate a Cheerful Spirit'; and it is just so. If a man makes the best of everything, he will be much happier than if he look on the dark side all the time."

To Mrs. Moors:—

January 21.—This morning came an order to move about a mile from the river. Frank Ball was sent to the hospital, very sick. We put Graves in the convalescent hospital, in the wing

of this building. Everything is gone from the house, except our "duds." I expect to have a long quiet night of it. It is a relief to get rid of the sick men. Now we are to go back to tents again. Ball and I are to have one to ourselves,—a good wall tent. Capt. Long lends me a confiscated stove. It is a great deal more quiet here than in the house we have just left; but the men are grumbling about our new location, it is so wet and swampy. The fear is that it is not healthy. I am feeling very well, nothing but a good night's sleep wanting to put me in first-rate condition.

Friday, January 23. Under a Magnolia Tree.—I moved yesterday, and it occupied all day. The ground here is low; but my tent is very pleasantly situated under a big magnolia, whose green leaves are intertwined with the long, gray, pendulous Spanish moss, which gives it a very pleasant look. Dolly is picketed the other side of the tree, and so is my constant companion, day and night. I wish I could send you a photograph of it. The Co. E. boys put a good floor into my tent, and also a box for me to sleep in, which would be very well if it were not so suggestive of a coffin. I hope I can get some hay to put in before a great while.

From the *Gazette and Courier* :—

January 23, 1863.—Sunday was a day of rejoicing among us. In the morning a mail-bag containing about two and one-half bushels for the 52d was laid on the floor of the chaplain's room, and as soon as possible distributed among the eager crowd, impatient to get news from home.

We have a good deal of sickness, as you have doubtless heard. Seven have already died of typhoid fever. I find that war has its two sides. If you start from our camp with two or three companions, all well mounted, and ride about this town an hour, say from 4 to 5 P.M., about the time for dress parade, hear the inspiring music of the bands, the stirring bugle-call, the martial drum and fife, and see the long lines of soldiers, the cheerful-looking camps, the polished guns and well-trained horses of the batteries, and meet well-dressed officers mounted on horses all grand and elegant, you might fancy that going to war was very fine, and that the young men missed a great deal who did not enlist. But stop at that building where you see the red flag. It is a hospital of the 52d Massachusetts Volunteers. Mount the stairs, and look about you. In this room on the right are ten men, most of them on the floor. Some have boxes made in the plainest way of a few boards.

Some of them are filled with the dried Spanish moss. Here is a man suffering with fever; the next one has dysentery; the next one is weak and exhausted, without any particular disease. Go to the next room, it is the same. The third, and it is a repetition of what you have seen before. Go across the way, and you find two or three rooms with patients who are recovering. By the time you have spent two or three hours in these rooms you will be persuaded that war has its dark side,—dark, dark enough. Our regiment is weakened, not only by sickness, but by the absence of four companies down the river and a great many detailed men.

To Mrs. Moors:—

SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 24, 1863.

The last two days have been among the happiest and the saddest I have experienced,—happiest because I feel so well and am enjoying my mode of life very much. Yesterday we received a large mail for our regiment, which was very welcome. I said these days were the saddest, too. The news from Vicksburg is very disheartening. The fate of that place determines ours. In the regiment the aspect of affairs is enough to make men sober. The fever! oh, the fever! Longfellow's chapter in "Hiawatha" just expresses it. We have had three deaths within twenty-four hours, and I am sorry to write that Edward Hosmer's was the last. He died at ten o'clock this A.M., and is to be buried to-morrow at ten. He was very much beloved and respected by his company and the regiment. He was, you know, the orderly sergeant of Co. D. Thompson, of Bernardston, and Culver, of Shelburne Falls, are both dead. Graves, whom I have called my little pet, was doing nicely when he left me, but now is not as well. Lewis, of Co. A, is sick; and so is Merriam. Horace Allen is broken down with home-sickness. To tell you of to-day will tell you how I am spending my time. Rose at six, blacked my boots (which is a military requirement and no little labor in this sticky clay), made my bed, swept the floor of my tent, put to rights generally, and rode to town to breakfast, then to deliver letters, and then to the river to water Dolly. A boat had just arrived with a regiment of eleven hundred negroes,—a splendid regiment, worth, I believe, any two regiments on the ground. They are officered by colored men, which, I am told, is likely to give great offence to the white officers here. I sat for a while to see them disembark, and then to the hospital, where I spent an hour and a half

visiting, briefly, every man who was awake, and trying to say something to him to cheer and help him. It is a hard service, and draws severely upon one's sympathy. Then to the post-office with a haversack of letters I had brought from camp. At one back to dinner, and from there to the funerals of Thompson and Culver, who were buried together, and with no escort; then to see J. K. H., to make arrangements for Ed's funeral to-morrow; then with J. K. H. to the cemetery, to select a place of interment; back to camp at four, to look up the boys whose parents had written to me concerning them, and at seven to have a delightful quiet hour, writing this. I stayed with Hosmer till half-past nine last evening. He wanted I should stay all night to watch with Ed; but I felt that I needed the night for sleep, as I am to have a very busy day to-morrow. J. K. is the manliest man there is in the regiment. He bears this trial nobly, says he should rather Ed had fallen in battle, but, seeing the lack of nurses, he shall volunteer for that service. He has nursed Ed very tenderly and skillfully.

You talk of eating hard-tack and salt junk out of sympathy, but you need not; for I eat neither now. We live well enough,—plainly, indeed, but good enough. I have put some hay into my box, and so sleep splendidly. I have told you that the town was deserted. It is not so now. Many of the inhabitants have come out of their hiding-places, and the streets swarm with soldiers and negroes. The contrabands come in more freely than they did before the Emancipation Proclamation. I suppose people want to know of me when we are to move upon Port Hudson, why we do not move at once, how many soldiers we have, how many the rebs have, etc. I have one answer to make. I know nothing about it. I did not come here to plan or execute campaigns, nor to criticise those who have that duty to perform. I came to be chaplain to the 52d Regiment, and in doing this even imperfectly I have all that I can do.

The 52d is badly demoralized. Look at it! Nine hundred and thirty when we left Greenfield, two hundred and fifty are at Plaquemine, one hundred and fifty sick, fifty to take care of the sick, one hundred and fifty detailed for special service, leaving two hundred and fifty for the available force of the regiment. About that number out for inspection to-day. The order was given, "Field and staff officers to the front!" The chaplain bravely marched in solitary majesty from the rear to the front, and was in-

spected and passed muster. It is bedtime, and a splendid bed of hay and husks loose in the box.

Thursday P.M.—I fear Mr. Allen will not see his son Horace again, or, if he does, will find little satisfaction in him. He is losing his mind. He can do nothing. There is nothing the matter with him but home-sickness. The doctor is trying to get him discharged and sent home. To-day we have another funeral, Samuel Cowles's, Co. I. After my visit to the hospital this morning, I took a long ride with the colonel, to visit all the picket stations. Beginning at the river, they extend around the whole city at a distance of a mile or two from the camp. The pickets are posted in squads of three or four together, and the squads between twenty or thirty rods of each other, so that no one can approach without being seen and challenged. I enjoyed the ride very much. There were a few ditches to jump, but Dolly leaped them bravely. I returned to attend Cowles's funeral.

UNDER THE MAGNOLIA TREE,
Jan. 27, 1863.

. . . Sunday has been a busy day with me. Hosmer wanted to have the funeral of Ed out here at the camp (he died in the house by the river), and it was arranged for 10.30. But there was a blunder about the ambulance, and they were not ready till nearly one. The service was held in front of my tent. The body was dressed as for dress parade, and looked quite natural. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered. The whole service was very impressive. A procession was then formed, Co. A doing escort duty, with arms reversed and drums muffled; then the body in an ambulance; then J. K. with some white flowers in his hand, which he deposited upon the coffin; then the officers and men of Co. D, the chaplain on Dolly, with several soldiers of other companies. At the grave Co. A attempted to fire a salute, but bungled it so much I did not blame Dolly for being frightened. After a late dinner I went to the hospital, read a chapter and offered prayer in three of the wards, and prayed with the sickest men at their bedsides. Then back to camp to preach a short sermon at dress parade upon cheerfulness, which some of the men stand in special need of. The sickness does not increase as to numbers, but it does in severity. There are from eighty to ninety reported sick every day in quarters. Do you ask what causes so much sickness? I reply, Bad water, improper food, exposure to the night air on guard and

picket. You write about my not exposing myself to rebel bullets. I am ten times more exposed to fever than to rebel bullets. Last night there was a hard rain. It pattered nicely upon the roof of the tent, and rattled the leaves of the magnolia. There are great expectations on that barrel. We expect to see it to-morrow.

UNDER THE MAGNOLIA TREE,
January 31.

... The long-looked-for box came this afternoon. It was unloaded in front of my tent. A great crowd soon gathered round, and were full of eulogium upon the splendid packing. "There was labor and skill in that," was the exclamation from many. Some of the things sent amused us very much. Sugar, for instance, which is as cheap here as dirt and almost as plenty. Soap and candles, too, are furnished gratuitously to all the men. (There are some inconveniences in living in a tent. I have just tipped over my inkstand into my slippers.) Bridget's apples came as sound and fresh as when they were put up. You must tell her how much obliged I am for them. I put on the old hat you sent at once, label and all, to the great amusement of "the boys"; for the contrabands wear just such hats with their master's name pinned to them. You must thank everybody for the things sent. A funeral this afternoon of Marcus Howland, of Conway. I asked Mr. Hosmer to attend it, for I was quite worn out. Arriving at the hospital, he found two more of our men had just died,—Frank Ball and Arnold of Co. F. Mr. Hosmer officiated at Howland and Ball's burial, the other will be held to-morrow. So we have had three deaths to-day. Most of those that die are under twenty-one years of age. I think the doctor does his best for them. There are fewer new cases, and I hope the worst is over; but to-day one man has come down with scarlet fever.

UNDER THE MAGNOLIA TREE,
Feb. 2, 1863.

My dear Wife,—Attended the funeral of Arnold, Co. F. Had service at the hospital, and prepared for one at the camp; but it rained so hard I had to give it up.

On Saturday Horace Allen was brought before the medical directors to be examined for a discharge. The novelty of the place and the hope of going home excited the poor fellow, and he brightened up and answered all the questions asked him very

promptly. They put him through the manual of arms; and he did well in it,—better, Capt. Long said, than he had ever known him to do it before. The result was the directors told the captain to take his man back and put him to work. The poor fellow was too simple to be cunning or wise. With regard to O. R., he has been as uncomfortable a member of Co. A. as they could have. He has shirked everything, complained of everything. He has done his best to make trouble between the captain and his men; and now the poor fellow is sick, and not a friend in the regiment to care for him or pity him. He cries and groans, and is the biggest baby we have; and the boys only laugh at him. I went to see him this morning, and told him I thought a little pluck was as needful to bear a stomach-ache as to fight a battle. I don't know how sick he is. He thinks he is going to die at once. The boys think one-quarter of his trouble is a cold and three-quarters hypo.

Daniel W. Lyman writes to the *Northampton Gazette*:—

“We are still a broken regiment. Four companies that have been sent down the river to Plaquemine have not yet returned, and nothing has been heard from them till this noon, when we were surprised by the sudden appearance of our orderly Williston, in good health and spirits, with a handsome baked turkey in one hand and a beautiful double-barrelled shot-gun in the other. The turkey was just in season, and went right to the spot; for it took the place of hard-tack. One of the party relates a foraging expedition where they took from one place eighty chickens and five or six dozen eggs. The planter owned a sugar plantation, and had on hand about one hundred hogsheads of sugar; but the boys could not take that on their backs very well, and had to leave it behind.

“The regiment has left our pleasant location on the bank of the river, and marched back a mile and a half to a dismal-looking place. It was no small job to make the spot inhabitable.

“*January 22.*—Our location, which looked so dismal when we saw it yesterday, has been wonderfully improved by the use of a little Yankee mettle. Our streets have been levelled, cook-houses built, and we are ready to live again. Col. Greenleaf has been trying to get the regiment together; and, if his perseverance holds out long enough, he will doubtless succeed. He has endeared himself to the regiment, and will do all he can to make our position comfortable. He visits the hospital daily; and his cheering

words and pleasant smile have, we doubt not, done more good many times than the doctor's medicine. We had a grand foraging expedition the other day, and, among other things, brought back six or seven gallons of molasses, and had great fun making 'lasses candy.' If the 'lasses' could have helped about it, we should have had more fun still."

From Stowell's journal:—

"*February 1.*—On picket we stopped an old rebel going into town on horseback. We sent a man with him; but the man did not go more than ten rods before he made the old rebel get off and go on foot, while he got on and rode.

"*February 15.*—It is as warm here as I ever saw it in July at home. Yesterday we had the hardest day's work to do we have yet done. Gen. Grover ordered out a train of thirty wagons to confiscate commissary stores, and called for two hundred of the best men of the 52d Regiment for an escort. We were to go into the country about five miles beyond the pickets. We stood the march out very well, but every man was wet through with the sweat and about played out. The mules trotted most of the way; and the men were forced to keep up, though the mud was quite deep. We were marched in in just an hour, and such a heated set of men I never saw. Quite a number fell out, and had to be sent for with carts, and are now under the surgeon's care.

"Many are sick. Measles are plenty, and hospital grows larger, still we are in good spirits. Does a mule bray, you see all our camp crying out: 'A mail, a mail! The "Iberville" is coming!' That was our mail-boat, and had a very heavy whistle which could be heard a long way, and sounded very much like the bray of a jackass. Whenever this was heard, the chaplain would mount his black horse and ride over to the landing. Sometimes he walked back, the mare nearly covered with mail-sacks. When the mail was not so large, he rode between the sacks; and every man in camp would have the letters before the chaplain slept."

THE PLAQUEMINE EXPEDITION.

"The morning of Jan. 3, 1863, brought sounds of heavy firing from Plaquemine, a place twenty miles below Baton Rouge. Rumors of a battle there, in which gun-boats were playing a prominent part, filled the camp. Orders came for Cos. C, G, H, and K to prepare at once to go down the river with three days' rations, and re-enforce our troops there. Excitement and bustle filled the

quarters of these companies as they prepared for their first real work of soldiers. About an hour before sundown, with Lieut. Col. Storrs in command, they went on board the steamer 'Morning Light,' and started down the river. About seven o'clock Plaquemine was reached, and the troops were landed under cover of two gun-boats, and found the town abandoned by the enemy. The companies were posted for the night in advantageous positions in different parts of the town, and were soon comfortably housed in deserted stores and other buildings. Picket duty and foraging occupied most of the time. January 9 was an exciting day. The pickets had hardly been posted in the morning, when the whole detachment was startled by rapid firing at the bayou on the west side of the town. All the companies were instantly under arms, and went double-quick to support the pickets on the roads leading into town and at the bayou. The rain was pouring in torrents all the time. At the bayou firing was brisk for a few minutes, and the woods on the opposite side contained many rebels. They finally disappeared, and quiet reigned about the town. The alarm was caused by a scouting party; for the many rumors which had been heard led our boys to believe that a strong attempt was to be made to drive them out of town. On Sunday, January 11, many members of the companies, mindful of their New England bringing up, went to the Presbyterian church to attend service. They far outnumbered the natives in the congregation. The minister announced that he would not preach under military restrictions (though no one had imposed any), and that there would be no services in that house so long as United States troops occupied the place, and dismissed the congregation. Rev. and Capt. Bissell, who was in the congregation and who had had some experience in preaching at home, at once arose, and announced that he would preach there in the afternoon. At the appointed hour he held a real New England service, preaching a fine discourse. On subsequent Sundays he held services in the same church, which were well attended by the boys, a few natives venturing in.

"A cavalry company, under command of Capt. Perkins, came into town a day or two after our boys, and aided in picket duty. The companies were but scantily supplied with rations, and foraging was indulged in on a large scale. An abundance of chickens, geese, milk, eggs, sweet potatoes, etc., were brought into the camp, and so officers and men lived on the fat of the land. Nearly all of the officers provided themselves with fine horses. Foraging

expeditions were organized to cross the bayou and visit plantations two or three miles away, in sight of rebel pickets. On the 23d of January came the most memorable foraging expedition of all. The stock of edibles was nearly out, and something must be done to fill the larder. A lieutenant, with twenty men from Cos. C and G, started in a new direction down the river. About three miles below the town was a fine plantation owned by a rebel colonel, his wife left in charge. It was soon evident that the boys had struck a rich vein. Poultry of every kind was abundant. Pigs roamed at will, potatoes, eggs, and various things good for hungry men were everywhere. Soon there was such a babel of sounds as would have totally eclipsed the ancient Babel. Turkeys gobbled, hens cackled, geese screamed, pigs squealed. Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry were nothing compared with the way the boys ran with all sorts of winged denizens of their race. The boys had the best of the race every time. Soon an enormous pile, fit to tempt the palate of an epicure, appeared in front of the plantation home. An ancient African was pressed into service, and politely invited to hitch up a mule team. After some excuses on his part, and the use of powerful arguments to show him the folly of these excuses, he was persuaded to accept the invitation. Presently he appeared on the scene, under the protecting care of two or three of the boys, with a mule as ancient as himself hitched to what was once a cart. Into this vehicle, with many a tug and groan, went first a full-grown hog which had accidentally, or otherwise, run against a Co. C bayonet in one of the races above described, then went in an almost countless number of feathered contestants which had been vanquished in the same race. Pigs, potatoes, eggs, sugar, molasses, were piled in on top. Who ever saw a more miscellaneous lot of edibles in one cart, or more inviting to hungry men. All previous foraging had been out-foraged. Everybody was loaded with the consciousness of having had a part in a great achievement. The ancient African was just mounting the cart, after ineffectual attempts to decline an invitation to drive the fruits of victory to town, and all were assembling to return to camp, when, lo! Lieut. Col. Storrs, with cavalry Capt. Perkins at his heels, appeared on the scene. To his eager inquiry, 'What does all this mean?' comes the quick answer, 'We are carrying the war into Africa.' That hardly satisfied the colonel. His conscience required a money equivalent for the good things received. So he told Lieut. G. that he must pay for all the prop-

erty the squad had taken. The lieutenant scratched his head, looked with amazement at the contents of the cart, and then at the colonel, and finally told him that his pocket-book was as empty as the chicken roost on that plantation ; and he must, for obvious reasons, decline to pay. The colonel then turned to the men, and told them that they must make up among themselves the value of all they had taken. What a look of blank amazement came on every face ! The paymaster had not been around since enlistment. Continental soldiers at the close of the Revolution were not more destitute of money than these men. Every man protested that he could not raise the value of the smallest Confederate 'shinplaster.' Then chimed in the gallant cavalry captain. 'It is a shame,' he said, 'to forage. My men never do.' And when the lieutenant told him he was mistaken, that there was not a day in the week and hardly an hour in the day when his men did not go inside the picket lines with poultry dangling from the sides of their horses, and that they boasted that they had not drawn a ration from the government within a month, he replied, 'But they always pay for what they take.' If the gallant captain had not been killed a few months after in Port Hudson, it would have been perfectly proper to characterize his statement as — a whopper. Finding that his command was impecunious to an amazing degree, the colonel ordered the whole proceeds of the expedition driven to town, and turned over to the acting quartermaster, to be issued as rations to the men. Grins take the place of the troubled looks on the faces of the men ; and some one called out, 'Why, colonel, that was the very thing we started out to do.' It would be pleasant to know whether the colonel suspected that the splendid truss of chickens he helped dispose of the the next day at the officers' mess had arrived on that old mulecart. When the colonel made some inquiries later in the day about the expedition and the reason for it, he was told that, when Uncle Samuel sent a detachment of his boys into a hostile country and then forgot to send them rations, they could not live on air for an indefinite length of time ; and his eyes were also opened to the fact that, for the three weeks he had been enjoying the splendid fare at the officers' mess, he had eaten nothing but foraged rations. And we observed that rations were more plentiful from that time on.

"January 27 Pomeroy, of Co. K, died ; and on February 3 Waite, of Co. C, also died. February 1 the cavalry company was

ordered away; and on February 6 two batteries of the 1st U.S. Artillery landed at Plaquemine, and we felt easier. The next day four regiments of infantry arrived from Baton Rouge, under command of Col. Payne; and our companies received orders to return to the regiment by the first boat. On the afternoon of February 8 they embarked on the 'Iberville,' and reached Baton Rouge about midnight; and the next morning they rejoined the regiment.

"Perhaps it was his experience at Plaquemine that led to this story about Lieut. Col. Storrs. The lieutenant colonel offered to bet he could take Port Hudson with the 52d Regiment alone. When asked how he would do it, he replied, 'Put them in camp within five miles of Port Hudson, tell them not to touch it, and within two weeks they would steal the whole of it.'"

From Jesse L. Delano's journal:—

"One of the most disagreeable, dismal, muddy, and rebellious places in Louisiana in 1863 was Plaquemine. On the west bank of the Mississippi, about twenty miles below Baton Rouge, four companies of the 52d were ordered, and landed about dark on the evening of January 5, and found that almost the entire population, except the colored people, were strong secessionists, and had aided the rebellion in many ways. Rations had not been furnished us. We must provide them for ourselves. Found a place which abounded in poultry of all kinds, and our camp soon rejoiced in a stock of oranges, chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys. We just revelled in chicken soup, roast turkey, and are not conscience-smitten at the way in which we secured them; for we found the spirit of rebellion so strong that we felt justified in getting what we wanted if we could find it in the hands of traitors to our beloved country. Sugar plantations abounded about Plaquemine. Every one had an extensive sugar mill, and its storehouses filled with sugar and molasses. We all had a weakness for sugar, and the government's supply of three ounces a day seemed to us unnecessarily small. One planter who lived near the village came and claimed to be a Union man, and was afraid the rebels would steal his sugar, of which he had a large quantity in his storehouse. The colonel granted him liberty to draw it to the wharf, and send it to New Orleans. Eighty hogsheads of it were then drawn and unloaded on the wharf, and waited for the steamer to come along and take it aboard. The boys wanted at least one hogshead of that sugar for their use; and, while the soldier on guard was walking in one direction and looking steadily ahead, six or eight of the

boys laid hold of a hogshead and rolled it rapidly away in the other direction, where other men waited with boxes and barrels, to which the sugar was rapidly transferred, to carry to our quarters. The empty hogshead was rolled into the river and floated down the stream. The next day a search was made for one missing hogshead of sugar, but nothing could be found of it; for it was securely hid under the piazza floor of the house occupied for our quarters. We learned afterward that the owner of the whole cargo proved to be a traitor, and the government confiscated and took the whole amount when it arrived at New Orleans. Another planter by the name of Desoby applied to the provost-marshal for a guard, so that the negroes and the soldiers could not carry away his sugar. He claimed to be a strong Union man. The provost-marshal sent a guard on the condition that he would give them flour, and furnish them sweet potatoes, meat, and poultry as often as they wished. Delano and Whitmore were detailed to guard the sugar. They stayed two days; but, finding the old man did not keep his part of the bargain, they returned to camp, leaving the sugar unguarded. He, finding that his sugar was rapidly disappearing, went and implored the provost-marshal to send back the guard, and he would furnish everything he had agreed to. They were accordingly sent back, and immediately drove off the negroes that were stealing the sugar. The old man was so thankful he said they might each of them have a barrel of sugar. So they procured two of the largest barrels they could find, got a darky to tamp the sugar while they shovelled it in till the barrels were full. The next day the old man got permission to ship the whole lot to New Orleans; but he was soon arrested for aiding the enemy, and the government confiscated all his sugar. The steamboat captain kindly took Whitmore's and Delano's barrels to New Orleans free of expense, and delivered them to Gen. Andrews to send on to the late Rev. Erastus Andrews, of Sunderland; and by him they were shipped to a friend at New York, and eventually arrived home when sugar was selling at 20 cts. per lb."

BATON ROUGE, February 11.

Mr. Eastman,—I have no report to make of battles lost or won. It has not been the fortune of the 52d yet to meet the enemy. Yet do not fancy that we lead an idle, listless life here. On the contrary, our camp is usually a hive of busy industry. When we came on our present camping ground, it wore a most unpromising look.

It was low and swampy, covered with a thick growth of underbrush and brambles and a few large trees. Now everything is cleared up except the large trees, and several of them have fallen; and we have a neat, picturesque camp. We are, apparently, doing nothing,—that is, we have made no forward movement; and you at home are asking very impatiently why we do not move on Port Hudson. Let me answer your question by asking another. “Have you a solid stone wall on your premises? Why don’t you get up some fine morning, and go and butt your head against that stone wall?” It would not pay, would it? Neither would it pay for us to butt our heads against the strong fortifications of Port Hudson. We are not ready yet for such a movement. The health of the regiment is improving, though there are sixty reported sick in the hospital and seventy in quarters. There have been three deaths to-day.

The box that was sent from Greenfield came through safely in a little more than two weeks, and was cordially welcomed. Half of the articles were spoiled. Some pies had outlived their usefulness when they arrived. It needs to be repeated that pies, cakes, and jellies are not worth their cost to send to the soldiers. It will be gratifying to the friends of Co. A to know that there has not been a death in their company. They have, however, just now more cases of measles than any other company. The regiment are generally in good spirits.

D. W. Lyman writes to the *Northampton Gazette*:—

“*February 11.*—The report had spread that the four companies were to return to-day. When they came up, they were greeted with three hearty cheers. They speak in glowing terms of the land of Plaquemine, a land flowing with milk and honey.

“The question has been for some time past and is now discussed, ‘Is it best to arm the negroes, and will they make good soldiers?’ To the above question my answer would be in the affirmative. I have been very much disappointed in the negro population in this part of the country. They are more intelligent as a class than I expected to find them. A portion of them are industrious, with a deal of common sense; and many want to go in and help what they can toward putting down the rebellion, and I hope they will have a chance to do so before long.

“*March 12.*—Our regiment, and indeed the whole army, has been on the *qui vive* for the last three or four days, waiting for the

order to march; and on Wednesday, after everything was packed, the cooks were ordered to prepare two days' more rations, which was done and we were ready to march. But it turned out not to be a march to Port Hudson, but a grand review, after which we returned to camp with orders to be ready to move at twenty minutes' notice. Tuesday morning Co. A rejoined the regiment, and companies are once more together, but not all. Thirty who went into camp with us now rest beneath the sod, and will nevermore return home to receive a happy welcome."

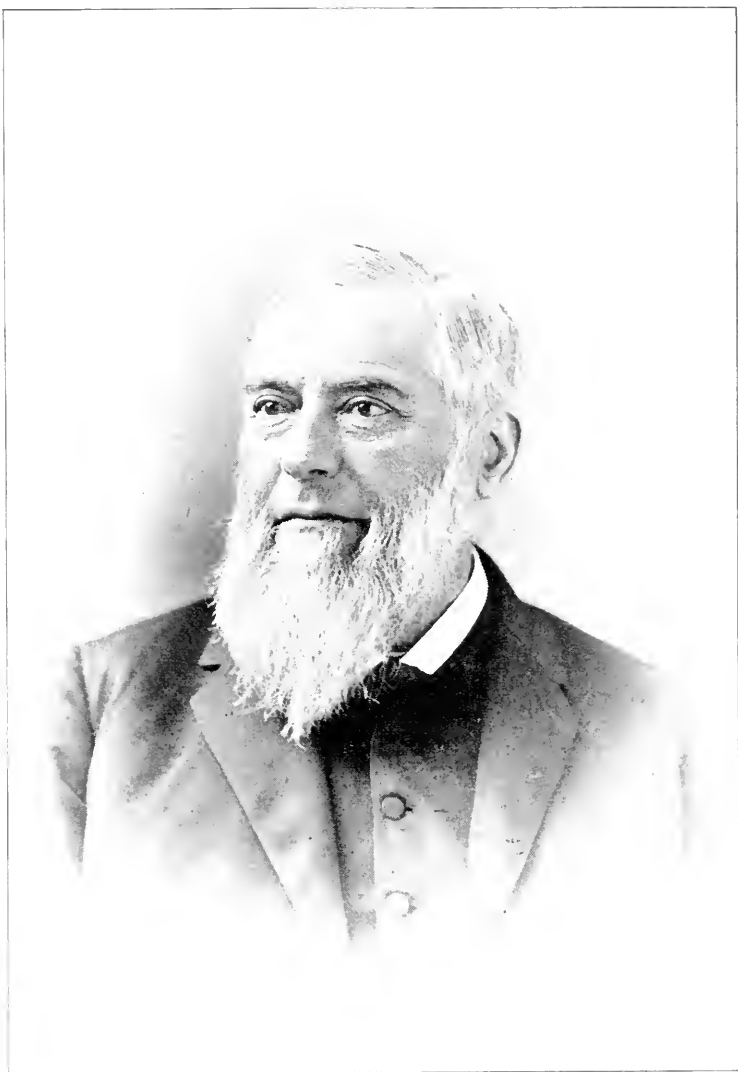
On Thursday, the 12th, everything seemed to be ready for a start. "Now," said the boys, "we will see what Port Hudson is made of." All superfluous baggage has been sent to the rear. The order to "fall in" was given about nine o'clock. The 52d boys bravely shouldered their knapsacks, containing only what they thought indispensable, swung over one shoulder the haversack filled with two days' rations, and over the other the cartridge-box with forty rounds of ammunition, and were confident that they could march to Port Hudson, twenty miles away, capture it, and return the next day. The bands played their best, and on we start. But how is this? The column is headed to the south: Port Hudson is supposed to lie in the opposite direction. At last it entered our heads that it was a grand review we had come for, and no march on Port Hudson after all; and a grand review it was,—very pleasant to those on horseback who did not get unhorsed in jumping a deep ditch, very tiresome to those on foot who had some forty pounds' weight to carry. We marched about in the heat for two hours, and then back to camp, more wearied and no wiser than when we left it.

From Hosmer's "Color Guard":—

"The other day I watched Nims's battery at drill. The cannon and caissons are all out. I pass in front of the muzzles that they have drawn up for a start. To-day Capt. Nims does his own bugling. 'Toot! toot!' a chain of notes, and then all go on the gallop. 'Toot! toot!' now they stop and limber. 'Toot! toot!' off again by the right flank. Swords waving, harnesses jingling, and horses kicking with the excitement. All done to a little chain of clear bugle-notes. Every horse as ready as if those notes linger on in some way to that great rattling of the battery. Rather ungracious business, Capt. Nims, blowing your own trumpet, but you do it very well.

"We are at last ready for a start. Gen. Banks comes up with

a multitudinous staff. Now is the time for splendid steeds,—coursers fitted for an Homeric chariot, like the war-horse of Job, his neck clothed with thunder,—arching necks, prancing limbs, fetlocks spurning the furrow, blacks and grays prancing and rearing from well-filled cribs; for each horse has had his nose in a government crib. Banners droop, drums roll a salute. The general removes his cap. He is splendid; his staff behind splendid, glittering with bullion and lace. All is splendid. But the color guard thinks it is rather hard work to look at even a splendid spectacle in heavy marching order. Down the line on a full canter now come the general and his brilliant staff. After they are passed, the whole division defiles before them, regiment behind regiment drooping its ‘good-morning’ to the general in its dipping colors as the lines wheel, pass before him, receiving a wave of his cap in return, horn and bugle, drum and fife, filling the air with glorious sound, the great host, with rhythmic foot-beat, moving mightily onward.”



J. F. Moos

V.

BATON ROUGE.

[FEB. 12 TO MARCH 13, 1863.]

To Mrs. Moors :—

UNDER THE MAGNOLIA TREE,
Feb. 12, 1863.

Attended the funeral of Sykes, of Co. D. I stopped at the express office with a package of money for you to distribute. I am really running an express office with packages of money, especially for the men in the hospital. The measles have broken out, and we are having many cases. Graves is much better. The general impression now is that a movement is soon to be made.

February 15.—I have not written to you since yesterday. The rain is pouring upon the roof, and very few are stirring; but I have had a pleasant evening. Lieut. Kellogg came in, and we entered upon a theological discussion. Presently the colonel came in, and shortly after the major, and we had a very interesting talk for more than an hour, sitting in the dark. I am sorry to say that Dolly is behaving very badly. She pulls with all her might, and breaks everything she can. Yesterday I tied her to a tree. She pulled all she could, and I let her pull and went about my business. When in the hospital, a darky rushed in, and said, "Chaplain, your horse has got killed e'enmost,—got down, and couldn't get up." "What happened then?" I said. "Oh, me and nudder white man helped her up." She was a sorry picture, indeed. She had thrown herself into the mud of the gutter, and was completely covered with it from head to tail, as were the saddle, poncho, and haversack which I usually carry attached to the saddle. She had become entangled with the bridle and halter, and would have died if she had not been released. I did not ride her back to camp; for the inference would have been that the chaplain's horse had been in the gutter, even if the chaplain had not. I don't know what I shall do with the jade. I must have a horse. I cannot do without one. She never looked better nor felt better than she has to-day. Last night Lieut. Col. Storrs came in to say that he had been to Gen. Grover's headquarters

and obtained a pass for me to go to New Orleans to carry various packages of money for the boys, who had just been paid off. I wanted to go very much; but I said, "No: I am the minister of the 52d Regiment, and must be with it on Sunday unless detained by sickness." So Capt. Long went.

I had prayers in four wards of the hospital, and then back to camp to have a grand sing, some forty or so joining. Then a shower came up, and there was no dress parade, and, of course, no service. So it goes: no Sunday in war is a true maxim. Dr. R. stole—I mean confiscated—a Life of Theodore Clapp, which I am reading with great interest. It is almost too early to see the full beauty of the Southern spring. The magnolia is in blossom. So are the peach and cherry trees. The lizards take a great fancy to our tent. They run up through one crack and off again through another, as though they were having a game of hide-and-seek. Ball cut off the tail of one the other day, and, when he comes up, we always recognize him by his peculiar wiggle. They are nice little creatures, about six inches long, brilliant red color. In a pond-hole close to our camp a queer "varmint" was killed last night. We didn't quite make out whether it was an eel or a snake. Cuffee said it was a "pizen" snake. "Do they ever bite?" "Yes, Massa, bit a woman down at Massa Jones's plantation last summer." "Did the woman die?" "No, Massa, the woman didn't die: the snake did." The subject gives rather a crawly sensation upon getting into bed, lest such vermin may have got the start of you; and, if one thinks of it in the morning, he is tempted to turn his boots up and shake them before he pulls them on. These will be interesting items for mother. I told you the other day of a splendid negro regiment that had recently arrived. A large proportion of the officers were blacks or mulattoes. These have all been dismissed, and their places filled with white men. This is out of deference to the prejudices of New York officers, who would not meet these blacks on terms of equality. The effect will be to cripple this regiment and others that might easily be formed. I don't see why a negro should be accounted so much better than a white man that he cannot be allowed to be shot at and killed if he wants to be, but must be held back and white men put in his place. We have not yet reached any appreciation of the moral aspects of this conflict.

February 20.—Late in the evening the welcome scream of the steam whistle announced the arrival of a boat. Although the men

had turned in for the night, the camp was astir in a moment. "A mail! a mail has come! Chaplain, a mail has come!" So Ball and Dolly were posted off to town to secure a large mail. A good portion of the night was spent in distributing it. I have no stirring news to write. I am very well, enjoying my life better than before. I prefer the tent to the house we left. We have so much more order and quiet. Ball keeps things well picked up, and we are by ourselves. About Dolly,—well, we have come to a compromise. She is not to pull, and to stand tied or untied, as I please, on condition that I do not tie her with a rope. So I have a little yard at the hospital into which I turn her without tying. So we are at peace again. The sickness is abating, I hope, though the number of cases holds good. Slate is better. Sparhawk is growing as fat as a cub. Browning is well. Mason Moody looks to me in better health than I ever saw him. There is a good deal of complaint in certain quarters which I will not speak of, and I have a sight of smoothing to do for men who come to me with their complaints. There is fearful mortality in our regiment. We have lost twenty-three men and have not seen a rebel soldier. The 41st Massachusetts Regiment came out with us, and has lost but two men. The 24th Connecticut has lost but two. The gathering of gun-boats means something, but the news is saddening enough from the Army of the Potomac. I hope something will be done somewhere and somehow to give us a ray of hope. Patriotism is sadly below par just now with us. Every plan of late has miscarried. Still, I am bound to be hopeful as to the grand issue of the war.

FEBRUARY 21, 1863.

My dear Wife,—I have sent home to you a great deal of money for the boys. I am almost sorry I have undertaken it. There is so much danger from rebel privateers. But it is gone, and there is no recall. Our mess must move. The house is wanted for some one else. So our marble-top tables and mahogany chairs and our nice crockery and plated forks are all repacked, that we may leave them in good condition.

Sunday Evening.—I have been busy, as usual. The measles have broken out among us, and a great many men are sick in very unsuitable quarters. I went there to have a religious service; but the place smelled so bad that I gave up my purpose and called up the surgeon, who was not yet out of bed, though it was the middle

of the forenoon, and had a conference with him about finding a larger house for this class of patients. Then to the regimental hospitals, where I held a brief service. Then a ride about the city, in search for a proper house for a measles hospital. I think I found just the right thing.

Monday Evening.—A beautiful day. Visited the hospitals as usual. Went with Dr. Patterson to see about a measles hospital. We found an empty building which is just the thing. I had a squad of men detailed to remove the sick men there. Then to a chaplain's meeting, which is held every Monday morning. I have become very much interested in these meetings. The chaplain of the 22d Maine attended four funerals yesterday. That regiment has lost forty men, and has more than two hundred and fifty sick.

"Baton Rouge, February 24.—Sunday was the anniversary of They have suffered more than we. It is the only regiment that has. Washington's birthday, and some of the regiments had the holiday in honor of the event yesterday; and the soldiers amused themselves by foot-racing, climbing a greased pole, and various other ways. Business at the jail has been good for the past two or three weeks, since the paymaster's arrival. There are those who will get drunk if they can get liquor. As a consequence, they get locked up in the jail. I am happy to say that none of the 52d boys have been arrested for drunkenness. I had, or rather took, time to stop at the camp of the 52d and hear our chaplain preach a sermon on the text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,'—the first sermon I have heard for weeks. There are a good many sick in the hospital, and they have as good care as we are able to furnish them."—*E. H.*

To Mrs. Moors:—

MARCH 1, 1863. SUNDAY EVENING.

Yesterday we buried Morton, of Co. I., the twenty-first death since we landed. At 2 P.M. we assembled for service, two hundred or so present; and I preached from Exodus iii. 5. After we were through, men stopped for a while to sing; and one came to me to know what my opinion was upon some points of theology that he discovered in my discourse. I told him. Of course, he did not agree with me, so we had an argument; and a crowd gathered round. The indications are revived of a speedy movement somewhere. The men are impatient for it. We have lived a weird, monotonous camp life for three months. We have been long enough in this swamp, and long for the excitement of a

change, even if it bring increased danger and hardships. It is a splendid night, and tattoos are sounding from all sides. Such a rattling of drums you never heard. There is a great deal that is very showy and exciting about this kind of life, but I do not care how soon it is over. The war need not be prolonged a day on my account. I found a lizard in my bed to-night, but he was as glad to get out as I was to have him. The great business of our regiment now is getting and sending letters. In this we have the pre-eminence. Our mails are estimated by bushels, those of other regiments by pecks.

MARCH 5.

. . . Yesterday was a great day for the 52d. A mail had arrived during the night. I secured the loan of an old horse (Dolly is too lame to use) and four of Co. A boys. We found two big bags for us, which we swung over the nag; and, while I led the horse, two of the boys on each side steadied the bags. We marched up to camp where our arrival was hailed with much rejoicing, expressed by the familiar phrase: "Hurrah for the mail! Hurrah for the chaplain!" I know you are anxious about the fever. I have been as careful as I know how to be. It would not be hazarding too much to say that at least one-half of the cases of sickness and death is to be attributed to some carelessness on the part of the men. It is strange how they will eat anything and everything they can lay hold of, in spite of all the warning. On the whole, the health of the regiment is improving. To-day we have fifty-three in the hospital, one hundred and three reported sick in quarters. Of these about twenty are recovering from the measles. Hillman, of Co. I, died yesterday. This morning I found at the quartermaster's office a package from home, sent by Dr. Ingersoll, who forwarded it from New Orleans. Ball thinks my stock of handkerchiefs and towels is quite too large. So I took those that came this morning and went through the hospital, where I found several men who had lost their solitary towel and handkerchief. I soon disposed of all my stock.

We have been having quite an excitement for a few days about an order which has come to be ready to move at once. We expect to be off somewhere very soon, but as yet nothing has come of it. There is something in the wind,—I cannot guess what. Dolly is getting over her lameness, but is ugly as sin; shies at all sticks of wood by the roadside, and does what Adam did generally. What did Adam do? He raised Cain, did he not? She is a spoiled

child,—spoiled by having her own way. The trouble with her is that she is naturally of a timid and retiring disposition. She was bred for peace, not war; but she will get used to it if I sell her, as I am disposed to, into the artillery service. The letters from home speak continually of my hardships. I don't see them. The fact is, I am living an easier life than at home. I ride about two or three hours a day, visit two or three hospitals, sit in my tent and talk with the boys, who, I am inclined to think, are much more disposed to come in here and talk with the minister than they are at home. I write letters, and read the newspapers,—not a very hard task, and nothing to make a martyr of. So don't waste any sympathy.

They are bringing a lot of gunpowder here, and are experimenting with twenty-pound Parrotts; and close by us the muskets are rattling away vigorously. I told the doctor I thought they were wasting too much powder. "Yes," he said, "they might just as well be killing somebody with it." Professional, was it not?

MARCH 6.

... You spoke of seeing Mrs. Dodge, whose husband is in Co. D. He is a very sick man, in the general hospital.

MARCH 9.

... To go back to yesterday, I went to inspection at nine, and at eleven to the cemetery, to attend the funeral of Alonzo Dodge. He died on Saturday at the general hospital, to which he was sent on Friday. He was from South Deerfield. His death seems very sudden and sad. He had the shortest sickness of any one. He was a stout, good looking man. As soon as that service was over, we had another for Johnson, of Co. K. On Saturday, too, we buried Farnham, of Buckland. Then to camp, to have a service there; but it was so hot and windy I had it postponed to evening. Orders have come to have everything packed and stored away. We have orders to carry with us our blankets and overcoats, and to be ready to start at 3 P.M.; but it is now 8 P.M., and we are not off yet. Where we are going I do not know; but, without doubt, our ultimate aim is Port Hudson. We shall probably have some awful fighting there. We have as yet seen only the outer edge of war. Now, I suppose, we shall see it in its fearful reality. These nice, roomy tents we must exchange for the little shelter tents, or none at all. Our comfortable table must be given up for

such fodder as the camp will furnish. I expect to see harder times than I have yet experienced. I have seen but a little of hardship as yet. I start off in good cheer, and with the hope that the 52d will do something worthy the cause and the good Commonwealth she represents. The men are in good spirits; but we must leave about two hundred sick ones behind. Three months in camp life are enough for us, and we welcome a change.

March 9.—We have a good deal of sickness, but no more than other regiments. One Maine regiment, the 22d, has lost twice as many men as we have. It is noticed that regiments coming from the more northern latitudes suffer more severely in getting acclimated, and that the excess of mortality is the greatest among the young, the mere boys, or those not yet in the prime of life. With improving health come more elastic spirits. The time was when sour faces and grumbling voices were almost the rule rather than the exception; but now we can sing, laugh, and joke, and make the evening air ring with the sound of merry voices. Our tents are floored with boards raised several inches from the ground so we can keep comfortably dry in wet weather. Many a good rebel house has contributed to our wants in fitting our tents and cooking-houses in proper shape. The water is all poor, and the old well at home is the subject of the warmest encomiums. For my part, I would like a sight of those hills and valleys from which pure water comes. Deliver me from the monotony of level lands, where there is not a rock nor a stone nor a rippling brook, where the landscape, whether beautiful or not, is never in sight, and where men, surrounded on every side by clumps of forest trees, are as ignorant of what is going on around them as a cricket in the grass or chickens in a corn-field.

From Stowell's journal:—

“March 10.—We are still here, every minute expecting the order to march. I should like a good home meal of victuals before starting, but shall have to make hard-tack go in place of it.

“March 11.—Lewis Williams, of Co. E, was accidentally shot with a pistol this morning. A friend of his was examining the pistol, and thinking it was not loaded, when it discharged, the ball entered the bowels. He is badly wounded.”

VI.

THE MARCH TO PORT HUDSON.

[MARCH 13, 1863.]

Col. Greenleaf's account : —

“Port Hudson, a great stronghold of the enemy (engineers said as strong as Vicksburg), commanding the Mississippi River and wholly obstructing navigation, was but twenty-two miles above us, and, as was reported, had a force equal in numbers to our own,—that is, equal in numbers to the 19th Army Corps; and it was important that this formidable stronghold should be reduced.

“Accordingly, early in March preparations were made for a simultaneous attack by both army and navy on Port Hudson. Admiral Farragut came up from New Orleans on the ‘Hartford,’ with his fleet of gun-boats; mortar-boats were also brought up and anchored; the necessary orders were issued to the army by Gen. Banks, convalescents sent to hospitals or put on light duty, tents struck, ammunition and rations served; and on the 13th of March both army and navy commenced active operations, with the view to co-operating with Gen. Grant, then thundering away at Vicksburg, in a determined effort to open up the Mississippi to free navigation.

“It seemed to have been agreed between Gen. Banks and Admiral Farragut that the former should make a demonstration with the land forces on the rear of Port Hudson, while the latter, with his mortar and gun-boat fleet, should attack in the front, and seek to pass the long line of powerful batteries planted on the high banks of the river, with the flag-ship ‘Hartford,’ the frigate ‘Mississippi,’ and the ‘Albatross’; that, when once above the rebel batteries with these vessels, the admiral would control the river between Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and could cut off supplies and re-enforcements coming from the rich Red River country for Gen. Gardner at the former place and for Gen. Pemberton, commanding at the latter; that, if, while Farragut should be patrolling the river above, Banks should withdraw his army from below and make an expedition through the rich and fertile La Fourche and Teche Counties to the Red River, capturing and destroying on the

march a considerable force of rebels commanded by Gen. Dick Taylor at Fort Bisland on the Teche near Brashear City, the rebel Gen. Gardner, feeling more secure and lacking provisions, might deem it advisable to reduce his force at Port Hudson, and thus ultimately render the capture of the place less difficult. At any rate, this was about what did actually happen.

"On the 14th of March, the next day after breaking camp at Baton Rouge, the land forces camped a few miles below and to the rear of the enemy's fortified town, the fleet in the river occupying much the same time in moving up that the army did in marching.

"We knew that gun-boats kept nearly abreast of us, from familiar sounds which came to us now and then from the river.

"Late the same afternoon, by order of Gen. Grover, the 52d Regiment, accompanied by engineers and artists competent to examine and sketch the topography of the country, as well as the fortifications, made a reconnoissance some two miles in advance of the main body of the army and to within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works, driving his picket line before them, and there leisurely took their observations.

"I expected every moment, while in this advanced position, to draw the fire of the opposing batteries, but for some unexplained reason we did not. However, the reconnoissance was handsomely made, and in such manner as to give me renewed confidence and pride in my little command. It was performed in such satisfactory manner as to elicit 'congratulations' and compliments from both our brigade and division commanders. This service done, we marched back some distance with our 'flankers' still out, and soon after dark, by order of Gen. Grover, filed into a piece of heavy wood by the roadside, established our picket line, and lay down on our arms, awaiting further orders, the professionals who accompanied us to the front going to the rear in the mean time to report observations to the division commander; but, as by special orders from brigade headquarters we left camp in light marching order, and as we could not build fires to warm ourselves from fear of betraying our position to keen eyes over the way, we suffered greatly from cold and exposure during the night. Towards morning, a little before midnight, Nims's 2d Massachusetts Battery came up, took position a few rods in advance of us, and opened a rattling fire on the fortifications and town. Anon, we heard the booming of scattering, heavy guns opposite us on the

high river-bank, a mile and a half away, and almost immediately, louder than the loudest thunder from the sky, follows the deafening roar of a hundred pieces of artillery simultaneously discharged from river and town; and we realize that Farragut's Union broadsides and Gardner's Confederate batteries are joined at last in one grand battle chorus!

"The earth beneath our feet trembles at the shock; and 'in the twinkling of an eye' the western horizon is in a blaze of glory. Shells from the mortar-boats below are bursting over the enemy's works in every direction, and the roar of cannon along the river-front becomes incessant. The crash of artillery is simply tremendous. Sights and sounds become absolutely terrific. We think of Milton's description of battles in 'Paradise Lost,' and wonder how the pending conflict will end. We tremble for the bravest and best of admirals and his gallant fleet. But soon the terrible cannonading slackens: we follow slowly the sound of heavy guns up the river. Now we hear them no longer from that direction. The firing ceases altogether in front. It comes to our listening ears now only from below. Why is this? We hear only at brief intervals the report of a few guns, and each report comes from a distance lower and still lower down the river. 'Can it be,' we ask ourselves, 'that brave Farragut has been cut to pieces,—destroyed,—and that some dilapidated remnant of his fleet is now retreating down the stream, making her parting shots at the foe as she drifts?'

"Thus we listen, ponder, and reflect, when, suddenly and unexpectedly as an electric flash from the region of darkness, the heavens above and to the west are lighted up as by the unseen flames of a conflagration, and, although in a dark wood, we see and recognize each other's faces, and catch a sight of moss and different kinds of bark on trees: then, on the instant, we plainly feel an earthquake shock, and we hear from below a prolonged, thundering sound, louder and more deadly than any before, much resembling, in effect, the explosion of a powder-mill; and all is still again! We wonder and shiver through the remaining hours of the night, but cannot sleep. On the morrow we learn that the admiral succeeded in passing the rebel batteries with the 'Hartford' and 'Albatross' only; that the other vessels were badly shattered in the terrible conflict, and that the grand old 'Mississippi,' world-renowned for her former service, had her rudder shot away, and was set on fire in her attempt to pass; that it was the

requiem guns of her gallant crew we had heard down the river, at short intervals, the night before, as she floated with the current, a helpless wreck, and that these guns were discharged only as they became sufficiently heated by the consuming fire; that it was the explosion of her magazine, when reached at last by the flames, that caused us so much wonder at the close of the battle, and that, with that explosion, the gallant craft herself was 'forever numbered among the things that were.'"

THE RECONNOISSANCE.

To Mrs. Moors:—

Baton Rouge, March 13, 1863.—At last we are ready for the movement, for the long-anticipated movement. The start was grand and imposing, as all military displays are. We are no longer playing soldiers, but we are going into real service. Of course, we knew nothing of the plans of the campaign,—they were only for the chief officers; but we had no doubt that we were ready to assail the rebel entrenchments at Port Hudson. One brigade after another, with its infantry and artillery, was wheeled into its assigned place in the line, which extended as far as the eye could reach. Every flag was unfurled, the bands played their most inspiring music.

At the start the chaplain of the 52d Regiment furnished the boys with a good deal of entertainment.

The day was hot. The march promised to be a long one, and the load for each man was burdensome. A good many asked, as a favor of the chaplain, that he would take their blankets upon his horse. He consented; and they were piled up in front and behind him, till little more than his head was visible. Then the boys began to chaff, calling out: "The chaplain is well barricaded: the rebels cannot hit him. Nothing short of a shell can reach him," etc. They had their laugh, but were glad to be relieved of their blankets. It was our first march. We had been ordered to leave everything superfluous behind. But what did raw soldiers know of what was superfluous? A few of us officers employed a colored brother to carry in a bag upon his back a few articles we thought indispensable. Returning sooner than we expected, we found that his bag contained the following articles: tin cups, plates, boots, sugar, coffee, tea (done up in my night-cap), bread, meat, a hair comb, tooth-brushes, potatoes, knives, forks, towels, shirts, stockings, and a curry-comb.

We made a different inventory of things necessary before the end of the campaign. We then found that a rubber blanket served for house and bed. A tin plate and cup with an iron knife and fork furnished all that was indispensable for kitchen and dining-room. A tooth-brush and towels were all that were really needed for the toilet. The one shirt could be washed in the muddy pool in the rear of the camp, from which we obtained all our water, wrung out as soon as washed and slipped on again. For parlor we had all out-of-doors, only we must not lift our heads very high, unless we wanted to try their hardness against rebel bullets. Much that we had been accustomed to regard as necessities we found to be superfluities. I became so accustomed to use my boots for a pillow, and they served the purpose so well, I wrote home to sell out my share of the house pillows, as I proposed to continue the use of my boots for that purpose henceforth. But I am anticipating.

We halted for the brigades to be formed. Regiments moved into line from every quarter. The infantry, cavalry, and artillery, of which there were several splendid batteries, made our effective force. At four o'clock the line was formed, and we started on our way for Port Hudson. It was a grand and imposing spectacle. The line stretched on as far as the eye could reach; and, as the road was level and straight, we could see a great way. At the cross of the roads other regiments were waiting to take their places, and the men cheered them heartily. Our regiment was among the first in Col. Van Zandt's brigade, in Gen. Grover's division.

It was Friday. We marched till 8 P.M., about eight miles. It was a glorious evening, not very warm. The roads straight and level and in good condition for marching. The trees are getting into full leaf, the peach-trees in full blossom, the fences covered with roses in full bloom, trumpet-flowers and a profusion of others on either side, the men in good condition, singing and joking. I rode in the rear of the regiment till sundown, and then put a Co. K boy on Dolly and took his gun, which I carried for two hours. It was quite dark when we halted, but starlight.

We left the road and wheeled into a corn-field full of ridges, just as it was left when last year's crop was taken off. We halted on a spot a little dryer than most, and there spent the night. We had hard-tack, drank some cold coffee from our canteens, and turned in. Going to bed consisted in taking off my spurs. It

was a splendid opportunity to study astronomy. I could have told you in the morning the exact position of several constellations. I was warm enough; but the rubber blanket over us was wet with dew before we went to sleep. At first the men were a little troubled at the want of pillows, but my saddle-bags answered for two of us. My end contained the curry-comb and brushes, and I confess it was rather a hard pillow. We were not allowed to have any fires till after daylight. As it was getting light, our pickets came in, while I was looking for some coffee for breakfast, and brought two sheep. I took hold and helped carry them to our sleeping places. The pickets were in great glee over their two sheep. But their fine story was soon spoiled by my cousin Hall, adjutant of the 1st Louisiana Cavalry, whom I met just then, who called out, "Cousin John, where are your sheep?" "What sheep?" I inquired. "Why, those I sent you this morning." He then told me that he was out on picket with his cavalry company, and killed some sheep, and, coming upon some infantry pickets, he found they belonged to the 52d Regiment, and so gave them to bring in to me. The sheep were dressed, cooked, and eaten in about the same length of time it takes me to tell the story. By sunrise the order was given to "fall in." We were soon on our way. The morning was delightful, the birds singing merrily, and the air filled with fragrance. If we had been upon a more peaceful errand, it would have been as pleasant as possible. When we came to a house, there would be great fun. The men would rush in for water and whatever else they could find. Ball, my assistant, found a pan of milk, and filled his canteen; and I had a swig of it,—the first milk I have tasted since I left home. Some of the men would run down a hen or goose, bring it along, and pick it as they marched.

It became very warm before noon; and I offered Dolly to Ford, of Co. A, as he was likely to fall out. I rode Dolly out of the line for him to mount; but no sooner was he in the saddle than Dolly reared and fell over backwards. He was not hurt, and tried it again and again. Dolly threw herself over, and rolled in the ditch. He was not hurt, but got on at last, and rode till he came up with the regiment. Then I took the jade, and kept her. I think her determination was to carry no one but the chaplain. The men became very weary, and fell out fearfully; but they brought up in the course of the day. When we halted, we were drawn up in line of battle; and we green ones supposed it was to

be fought at once on that spot. The 91st New York was in front of us, then the 52d, then the 24th Connecticut. Behind them was the battery of our brigade. After standing for a while in battle array, we were ordered to "fall to," but not on rebels, but on rations. The 52d were on the left of the road: on the right of us, a piece of woods, on the edge of which the field and staff made their headquarters. Fires were at once started, and the indispensable dish of coffee made, which washed down the hard-tack. A slice of Bologna sausage was added to the chaplain's mess, without the least inquiry as to the breed of dogs of which it was made. About three o'clock the order was received for the 52d Regiment to march without knapsacks or tents. It seemed to be a reconnoissance. I asked the colonel if I should go or stay. He thought I might as well stay behind with the baggage, as the regiment would return before night. So there I spent the time till the regiment returned. Ball and I had a shelter tent, and I was soon sound asleep. If I were thirty years younger, I should enjoy this sort of thing tip-top.

Regiments were passing all the evening, and a great many men fell out near our tent. For them I prepared coffee, and arranged some logs and rails for a shelter for them. About eleven o'clock the grand display commenced. We could lie in our tents, the sides of which were open, and see the sudden flashes of light, as of lightning on the horizon, and then see the curve of the shot or shell; presently could hear the booming of the big guns. At first they were single discharges, and the reports were slow and solemn as they rolled through the woods. Soon they became more rapid, and report followed report; but they could not be distinguished from each other, except when some gun of larger calibre was fired, when it would make the ground tremble beneath us. I could not sleep, but, leaning on my elbow, watched the flashes and the graceful curves of the shot and shell till I was weary of it, then lay down again, quite unconscious of anything. When I awaked, the firing had nearly ceased. Only occasional reports were heard down the river. It filled us who were watching with great anxiety. It looked very much as though the rebels had fairly driven our gun and mortar boats back down the river toward Baton Rouge. We could see on the river a bright and sudden light gradually moving down the stream. Was it one of our vessels on fire? I did not know. But it was certainly connected with the firing we had been hearing. At last there was a splendid flash which illu-

minated the whole heavens. Then rolled up mingled flame and smoke to the sky, and all the air was filled with masses of fire. Soon a report followed, and the bright light disappeared. The fire was out. It was a glorious sight. There is the greatest curiosity to know what it all meant. All manner of rumors in the morning were offered about it. First that it was the "Mississippi" steam frigate, and then that it was a rebel fire-craft. I am inclined to the latter guess, for no better reason than I hope that it is the case.

Daylight came at last. I was hastening to provide Dolly with provisions for the regiment, but chanced to meet Gen. Grover, who assured me that the regiment would be speedily relieved, and that it would be useless to attempt to carry provisions to them. Soon came word that a retreat to Baton Rouge was the next thing for us. A mysterious order came to the effect that, "the object of the expedition having been accomplished, the army will return."

Daniel W. Lyman writes to the Northampton *Gazette* :—

"On the 13th, at one o'clock, we received orders to be ready to march in an hour. Our brigade was made up of the 91st New York leading off, followed by the 52d Massachusetts and the 24th Connecticut. Nims's battery was with us, besides several companies of cavalry. We marched about six miles, where the regiment encamped ; but Cos. I and K, under command of Major Winn, were put on picket duty, with orders not to sleep at all. My opinion is that these orders were not strictly obeyed. The next morning the companies on picket were started before they had time to eat breakfast. Some succeeded in getting a cup of coffee, but most went off without even that. About seven o'clock the column was in motion. The day was hot, and we rested occasionally, but not too often ; for it is hard work for a man to walk with a knapsack on his back, the haversack on one shoulder, with two days' rations, a canteen full of water, on the other shoulder gun and equipments, with forty rounds of ammunition. Resting for a little while at noon, we started on for two miles, on the double-quick most of the way. Then we proceeded cautiously through the mud and water, a squad of cavalry before and behind us, when Capt. Bliss, who was out with his company as skirmishers, discovered the rebel earth-works some half or three-quarters of a mile in advance. We presently fell back a mile or two, and were ordered to halt and remain in the woods over night, to guard the road and bridges. This was rather tough for us, from the fact that we had no overcoats or blankets, and to camp down

as wet with sweat as we were then seemed destructive to the health of us all; but that was the order, and there was no getting away from it. But a fence near by furnished good material for a bed, with a few leaves on top, so that we were tolerably comfortable. A little past midnight Nims's battery passed us, and poured back fire into their entrenchments. About three o'clock in the morning a light was seen off towards the river, and it grew brighter and brighter for an hour, and seemed to go down the river, and finally a tremendous explosion was heard, after which the firing ceased, and all was quiet. In the morning we heard all manner of rumors; but the most probable one seemed to be, what afterwards proved to be true, that our grand steam frigate, the 'Mississippi,' was blown up."

Corp. Hosmer's account in the "Color Guard," March 13:—

"We are all in heavy order. An effective looking crowd, though not exactly smooth and neat. We are on the point of starting. The colonel comes riding back from the general with the resolute smile he usually wears, but a little more expanded than common. The colonel whispers to Capt. Long, whereat the captain catches the smile and comes back towards his company, the 'Color Guard': 'Gen. Grover says the 52d Regiment is the best nine months' regiment in the service.' A little butter of that sort will help over the hard march. That the general knows well enough.

"The weather is grand. We are in a heavy magnolia forest. The sun's rays cannot reach us. We go mile after mile. The road is what it should be, not muddy nor dry enough to be dusty, wide enough for the regiment to march comfortably by the flank in sections of four deep. Sometimes we go over a hill, and then ahead and behind we can see the big column of infantry,—a huge caterpillar, eating its way through the woods, joints along its back where the sections are separated, spiny as a caterpillar's back is, with hundreds of muskets sticking out at various angles. The night settles down,—a night of stars; and from the westward, as the glow fades, rockets go up, signals from the fleet out of sight in the river, ascending, like us, loaded with death against the great fortress. Shall we march all night? No one knows, not captain or colonel, only Gen. Grover, apparently. But at last comes an order to bivouac. The 'Color Guard' found a soft place among the furrows. Two rubber blankets over a soft ridge make a good mattress, then two woollen blankets over, and last the shelter

tents, not pitched, but laid upon the top by way of counterpane. Lie down now, boys, with loaded pistol at the belt, every arm where it can be got in an instant; for Port Hudson fellows may stir us up during the night. But jokes will come up, such as, 'Corporal under the stump there, is your bedroom well aired?' and the corporal replies, 'I think we shall make out not to suffocate.'

"The next morning we make an early start. Two companies are detailed as flankers. They go off into the woods fifteen or twenty rods from the road on each side; and throughout the march we can see these two lines guarding the main party from ambuscade. Through stumps and stalks, through old sugar fields, plantation barn-yards, and wild swamps. The morning deepens toward noon. Fewer soldiers leave the line to forage among hen-roosts.

"The 52d grow red and sweaty, and we begin to see what I believe is always seen when an army is on the march,—knapsacks, blankets, shelter tents, all the articles of a soldier's kit, thrown away for relief. Occasionally we stop, and the stream of men rush from the roadway to the grass at the side; and in a moment every man has fallen on his back. A good way to rest, but a dirty one. The pack behind supports you at a comfortable incline. Sometimes we sit in the dust, sometimes in the dew. One is not over-particular. Men begin to fall out. They lie panting by the roadside, in fence corners, under bushes, with heads resting on logs. A sorrowful sight, though not so bad as if we were on a retreat. I find some relief for my shoulders in stooping over and hitching the weight of the pack higher up on my back. It is robbing Peter to pay Paul, but poor Paul has so much the harder time that Peter ought to be willing to give him a lift. True, it is hard. Whenever the column halts, I am flat on my back and in the dirt at once. We stop for dinner at noon. Boom, boom! big guns from the river. We know that the fleet are as near Port Hudson as we are. 'Fall in, men, at once!' is the call. 'Keep cool, and do not waste your fire,' says Capt. Long to the men. How do we feel? We are going to meet the enemy, as we fully believe; and so do our officers. Who knows? They do not. We are to be pushed up in front of the whole army into close range. The 52d is cool and yet eager. Not a man that can limp at all wants to stay behind. Open the cartridge-box, and down the powder goes into the barrel, now the ball. Half-cock, then cap

the cone, and all is done. If I have to fire, it will be for a cause. Scruples now are mere squeamishness. 'By the right flank forward!' Thayer carries the white State flag. The tall Sergt. Moore carries the stars and stripes. Old flag, you are woven of no ordinary stuff! I march behind the sergeant in the great folds of the flag. We go out of the field into the road with banners waving, and, I hope, with the true light of battle upon our faces,—soldiers in a noble cause. Boom! go the far-away guns. We are moving rapidly to the front. We pass by some camps recently deserted by the rebels, where they have cut on trees some defiance or warning, 'Beware, Yanks! this is a hard road to travel.' We press on, till at length the column halts close within the range of Port Hudson batteries. We can see the earth-works of the rebels' stronghold. As the dusk deepens, the column turns and falls back two or three miles, then camps in the woods. Our blankets and baggage are four miles behind. Wet with sweat, we lie down in our clothes without covering. At last the heavens reddened high and far with a fiercer glare that moves slowly southward, crimsoning in turn everything in sight. Meantime came the booming of cannon slowly receding down the river. So we heard the swan song of the stern old 'Mississippi.' A freight of dead men are on her deck, and the bodies of drowned men are about her hoary hull for retinue. Then comes a crash, a light making all bright. The magazine has exploded. So passes the veteran ship through fire and earthquake shock to an immortality in history."

Sergt.-Major Whitney gives a good description of the reconnaissance in the *Springfield Republican* in 1867, a large portion of which I here insert:—

"Port Hudson is a village twenty-two miles above Baton Rouge and three hundred below Vicksburg. On the river side it has very high bluffs; and a bend in the river at that place enables every battery to have a plunging fire for four or five miles, in the course of any ship that might try to get by. For three and one-half miles along the bluffs the most advantageous points had been occupied with huge siege guns: well-sheltered furnaces for heating the shots stood near. There were water batteries below. On the land side elaborate fortifications had been constructed. Within and about the works some of the best troops of the South had been stationed. On the 13th of March we made start. The road lay toward Port Hudson. It was in splendid condition, soft to the

feet, yet without a particle of dust. Our way was straight between tall forest trees and wildly grand jungles. The weather was cool and strengthening. The flags flapped or drooped as the breeze rose or fell. The higher officers ambled quietly at the head of their commands. The aides galloped up and down the road. The batteries were sprinkled through the column, brightening the scene with the red trimmings on the uniforms of the men. Common sights of war, but they never grow old or dull, and they were then new to us.

"On the 14th we pushed on seven miles. The 52d and 91st left their knapsacks under the care of a few foot-sore men, and went off at a canter. At the end of a mile we came upon the surgeons working over Col. Clark, formerly provost-marshal of New Orleans. His horse had been shot under him, and his fall had broken the colonel's leg. To most of us it is our first sight of the bloodshed of war.

"Presently we pass a number of cavalry horses, wounded men, and other signs of a sharp skirmish. Hurrying on at a double-quick, we pass the little camp-fires which the rebel pickets have just left, and find the trees bearing such inscriptions as 'Yanks, beware! this is a hard road to travel.' The 52d are alone now, except for a squad of cavalry. We are moving with perfect coolness, although we are not used to this sort of work, and expect every moment a storm of cannister, grape, and shell. We wonder that they do not fire upon us; but presently an order comes to 'fall back,' and we withdraw for about two miles behind a little bridge, and prepare, without blankets, overcoats, or tents, to spend the night under the March skies as a picket outpost. The 52d are two miles nearer the enemy than any other regiment. It is guarding a bridge in its rear as well as one in front. Its pickets are far out on each side. Suddenly, at 11.30, from the region of the river there comes a burst of thunder that brings us to our feet and to our guns in a twinkling. Discharge follows discharge,—now the sharp snarl of a Parrott gun and now the shriek of mortar-boat shells. Plain and tremendous as was the roar of so many great guns, it was almost unintelligible to us. What did it mean for us in our exposed position? The firing slackened at last; and we lay down once more, dull with the loss of sleep, stiff with cold, yet unable to sleep through anxiety and wonder. What mean those huge shells from down the river? Have the rebels fairly broken up Farragut's famous fleet and driven it off?

If it was not that, what could it be? At 5.30 A.M. came the last pitch of horror. A great flash of light filled the southern sky. We waited in suspense. Then rolled in upon us the crash of a great explosion, then all was still again. About 10 A.M., wondering still what was to come out of the doings of the night, we called in our pickets and started for our knapsacks. We wonder that the enemy had not burned the bridges. And what did it mean that, before starting, we set them on fire ourselves? We waited an hour till the bridges were blazing, and reached our knapsacks at noon, and there learned that a portion of Farragut's fleet had passed the rebel fortifications, while the other portion had been destroyed. The 'Hartford,' with whitewashed decks and lights all concealed, got just around the curve, and then was discovered. The batteries opened upon her, but got as good as they gave. The flash of the guns revealing the position of the whole fleet and the vessels of which it was composed, they were fired upon incessantly and with unerring accuracy. The smoke of the firing made steering, for the ships behind, difficult. Two hundred-pound balls flew about like hailstones. The 'Hartford' and 'Albatross' went on out of the danger to range the river up to Vicksburg, doing great harm to the Confederacy. The 'Richmond' had almost passed, when a shot through her steam-chest disabled her and filled her with steam. The 'Genesee' had to take her back to safety below. The 'Monongahela' grounded, was pulled off, started on again, but was struck and disabled. At last came the historic old 'Mississippi.' She got past the worst, and had put on full steam, but, in the deepest smoke of all, ran hard aground on the west side of the river. The enemy at once gave her their full attention, but the 'Mississippi' was doomed. The iron-clad 'Essex' came up, letting the enemies' balls pound harmlessly on her scaly back. The wounded were taken aboard her, the frigate was then set on fire by her officers, and 210 of her 233 officers and crew were landed on the western shore. The ship burned till her increasing lightness set her free to float, a magnificent spectacle, down the river. Early in the morning from the little spot of light and of fire down the river came the awful flash and roar of the exploding ship. These things were what we heard and saw. Oh, to have seen them in full view! Oh, to have shared the effort to get by instead of being tortured with uncertainty!"

VII.

MARCH BACK FROM PORT HUDSON.

[MARCH 16.]

Col. Greenleaf's account :—

“Having substantially accomplished the object of the expedition by the passage of the ‘Hartford’ and ‘Albatross’ up the river, orders came to us in the wood the next morning, Sunday, March 16, to take up our return march for Baton Rouge. As on our march up, we found the roads as smooth, hard, and well-graded as a Northern race-course. But we had not been long on our return march when it began to rain, and to rain as I never saw it rain before. It actually descended in torrents, and soon became a flood,—a perfect deluge. I do not believe our great ancestor, Noah, ever saw a greater one.

“The highway, so very fine before, soon became one continuous quagmire, with clay mud nearly ankle deep; and thus we continued to ‘tramp, tramp, tramp,’ and the rain continued to pour until night-fall, when, the enlisted men all being foot-sore and drenched to the skin, the officers drenched ditto, with their boots full of water, and the whole brigade tired, hungry, and pretty much disgusted with themselves generally and everybody in particular, the 52d Regiment, by order of powers above it, which I vainly sought to get revoked, like a drove of swine was turned into a dreary, treeless, fenceless, houseless swamp, where the water was so deep in places that, when we stacked arms, it actually came up to the guards on the breech of the guns. No place to sit down, much less to lie down; no fire and nothing to make fires of; of course, no coffee; of course, no whiskey; dark as Egypt, and raining still like great guns all night,—there we stood, or wandered gloomily, aimlessly about until morning, as sorry and dejected a set of mortals as ever marched up a hill and then marched down again, with stomachs empty, shoes full of mud, feet well parboiled and nearly raw from blisters.

“From this ‘Dismal Swamp,’ this ‘Slough of Despond,’ we the next morning hobbled, like so many lame ducks, to a firm camping

ground on the banks of the Bayou Montecino, a short distance away, where we dried, cleaned, rested, and fed ourselves, and thence, a few days later, returned to our old camping ground at Baton Rouge, to prepare to march on the first Red River expedition."

Chaplain's letter to Mrs. Moors :—

Sunday morning, March 16, brought us the sad news that the "Mississippi" frigate was certainly destroyed. It seemed to us as if the whole fleet had been destroyed. Everything looked like a defeat and a disastrous retreat.

A baggage wagon broke down near us, and was set on fire. The bridges were loaded with rails, to be set on fire after we had passed them. An order was sent to the baggage train to return. They wheeled about, and rushed in the direction of Baton Rouge. About 2 P.M. the 52d came in, pretty tired and used up. Had had no sleep for two nights, to speak of. The order was to "fall in" at once. The hot coffee was prepared, the knapsacks were slung, and the order given to march. As we had been in the advance on the upward march, we were quite near the rear on our return, and we must keep up with the main line; and they in front led us on at a good smart rate. Our first stop was for a moment in front of Gen. Banks's headquarters, where a few ambulances were waiting to take in the sick. I saw that Warren Mattoon, of Northfield, was getting used up, and placed him on the horse, while I took his gun; for it was loaded, and I did not want he should carry it on Dolly's back. In a moment the order was given again to "fall in." The air was very sultry: the thunder rolled in the distance. On we pressed in good order. No appearance of haste, except in the rate we were moving. No crowding nor pushing, but on, on: no stop made. The men were very weary. Off would go a blanket upon the ground, then a great coat or knapsack, then a man would fall out, and the column would press on and leave him behind. The clouds rolled up dark and ominous. I took my place in the ranks, tried to persuade the men that we had not been defeated, that it was a part of the strategy of war. Some were satisfied, others discouraged, and growled. The colonel had a sick man on his horse. Presently the rain began to pour. It was about five o'clock. I looked about for Mattoon and Dolly, to get my great coat and poncho, but could not find them, so pressed on with the rest. I felt well; was not wearied to start with, as the men were. The walk enlivened me. But such a rain! The

thunder and lightning were such as can be got up only in this warm climate. The rain poured in torrents. The road at once became muddy and sticky; and the labor of marching was very much increased, of course. At six it became dark, only as the lightning glared and flashed upon us. We were about six miles from Baton Rouge. I supposed, of course, we were going in at once; and I had a bright prospect of going to Lieut. Stearns, at the contraband quarters, and getting some dry clothes and a decent place to sleep. What was our surprise to find that we were advancing out of the road into a swamp at our left! There was no help for it. Such were the orders. "Ours not to make reply, ours not to reason why." We might as well take it good-naturedly. And there we spent Sunday night. It was a new piece of ground, — that is, just cleared, — and stumps and logs and a growth of bramble nearly six feet high remained. The soil was black loam, which yielded at once to our tread; and the muddy water was anywhere from three inches to three feet in depth. The rain continued to pour. It was utterly useless to attempt to pitch any tents. We did not attempt it. We obtained a few rails, and made a few fires. Some of the men stood around these fires all night: some lay down in the water, and slept. I walked up and down a cleared spot where there were less brambles and not more than four or six inches of mud till ten o'clock, when I mounted a log with other officers; and we sat there and told stories and joked with each other. Ball sat down in the water by the side of a stump, and held Dolly all night. The rain only came in gusts after midnight till morning. About three o'clock I squatted down by Ball, Capt. Long on the other side of the stump. Of course, long before we reached the swamp, every bit of clothing was wet through. I wanted to take my boots off and pour out the water, but I knew, if I did, I should not be able to get them on again. About five it grew light.

I told Ball to look after Dolly and the blankets, for I was bound to push on to Baton Rouge. I supposed the regiment would follow as soon as it was fairly light. I found the road, and trudged on for a mile or so, and found I was in the second division, Gen. Emory's, which was in our rear going up, but was in our advance coming down. I found I was near the 53d Massachusetts. I asked a sentry where Capt. Mudge was. It was six o'clock, and Mudge was still wrapped up in his blanket. I never had a more cordial welcome. The 53d had not been up so far as we, and

started three hours ahead to return, and reached their stopping place before the rain began. The captain had some rails laid upon the ground, and on them was spread some musty old sugar-cane. He gave me this bed, and I was stretched out upon it very soon. His man soon brought me some hot coffee and some fried pork and mutton, which I ate without plate, knife, or fork, and was soon fast asleep. Early in the morning I started again for Baton Rouge, and soon came across some stragglers of the 52d. I was by this time persuaded that the regiment was not coming up, and urged the men to return to the camp. The sun had come up very hot, and we were uncertain what to do. While waiting, a mule team came along. We asked for a ride, loaded ourselves in, and got back to camp very easily. The camp by daylight was unlike anything you ever saw but a big pig-pen in a storm. The men were not sick, but terribly foot-sore and tired. They had had three nights now without sleep, and a long march with no place to sit down, except in the mud. There were a few cases of rheumatism; but the men were paddling about barefooted, with blisters on their feet as big as copper cents. The rations were getting short, and hard-tack was welcome. At two o'clock came an order to "fall in." It was very hot, and I had to shirk for myself; for Ball had gone on with Dolly. What should I do for a blanket? When we had marched a little way, I found a good one lying upon the road, which some one had thrown away. I picked it up, and with the aid of some of the boys gave it a hasty inspection, to satisfy us that it was not inhabited, and then swung it over my shoulder. After an hour's march we came to high ground on the bank of the river. Here we stacked our arms and pitched our tents. Throwing down my poncho on as dry a place as I could find, I lay down to rest. When I awoke, I found that Lieut. Stearns had just come in from Baton Rouge, and reported that the express you had sent had come. He brought up a bottle of currant wine "for Capt. Long, packed by Mrs. Moors, directed by Mrs. Aiken." We emptied it in less time than it took to pack it. I turned in at night with Capt. Perkins and seven others in two shelter tents pitched together. I slept soundly from seven o'clock till nearly five in the morning, when we were ordered to be ready to march at once. We hurried through a breakfast of hard-tack and coffee, but have not started yet, and it is now half-past nine.

We have our clothes out drying, and have a rail to sit on and a

drum-head for a desk, the sun boiling down on my head fiercely. It is amusing to witness the different ways in which the men take such an experience as we have had in the swamp. Some are good-natured and cheerful, full of life and fun ; others are as cross as they can be, swearing about Gen. Banks and everybody else, cursing the war and the government. The fact is, if it had not been for the hard rain, we should have had a pretty good time of it. It was hard work, and that was all. It has been pretty tough ; but for one I have been well, and have positively enjoyed it, and especially the remembrance of it now it is over. Where next the Lord knows, but we don't.

J. F. Thayer writes in his journal, "The 52d boys are finding out that they are not on a grand picnic."

From Church's journal : —

"*March 14.*—In the morning we were early on the road, and our company were employed as flankers. We perform this duty enough to satisfy us. The road was good enough for us after that experience. When it was dark, we were quietly withdrawn and marched back some two miles, where we bivouacked for the night. The 15th, no coats nor blankets nor tents, and very little food. Not much sleep that night. The next day, the 16th, we had orders to return. We were too tired and ugly to march fast enough. The officers warned us to hurry, or we should be taken prisoners. Rations had been left with our baggage, but they feared the rebels would get it. The wagons had been set on fire. An officer rode up to the colonel with the cheering news that the rebels were after us ; but that did not scare us much, nor make us hurry. It was a sullen, ugly lot of men who filed out into the road leading back to Baton Rouge. After a march of ten or twelve miles, we filed into a field, where we were to pass the night. And such a night ! Mud and water six or eight inches deep all over the field. Of course, no one cursed the general who had ordered us into that slough ! The only thing that amused us this night was the fact that one of our officers fell off a log and nearly drowned. I suppose, when this place was selected, it was all right ; but the storm had put a new face upon it."

From J. K. H. : —

"Sunday morning came. Towards noon Grover's aides came up with word to fall back, to fall back. Are we going to retreat then ? Back we go over the same road as yesterday. We pass the bridges, and see men with fuel prepared to set them on fire as

soon as we have passed. I hear a field officer say, 'The enemy's cavalry will soon be after us!' In an hour or so we are back to the camp of Saturday noon, passing, as we march, signs of a hasty retreat. What does it all mean? Are we retreating, without firing a shot? There is no elasticity or mirthfulness. The knapsacks are heavier than they should be, the men are sullen. Yesterday we felt sure of a battle, but the enemy fell back; and now we are falling back before them. We halt for a while, when every one is on his back in a moment. But fewer men fall out, for they fear capture by the enemy. In the middle of the afternoon it begins to rain. I never knew it rain so hard. The road becomes a deep pudding, and the gutters are rivers. The army splashes on through the rain, dreary and disheartened. About five o'clock we reach a field where we are to encamp. We turn in to the swamp, to pass the most tedious night of our lives. We waded and stumbled forward to the middle of this dreary quagmire. Could we stop here for the night? We had marched rapidly ten or twelve miles, and were exhausted. The general had left orders for us to stop here. We had no choice. Wet to the skin, I threw off my knapsack into the mud. We managed, as the night fell, to get a fire started in a charred stump. Then, through the evening dark as pitch, we went stumbling about, to find sticks for fuel. At ten o'clock, putting my knapsack into the mud in the driest spot I could find, I sat down for the night. As I sat on my knapsack, it settled into the mud till it just kept me out of the pool. Once in a while some one waded forth after wood. On every stump and log were figures wrapped up in rubber blankets, trying to sleep. I mistook S. for a charred stump. I began to haul him to the fire, when a feeble and sudden voice ordered me to desist. There was more rain: and, when morning came at last, such a half-drowned, haggard set as the men were! But there is spunk in the regiment yet. We have scarcely anything to eat. Nobody wants to do much, but the foragers go out. This matter of foraging is a hard one. I see what a scourge to a country an invading army is. All this marauding goes on ruthlessly. We are suffered to kill cattle, pigs, and poultry. Sheep and pigs are bayoneted, sugar-houses plundered, private dwellings entered. I took no active part in foraging, though I know I was more than once a partaker. It was, in fact, our only way to live. When one and another of my comrades offered me steaks and a canteen of molasses and haversacks of sugar, hungry and tired as I was, I was glad to take the

share offered. War is horrible, and this feature of plunder is one of its horrors."

From Lyman : —

"*March 16.*— This Sabbath forenoon was spent very pleasantly ; but about noon the regiment received orders to retire, and burn the bridges behind them. We reached our knapsacks about half-past two in the afternoon, but there was no rest for us : we simply had time to drink a cup of coffee and then to 'fall in,' and retreated. We were told that we had accomplished all we came for, and were retreating according to the programme ; but we could not see it. Hitherto the weather had been pleasant, and the roads good ; but not long after we started the clouds began to threaten, the thunder to roll, and there was every indication of a heavy thunder-storm, and presently the rain began to pour, and continued to descend in torrents, soaking every one of us through and filling the roads with mud. And then, instead of taking us on to a decent camping ground, we were marched into an old swamp, than which a worse one could not be found for miles around ; and there we had to spend the long hours of that rainy night. A few fires were started with rails brought from fences within gunshot, through mud and water from two to six inches deep ; and here, wet and foot-sore, we were obliged to stay. Col. Greenleaf, as well as most of the officers, stayed with us, instead of going into a house near by ; and he has ever tried all in his power to make everything easy for the men.

"At noon on Monday we were marched out to the bank of the river, where we had a comfortable camping ground ; but we had a short rest there, for the next morning, Tuesday, came the order to pack knapsacks, and be ready to march at a moment's notice. Here we are again, so foot-sore that we can hardly walk, to march seven miles, to guard a train of wagons securing cotton ; and, as we thought we had found a comfortable place for the night, came the order to march back again in the dark. And to prevent men from falling out we were told there was a large force of rebels following us up, and an attack upon our rear and flank was expected. We reached our camping ground again at eleven o'clock, just about worn out. Such is simply what we have been through for the last five days. We hope now to have a few days' rest before we start again, though that is doubtful. The idea of marching back and forth to get a little cotton to fill some speculators' pockets is rather galling to the soldiers. If we could see the thing was necessary,

there would be no grumbling; but the worst times we have had were not from necessity,—at least, it looks so to those who have suffered most.”

Sergt.-Major Whitney's account:—

“On Sunday morning we tramped back the three miles to our knapsacks, and got water, food, and very little rest. Soon comes the dreaded cry, ‘Fall in!’ and we march back seven miles to those cross roads where we spent the first night out. The journey is not sweetened by the belief that we are somewhat foiled, and are retreating in disgrace. Presently it begins to rain, and for two miles there is a steady drench falling. The mud or water is anywhere from our ankles to our knees. The sergeant-major cuts a hole in each boot toe to unload his boots, and goes on flinging alternate squirts of mud and water from his toes as he goes. When Banks went on the previous Friday, he said there the 52d will encamp on their return. It was then a good enough place; but, when we got there Sunday night, it had become a poisonous swamp. It is growing dark. Our wet knapsacks are like lead; but where shall they be dropped? There is nowhere to sit down, nowhere to sleep.

“Night falls. Some fortunate ones are stretched out upon logs, confirming the conviction that they cannot be any wetter. Many of the men, under the stress of hard marching, have thrown both overcoat and blanket away. The quartermaster sergeant and sergeant-major placed three rails together for a house, put more rails under them for a bed, put their rubber blankets above them for a roof, and lay down to attempt to sleep. It keeps on raining just as hard as at first. The spot for their elevated position becomes a channel, and then they find themselves a dam across a little stream. Never mind: it rises against them, goes around their feet, slides under their necks, and filters through their clothes and their hair. Soldiers looking for fuel pull down their house over their heads; and so they lie uncovered, the water coursing by. The doctor is not far off: he went to sleep sitting in grandeur on a log. He is now down like Dagon, but, unlike Dagon, whole and asleep. He has fallen forward, all doubled up together, his knees, elbows, and fore-arms, and the top of his head under water. ‘If I were only in my father's pig-pen,’ said one; and all agreed.

“The sun struggles out at last; and we are extricated, and moved a mile west, to the bank of the river. It is an excellent place, and we are glad enough to get there. Our feet are not only blis-

tered with marching, but parboiled with the water and slime, till they have the feeling and appearance of mushrooms. We fling ourselves down upon the ridges of the cotton-field, and turn our poor feet up to the sun, and fall into a heavy and genuine sleep,—the first we have had for three nights.”

From Stowell's journal :—

“Last Sunday, after going this way and that, we started back for Baton Rouge. About three o'clock it began raining very hard, and continued so without cessation until the next morning. At night, about dark, we were turned into a lot to camp; and it was the hardest night some of us ever saw. There was no place but that the mud and water were ankle-deep; and we were wet through, minus dinner and supper. Morning came at last, and the quartermaster got us a little coffee, which we made in our cups, and fared better. I had marched the day before barefooted, as my shoes had blistered my feet so I could not wear them.”

B. S. Parker writes :—

“*March 20.*—Our company were put on picket again, and of course I came up as one. Here the regiment had to lie down and without anything to lie upon, with no covering but a thin blouse, all sweat through. The next morning I was stiff and sore, my feet blistered, and I felt worn out. All the company were in the same condition. It was on Sunday, the 15th. At ten o'clock we were ordered to fall in again, and away we went. I got tired, and fell out, as a good many others did. We had scarcely halted before we were ordered to shoulder our knapsacks and march. I thought I could not walk a step further. I did not care to fall behind, for we expected the rebels might attack us at any time; and the officers took all possible care not to have any one left behind. We marched the rest of the day till after dark. In the afternoon it began to rain, and it was a regular Southern rain, too. Rain, rain, rain, for a long time in torrents, drenching us to the skin, and through mud and water ankle-deep, through sop and splash. After dark we stacked arms in mud and water from four to six inches deep, and stopped for the night. We marched that day some ten miles. We could not lie down, for the mud and water would cover us if we did. My feet were parboiled and shrivelled up, as tender as a boil. The next day we were so used up that we could do nothing. And those who could not march were ordered to report to a hospital a mile or so away.”

It was interesting to observe the different spirit in which men

met the discomforts of that rainy night in the swamp. When it began to dawn, so that the colonel could find his way among the men, one of the privates addressed him, saying, "Now, colonel, is not this as bad as it could be?" "No," said the colonel, "it is not as bad as it could be." "Well, how could it be any worse?" growled the soldier. "If we had made an assault this morning," said the colonel, "and been repulsed, and had two or three hundred wounded men to bring along and leave in this swamp, that would have been a good deal worse." The grumbler had nothing more to say.

VIII.

THE COTTON RAID.

[MARCH 18.]

"*March 17.*—We were moved from the swamp to an open camping ground near the river. It was luxury itself to strip off our mouldy garments, and, while they lay sunning on the grass, wash the stiff muscles and blistered, parboiled feet in the bayou."

A COTTON RAID.

MARCH 20, 1863.

My dear Wife,—I am lying on my back in a shelter tent, about seven miles above Baton Rouge, on high, dry ground near the river, at Bayou Montecino. I hope you will receive the long letter of our tramp to Port Hudson and back and the night in the swamp. Tuesday morning, March 18, I went to the river, and had a good wash of my clothes, which I wrung out as well as I could, and put them on again. On returning to camp, I found the order had just been received to "fall in"; and the regiment started at once with knapsacks, tents, and camp kettles. Some one had blundered. The order should have been without these encumbrances. We were told that we were only going about four miles. One mile brought us back to the swamp on which we spent Sunday night. The road had a familiar look. It was the same on which we had marched to Port Hudson and back. It was very warm: the men were fearfully foot-sore, and began to fall out in great numbers. We halted, after a march of six miles, in a good, dry place. It was too good to hope that we were to spend the night there. In a few minutes the order came again to "fall in"; and, after a march of a mile, we turned into a field wet and springy as it could be. After waiting till sundown for orders, we had supper; and a splendid one it was for me, for I had some of your tea. Before we were half through, and it was growing dark, the order came again to "fall in." Everything was hurried up, and we started on our march back with all haste to the place where we started in the morning. John Barnard, Co. D, supposing we were to stay over night, had climbed a tree to get some

moss for a bed. He lost his hold and came to the ground badly injured. We put him into a cart, and brought him along. We were up within a mile of where our camp was last Sunday morning. It was dark when we started, and seven miles back. Such a march we have not had. The rumor was that the rebels, informed of our position, had thrown their forces into the woods on our left. Our guns were loaded, we were ordered to abstain from talking, and to move at a rapid rate. I took my place in the ranks, carried a gun for a man who was ready to fall out. Before we got into camp I took another gun; but, as I had no knapsack and it was cool, I enjoyed it very much. There was no little excitement about it. I expected we should hear the rebel rifles crack at us at any moment, but no such demonstration was made. After we had made about five miles, we reached the outposts of our army, and all sense of danger was past. The order to preserve silence was not enforced; and such scolding and swearing you never conceived of. Some of the men were sullen and cross, some cheerful, some even jolly. I trudged along, first with one company and then with another, and had a good time to talk in low tones with the men. Before we reached the camp the men began to straggle fearfully. Company lines were disregarded, and men got along as they could. The main batch were in at 11 P.M., but the stragglers were coming in all night. No chance for any tents that night. We spread our rubber blankets on the ground, and the woollen ones over us, and I slept as soundly as ever in my life. What was all this tramp for? do you ask. It was to steal, or, rather, to confiscate, a lot of cotton. We escorted back a whole line of baggage wagons loaded down with cotton. I hear we had ninety-five bales. Whether it paid for the wear and tear of flesh and spirit I do not know. Arthur Browning, Co. A, was completely broken down. The men's feet were a sight to behold. They had been parboiled in the water and ashes of the swamp on Sunday night, and then this march had worn and chafed them badly. The whole of the next day was given up to rest. Towards night, in company with Quartermaster Clark, I rode to Baton Rouge, seven miles,—a succession of camps the whole distance. I enjoyed the ride very much. It is such a gallop—where she can go as she pleases—that brings out Dolly's good qualities; but marching two miles an hour, with a crowd behind, brings out only her bad qualities. She kicks and bites all she can reach. She has a special spite against Dr. S.'s "yaller pony." I stopped with Lieut. Stearns, and

he put me upon a bed,—the first I have had since I left New York ; but I could not sleep. I rolled and tossed all night, the air of the house seemed so hot and close.

The next day was a very busy one. Your express packages all came in good shape. I looked them over, and made three classes : first, clothing for the hospital ; secondly, food for the hospital ; and, thirdly, private packages. I worked upon these packages all day. I sent all I could to the hospital for immediate use. More than a hundred of our men were left here, and thirty-seven had been sent to New Orleans. At sundown I started back to camp, and had a splendid ride of it. The heat was over, Dolly felt well and the grass did not grow under her feet. A large portion of the way was through camps lining both sides of the road. The fires were lighted, the men were lying and standing in groups about them. I reached camp at eight o'clock, and was soon in bed—that is, on the ground—and asleep. The amusing part of this camp life is the variety of uses to which things are put. For instance, Ball is using his boots for a candlestick, and I mine, as usual, for a pillow.

The next day I wanted to go to Baton Rouge, hoping I should find a mail ; but I concluded to send Ball. The colonel thought we should stay where we were two or three days. I lay upon my stomach, with a tin plate for a writing desk, and wrote this letter. At noon an order came to be ready to start for Baton Rouge. What a fix I was in, to be sure ! My own duds, Ball's and Dolly's and no Dolly to carry them. I rolled them up, and got them on to the quartermaster's wagon. I cut a stick for a cane, and started on with the regiment. After walking about five miles, the colonel insisted upon my taking his horse, which I did for the rest of the way. We reached our old camp ground at sundown, tired and foot-sore enough. The next day was spent in getting things into a condition so that we could live, but the cosey comforts of our old home are all gone. But we are learning every day how many things we can do without.

J. K. H. writes :—

“*March 18.*—We hoped we were to remain here for several days, but the order came early in the morning to be ready for a start. We were ready at five o'clock, but we did not start until twelve o'clock. That is another of the ways of war. Two brigades of us go seven miles on the now familiar road towards Port

Hudson, escorting government wagons that are sent out for cotton. All along the way wagons stop at sheds, and begin to load up. We see on every side plenty of signs that the enemy have just been there in force. We are close upon them as they retire. We encamp in a fine, dry grove, and soon are falling asleep. 'Fall in! fall in!' the word is passed quickly along, without the usual tap of drum; and in five minutes we are rushing back to Baton Rouge. It is not thought prudent to stay in that exposed position. Scouts report a heavy force of the enemy on our left. We must keep to the ranks, with files well closed, pieces loaded, mouths shut, and must go at a tremendous rate. We have hardly five minutes' rest in the whole seven miles. It is a cruel march for men with feet, and indeed bodies, in the condition of ours. Some of us march with bare and bleeding feet. On the latter and safer half of the road men drop out to rest by the roadside till morning. When we get back to the camp ground which we left at noon, it seems as if all life and spirits were crushed out. We have carried heavy knapsacks for fourteen miles, when they might as well have been left behind. I recall, as I write, the tall, erect figure of the colonel outlined against the midnight sky as he sat on his horse at the entrance to the field; and the ear still answers to the tone of sympathy in which he gave the last orders for the night, and commended the exhausted men. The next day we were let alone, and slept and washed and ate, though the pigs and chickens had disappeared under the foraging of the day before.

"On Friday we are on the road again at a great gait, to which we are getting used, and back to Baton Rouge, entering our old camp at Baton Rouge after just a week's absence.

"But our respite was a short one; for on Tuesday forenoon the drum sounded once more, and the order came to pack everything again, and to 'fall in.' Sudden orders had come to march. This time we were to go out to protect a heavy train of wagons about to proceed along the Port Hudson road to gather the cotton stored in the planters' barns. The regiment was already foot-sore, jaded, and suffering from want of sleep. Both my collar-bones turned 'Peace Democrats,' and protested against a further prosecution of hostilities.

"We marched out seven or eight miles before we halted, when we reached a plantation from which a rebel force had just retreated. They were hardly out of sight when we came up, and we followed close after them down the road. At length we halted

for the night, as we supposed. Many of the men were much fatigued and sadly foot-sore. But it was clear it would not be safe to spend the night within so short a distance of the powerful enemy. After a hasty supper the order came to 'fall in,' and under the starlight we marched silently and rapidly back. I like a night march. The air is more bracing, the roads less dusty. There is far more scope for romance. There was ample room for the play of fancy. The rebel scouts, no doubt, had already looked at the embers where we cooked our supper, while the cavalry swayed forward to occupy the road as we retired. The regiment suffered sadly. Many marched with bare feet, and towards the end of the route sank to the ground with fainting limbs, to pass the night by the roadside. We reached the camp we had left in the morning at midnight. We had strength only to spread our rubber blankets, and fling ourselves on the ground. Next morning the regiment was a poor-looking crowd of hobbling cripples. The next day we were ordered back to Baton Rouge, and to the old camp under the magnolias which had become home to us. Ragged, tattered, contented, burnt like Indians, unkempt, unshaven, but ready for another start. We have marched fifty miles during the week,—fairly waded through mud, dust, heat, and a deluge of rain."

From the chaplain : —

BATON ROUGE, March 24.

MR. EASTMAN :

Dear Sir,—I wish, through you, to acknowledge the receipt of \$25 from the Greenfield Young Men's Christian Association, to be used for the sick of the 52d Regiment. It will be sacredly used for the purpose for which it was designed, and will render good service in procuring delicacies which the sick so often need and which are not included in army rations. We have a good deal of sickness, and, as we are about moving, our regimental hospital is broken up. Thirty-seven of our sick have been sent to the hospital at New Orleans. Of the number here, some are within the trenches and some within the old U.S. barracks. I wish I could say they are as comfortable as they ought to be. It makes one's heart bleed to go about among these young men, and witness the sufferings he cannot relieve. The women at home have done all their generous natures have prompted, and we have on hand piles of sheets and bed-ticks and shirts and bandages ; but more than these are needed to relieve the sufferings of this crowd of sick

men. There is, first of all, the feeling of being alone, away from kindred and friends and the gentle ministrations of woman and the home, which are often harder to bear than physical pain and suffering. We have had a grand march to Port Hudson, and a grand march back again. I do not know whether to report a victory or a masterly retreat. Gen. Banks's order pronounces the object of the expedition accomplished; and yet we came back sooner and quicker than we should if *our* object of the expedition had been accomplished.

BATON ROUGE, March 24, 1863.

My dear Wife,—We are back at the old place, but without the comforts of the old tent. Indeed, we have rather shabby accommodations. I think yesterday was as glum a day as I have had in camp,—the first time I have been at all homesick. In the first place, we had frequent and terrific showers of lightning, thunder, wind, and rain; and it was as muddy and nasty and sticky about the camp in general and the chaplain's quarters in particular as it could well be. Then there was a throng of men coming all day long with their letters, wanting me to repair postage-stamps spoiled by the soaking that they had had in the swamp on that memorable Sunday night. The two funerals of Alfred Clapp and Washington Stebbins did not tend to promote cheerfulness. In addition to all, I had taken cold, and felt sore and uncomfortable. I had not had much to do, and no energy to do what had to be done. On the whole, I confess I was cross. I tried to write an acknowledgment for the packages received from home, but I fear I made a bungling matter of it. This morning it cleared off, the soreness left my bones, and the sourness my spirits. You caution me not to expose myself. I am less exposed than the men, it is true; but I am not free from exposure. In our marches last week, for instance, when we were liable to be fired upon every moment, the first effort of the rebels, of course, would be to empty the saddles. It would do more toward throwing the column into confusion than anything else. I speak of this, not to alarm you, but to show that the chaplain is not exempted from the hazards of war.

The hard part of coming away from Baton Rouge was leaving so many sick behind us. It made me very sad, and not a little provoked. The general hospital is what has been the deaf and dumb asylum. I think it is a well-managed institution. One of the physicians is Dr. Greene, of Northampton, who feels a good deal of interest in the 52d boys. To his care I intrusted the

sheets, etc., that I had sent there. The rooms are all well aired, and the beds are comfortable. There are a dozen of our regiment there, all that Dr. Sawyer can get in. There are about five hundred in all. There is a convalescent hospital within the entrenchment. Here are gathered about two thousand sick men, some quite sick, others less so. The hospital consists of old barrack buildings and tents. I went yesterday into one of the arsenal buildings used formerly to store arms, where I found more than three hundred sick men lying upon the floor. They were in four rows, extending the whole length of the room. Their blankets spread upon the floor, their only bed: their knapsacks served for pillows. I found none of the 52d boys there.

In another large building close by there is a room in which there are twenty or thirty 52d boys, and in some tents close by there are fifteen or twenty more. They have miserable care, almost none at all; for rarely does a doctor go near them. Their food is the scantiest and meanest. I hear that the medical director brags that he does not mean to make those men very comfortable. He means to make it so uncomfortable that they will prefer to join their regiments. In other words, men really sick must suffer, because there are some men who will shirk and stay in the hospital when they should be in the ranks. It seems too hard. Our first order yesterday was to take with us all who could be moved. In the afternoon it was countermanded, and another given to take only those who could stand a march. Of course, all in the hospital must stay, and twenty-five or thirty more sick in quarters when our tents were struck. There had been no provision made for them. They sat and laid about the doctor's quarters all the evening. Just before the regiment started some ambulances came and loaded them in, and drove them off,—I presume pitched them out in those tents, and without the least thing for their comfort or anybody to care for them. It is not Dr. Sawyer's fault, though he has to bear the blame for such things. The trouble is the want of system in the whole department.

IX.

BATON ROUGE TO BRASHEAR CITY.

[MARCH 27 TO APRIL 11, 1863.]

Col. Greenleaf's account : —

“On the 27th of March the second brigade of Gen. Grover's division and other troops steamed down the river to Donaldsonville, fifty or sixty miles distant, at the mouth of the Bayou La Fourche, where all disembarked and camped on beautiful green grass for the night.

“The distance through La Fourche country from Donaldsonville to Terre Bonne — about forty miles — we made by easy marches, and thence took rail for Bayou Bœuf, near Brashear City, on the Atchafalaya. And what a change was this from our most cruel march from Port Hudson, and our worse than Egyptian night in the swamp! ‘Grim-visaged war’ had not yet desolated this fair region, truly said to be ‘the Garden of Louisiana.’ The sun shone bright, skies were clear, breezes fresh, roads excellent, landscapes beautiful; the air was sweet-scented, water good, the verdure green; flowers were blossoming in gardens and fields, birds were singing in hedges and trees, children, white and black, were prattling by the wayside or romping around each family mansion; negroes, old and young, of all colors and both sexes, were hanging in great numbers on the fences; vast cultivated fields of sugarcane and cotton greeted our eyes on every side; enlivening strains of martial music floated on the air, and patriotic songs were sung; ‘the goose hung high,’ and ‘all went merry as a marriage bell.’ This was the pleasant side of war.”

To Mrs. Moors : —

DONALDSONVILLE, March 28.

Here we are in a new place. We came this morning, and shall probably leave in a day or two. I wrote you yesterday from our old place at Baton Rouge. About sundown the order came to strike our tents. We had packed up all our superfluous clothing, to be sent to New Orleans. The tents were struck, the floor boards and cook-houses and all the débris of the camp were set on fire. The whole scene was very picturesque and exciting. The army wagons were busy gathering up the tents and baggage,

and added to the excitement of the hour. At 8.30 in the evening the line was formed. With drums beating, we marched to the city, and at once were on board the "Ste. Maurice," and off. I found a sofa in the cabin, and, taking off my boots and spurs, was soon asleep.

We reached this place this morning. Some of the officers, with the chaplain, found a tavern, where we obtained a breakfast, the first regular meal since I left New York. We had knives and forks, and coffee with milk in it, fried eggs and ham,—a regular set-down. And it did us good, for we have fared pretty hard for a few days. The tavern-keeper was very anxious that I should have some whiskey, but I was too wise to yield to his entreaties. I suspect he wanted the fun of seeing the chaplain drunk. I did not accommodate him. We marched out into a field covered with the softest and cleanest and prettiest carpet you ever saw, of real clover-leaves and blossoms. Our tent was speedily pitched, and I stretched myself out and slept. Then walked to a bayou just a little way from us. The water is kept from overflowing the land by artificial levees. Then to my tent, to write this letter. Of course, I cannot manage a pen, lying as I am upon the ground, but hope you can make out this pencil scrawl. A part of it I have written by candle-light, but the bugs are big and biting. Please refresh yourself with Birdofredum Sawin's account of his soldiering in the Mexican War. It is just the life we are living here.

Our march from Donaldsonville to Terre Bonne, a distance of forty miles, I think our men enjoyed very much indeed. The road was upon the bank of La Fourche,—a river as large as the Connecticut,—one of the outlets of the Mississippi. The water in the river was just about on a level with the heads of the men marching by its side. It is kept from overflowing the country by levees, upon the top of which there was room for men to walk, single file, and upon which one could secure a good prospect and good air, and at the same time run the risk of being popped over by any wicked rebel who might be concealed behind the levee on the other side of the river. The country is very fertile, and showed less of the ravages of war than we had seen elsewhere. The houses of the planters are larger and better. The country is called the "Garden of Louisiana," but hardly a white man or woman could we see. At every plantation we passed, swarms of negroes came out, and welcomed us with rapturous demonstrations of joy, invoking the blessing of all the saints upon us. The

weather was as delightful as possible. We never have at home three June days that surpass those we spent in this march.

Sergt.-Major Whitney's account of this march is as follows : —

"We had," he says, "Sherman, Emory, and Grover's division, and another brigade under Weitzel. We took steamers at Baton Rouge, and dropped down the river to Donaldsonville, where La Fourche flows out from the Mississippi, to find its own way to the gulf. A march of three days took the command down the bank of the bayou to Thibodeaux and Terre Bonne, about forty miles. For freshness and beauty and picturesqueness that was a notable march. The road lay about six feet below the level of the water in the bayou, so that the great steamers went by, towering for us to look up at. The air was sweet with perfume and cool with northern breezes. The beautiful plantation homes were embowered in roses and skirted with orange-trees laden with ripe fruit. It was said that we might have gone around by boat to New Orleans, and then by cars, but Grover gave us this march to toughen us for what was coming."

Corp. Stowell says : —

"We had to march from Donaldsonville to Terre Bonne, March 29,—a distance of forty miles. A good march, on the whole ; but we were foot-sore, and our knapsacks, guns, and equipments weigh forty-five pounds, and the weather is very hot, and the road as dusty as it could be. Thibodeaux we found to be a very pretty place, and had not been torn to pieces by shot and shells. We had begun to straggle a good deal before we reached there ; but an order came to close up the ranks. The flags were unfurled, the bands struck up their finest music, and, tired as we were, we marched through the town in as good order and as fresh as if we were out on dress parade."

To Judge Mattoon : —

BAYOU BŒUF, April 5, 1863.

My thoughts turn more earnestly and soberly toward home on Sunday than on any other day. Not that Sunday is especially marked in camp. I suppose many of our regiment do not know that it is Sunday. The colonel asked me this morning if I would have a religious service. I told him that, if he could find a decent place for the men to sit down, I would preach ; but, as to preaching to men standing in this mud-hole under a broiling sun, I should not do it except upon an official compulsion. We have had a

month of busy service. You have probably heard of our famous march to Port Hudson, and our march back again. It was not a defeat, as we thought at the time ; for the object of the expedition was partially successful. The expedition told severely upon the men. When we left Baton Rouge a week ago last Friday, we left a good many 52d boys in the hospitals, with some 1,500 others.

This army is divided into four divisions : first, Gen. Augur ; second, Gen. Weitzel ; third, Gen. Emory ; and, fourth, Gen. Grover. The first is left at Baton Rouge. We are a part of the second brigade in the fourth division. Our brigade is commanded by Col. Kimball, of the 12th Maine,—the good man for the place, we think. There are in our three brigades fourteen regiments and three batteries. On Tuesday last our division commenced a march for this place, to re-enforce Weitzel, who had been compelled to fall back from Berwick Bay. We marched three days in succession, making twelve to fifteen miles each day, which, I believe, is a good distance for an army to march. It was through the most beautiful section of the country I have seen in the State. The plantations showed more culture than I have seen. Some of the houses and grounds are quite elegant ; but even here we see the terrible effects of the war,—hundreds and thousands of acres which were cultivated last year with cane, which has never been cut, and is, of course, useless now. It stands in rows, stretching back from the river as far as the eye can reach,—a gloomy token of the desolation of war. In a few cases, the old cane is being cut and burned, and preparations made for a new crop ; but usually the whole country is lying idle, and running to waste. It is a beautiful soil and a delightful climate, the very best that June affords at home. The roses line the roads in profusion. The lilacs are in full bloom, and fill the air with their fragrance. The roads were in good condition for marching ; and, on the whole, we could not have had a more favorable time for it. The men stood it well ; but they are very foot-sore by reason of their previous marches, and we have had a good deal of grumbling, of course. We camped at night in open fields under our little shelter tents, and in some cases were lucky enough to get a few eggs and a little milk. At other times we fell back upon the inevitable hard-tack. I walked most of the way, and enjoyed it very much, especially when they allowed us to walk upon the top of the levees, which are some four feet above the water on one side and six feet above the road on the other side, and wide enough on top for men to walk

single file. The last day we were prohibited from walking there, as we furnished too good a mark for rebel rifles on the opposite side of the river.

We reached Terre Bonne, where we struck a railroad from New Orleans to Berwick Bay. As the country is an unbroken swamp, it was planned that we should be brought to this place by rail; but the transportation was hardly adequate. We were ready to start out any hour of Friday. All of our baggage, tents, and blankets, etc., were sent on. So we waited all Friday and all Friday night. It was a new experience. It was camping out without any of the conveniences of a camp. Luckily, I had Dolly's blanket to spread upon the ground. It proved to be a pretty cold night, but we had a camp-fire where I could occasionally get warm. In the morning I started early to a negro cabin at some distance, and called up the negro women to make me a hoe-cake for breakfast: but before it was cooked the order was given to load into the cars. So I went without my hoe cake, after all. While waiting for the train, an incident occurred which reveals only too well the spirit that animates those whom we are compelled to obey. It seems a negro joined one of our regiments some time ago, and was employed as a servant by one of the officers. On Friday an agent of his master came for him. This agent, we learned, was once a captain in the rebel army. He made application for the negro, and the order was sent for him to appear. The officer to whom the order was sent refused to receive it, and it was returned presently to headquarters. Capt. S., of the same regiment, came in a great fury, and ordered the negro to be given up. The officer still refused, and Capt. S. drew his revolver and blustered. The men of the regiment, who had crowded around him, hating both Capt. S. and his errand, began to show fight. Capt. S. backed down; and the negro took to the woods, and is, to-day, I think, not far from our camp. Gen. Grover has sent in an order requiring regimental officers to return within twenty-four hours to the provost-marshal all negroes who have come into our line since we left Donaldsonville. Col. Greenleaf is greatly perplexed to know what to do. It seems, on the one hand, to be perfectly unjust to the law of Congress to require him to aid, and, if necessary, to call in the whole regiment to aid, in restoring fugitives. On the other hand, he is not sure that they intend to return these men to their masters. Perhaps that is not their purpose, though it looks like it. But what right has Col. Greenleaf, or anybody else, to question their

intentions? His business is to obey orders. He has no right to assume that his superior officers are not going to follow the law of the land. What is he to do? To make the 52d a party of slave-catchers is not what we are here for, and to pass by orders from superior officers is subversive to military discipline.

From Church's journal:—

"In the afternoon a company of cavalry came in sight, but not near enough for us to tell whether they were we-uns or you-uns.

"We are very economical of government rations just now, and succeed in making them hold out very well; for we find sheep, pigs, and hens abundant. Eggs and vegetables we don't count. Our quarters are in an old house, which we share with a large army of hungry fleas, which, thinking us their choice friends and constant companions, make things lively for us.

"At Bayou Bœuf our best sport is crab-fishing. A bit of pork, with a bit of landing-net, are all that are needed; and the lining of our haversacks furnished the net. He is a poor soldier who could not furnish a string of crabs; and our rations furnished the pork. While here, Lieut. Ballou, of Co. F, when cleaning his revolver, shot himself through the foot, and was disabled for the rest of the campaign. At Brashear City a sergeant took a large kettle in one hand and a small one in the other, and started for water to the bayou, whistling 'The Girl I left behind me.' He slung in the small kettle, which he easily raised, filled, to the bank, then dipped in the big one, and was the wettest sergeant on record.

"Gen. Banks rode along where a fatigue party were at work at Brashear City. One of our boys, wishing to be neighborly, addressed him as follows:—

"'Good mornin', Mr. Banks. Are we going somewhere to-day?' The general smiled, but did not reply."

To Mrs. Moors:—

BAYOU BŒUF, April 5, 1863.

Yesterday morning our whole brigade of four regiments was packed on board two trains, and brought through the swamp twenty miles to this place. Some one asked what I thought of the country as I rode through it. I replied that I thought the Lord had not prepared this part of the world yet for man's use, that the alligators and snakes ought to have undisputed possession for at least a thousand years. By that time I thought it might be fit for

men to live in. I was disappointed that I did not see but one alligator all day, being in the rear of the two trains. They had been frightened away before I reached them. Snakes are quite abundant. We landed here at noon, where there is not a green thing to be seen. It is an old camping ground vacated by Gen. Weitzel the day before we arrived. It has the musty smell of an old camp, and as filthy as it can well be. The sun beats down hot enough. I try to keep quiet in the middle of the day. No village here that I can find; but the ground is high,—that is, a little higher than the water in the river, which is a branch of the Atchafalaya. How long we are to stay here and whither we are to go no one knows. I begin to be impatient to see the end of all this. I can stand the poor fare, the sleeping on the ground, the hard marches; but the feeling is very discouraging that we are doing so little. We have helped the government steal a little cotton, and now are expected to return the slaves to their masters, and put some money into the pockets of a few bloats like Capt. S.,—that is the whole of it. Yet I am not homesick nor discouraged. I am bound to stick to it; and I hope, when the time is out, that I shall have satisfied my conscience and the claims of patriotism.

To Mrs. Moors:—

BRASHEAR CITY, April 10, 1863.

Bayou Boeuf was the meanest place we have been in. The water was slimier and smelt worse. The days were hot, and the nights cool, and no green thing about us. Worse than all, we were on short rations, and no chance to buy anything. I suffered more from hunger than ever before. I could do nothing but growl, so gave up attempting to write. Yesterday we broke camp, and waited for a train to bring us here; but none came. So, after waiting till 10.30, when the heat was most oppressive, we started on our march, the hardest we have had. The sun boiled down upon us as it can in these hot latitudes only. We marched about ten miles, and reached here about two o'clock. Ball fell out; Hosmer, also, for the first time. It surprises me to see how steadily Mason Moody holds on. He seems to be as tough as anybody in the regiment. We are on a clover-field, by the bank of Berwick Bay. It was a sad sight to see the men on the march, gasping for breath like heated dogs. Many fainted, and laid by the roadside. It seemed to us very cruel, as though we might have been brought

on by rail. At least, we might have come in the cool of the day, and not have been put through so fast. A great many are sick and complaining with the effect of the heat, and partly from the improper food we have. Oysters abound here, and the men buy them in the shell. I do not dare to eat one. The despised hard-tack is, after all, the staff of life. That, with decent coffee, with which we are supplied, suits me better than anything else. Not very exciting food, not a great variety, but it goes well.

We are waiting for orders to move at any moment, to meet the enemy, who are in front of us. There was skirmishing and heavy firing in the night; but the morning is here, and no orders to move. As we walked here, and most of the brigades came by cars and boats, I hope they will let them do the fighting. It looks, however, as if we must have a battle. We are in as good condition for it as we shall be. But only think of it, we have only about five hundred muskets! Our regiment is scattered everywhere,—a hundred at Baton Rouge, twenty-five at New Orleans, seventy-five sick at Bayou Bœuf. I write this lying upon the ground, with a newspaper for a desk, in good hope and spirits. Our horses have stood saddled all day, and no orders to move. So they were unsaddled; and we were soon in bed, if not asleep. Oh, the mosquitoes,—they are big ones! How big I shall not attempt to assert, only to say that a good many of them would fill a quart-pot. They must have good bills to get at my feet through my boots and at my hands through my gloves. My haversack protects my forehead, my beard a part of my face, and my tin plate the rest of it: so they get a no “right smart” chance at me. We have an immense army here,—how large I do not know, but they have been pouring in here rapidly of late. While we were in that sink-hole at Bayou Bœuf, train after train passed with men,—two regiments to a train; and they were passing day and night. It has been so since we reached here. Every hour or so a train passes crowded with soldiers. They go up by our camp to the Bay, and cross in boats to the other side. I cannot learn precisely where the rebels are posted, but somewhere on the Teche River, between this and Franklin. The appearance is of warm work very soon. I cannot realize it in any degree. I cannot get up any excited feeling at the prospect of a battle. Very likely we shall see nothing of it. I hope and pray we may not. We are in the rear, so hope we may not be needed.

On Monday last, at Bayou Bœuf, I told the colonel I should

like to go to New Orleans and see the boys there in the hospital, and get a few knick-knacks, and at the same time get out of Bayou Bœuf. He was glad to have me go: so he wrote a pass, sent it, and got the colonel commanding the brigade to sign it, and then sent it to Gen. Grover for his approval. It was at once returned disapproved. The only thing about it that provoked me was that he gave other chaplains passes whenever they asked for them. I have never asked before. The colonel is a good deal disturbed about it. I am not.

Ball has gone back to Bayou Bœuf in an ambulance, too sick to move along. Life is very uncertain, but life or honorable death shall be my motto.

Bayou Bœuf, April 8.—On the 27th of March we left Baton Rouge for Donaldsonville, and after two days took up the line of march down the Bayou La Fourche for Thibodeaux. Did you ever see a division on a march? It is a moving sight in more senses than one. True, there is no display about it. A country militia company of fifty men would show more fuss and feathers than that multitude of men moving with uniform tread. Tramp! tramp! tramp! Regiment after regiment, sunburnt, stalwart men, little variety,—dark blue blouse, light blue pantaloons, knapsacks on the back, haversack and canteen on one side, cartridge-box on the other, and musket on the shoulder. Through the “Garden of Louisiana” march our ten thousand men, some thirty-eight or forty miles. Beauty of scenery in comparison with that of our New England valleys there is none. Only large, flat plantations, well stocked with healthy negroes. The division is encamped on the banks of the Bayou Bœuf. Some sick were left in the general hospital at Baton Rouge. The regiment has lost by death since its formation thirty-five men. We were put on board a train on Saturday at Terre Bonne, and reached this place at noon, having come eighteen miles, most of the way through cypress swamps teeming with alligators and snakes.

T. N. Austin, Co. A, writes in his journal, March 30, at Donaldsonville:—

“Houses small, built like my barn.

“*March 31.*—Marched by the side of La Fourche about thirteen miles. We passed through a fine country, but we were so foot-sore and tired we did not enjoy it very much.

“*April 4.*—Took our first railroad ride since we left the North.

The road was built of clam-shells; and plenty of snakes coiled up by the side of the road, and alligators, too. At Bayou Bœuf we found a good many blackberries, which we enjoyed very much."

Corp. Hosmer writes of the march from Donaldsonville:—

"Seldom does an army march under circumstances so delightful. The miles are not weary ones. Some really remarkable conditions make our progress easy from first to last,—a bright sky and sun, a cool northern breeze, and a road for the most part in perfect condition to receive the soldier's footfall. Plantation after plantation. Sometimes the planter and his family will look out at us from behind a protection posted before them on the gate. Such tropic luxury and vegetation! These scents and zephyrs, the bird-songs, the blue of the heavens, the broad palm-leaves at the planter's portico,—all these, and, I suppose, the foil to all these, the miasma of the swamp close at hand, and the poisonous serpent lurking there. At noon we came to Thibodeaux. Before reaching there, the men began to straggle. As we entered the village, the drums struck up, the flags were unfurled, the foot-sore men forgot to hobble, the melting men forgot their heat. We were all straight and soldierly. The streets of the village were full of people, so it became us to make an impression; and the sound of the drum and fife is a spur to the soldier.

"We were dusty and sweaty, but I think we made a good impression. The colonel and chaplain are on their horses again. The day before and to-day they have walked more than half the route, giving their horses to the tired privates.

"*April 10.*—We have left Bayou Bœuf, and have made another move, and are now at Brashear City. We took up the line of march yesterday under circumstances which I have before described, brilliant enough, but becoming now an old story, though I confess I am not so hardened that I was not thoroughly thrilled through to hear a fine band play 'The dearest spot on earth to me is home.' It proved to be, by all odds, the hardest march for me. The sun was boiling hot, and the dust heavy. For the first time in my soldiering, with a red face and blistering feet, I was obliged to turn aside from the regiment and stop under a tree to throw away my load. It was not heavy. Men in whole sections had been stopping by the roadside for a long time, so that I had a good part of the regiment for company on my first falling out."

From P. S. Parker:—

"*Brashear City, April 10.*—We left Bayou Bœuf at 10 A.M.

yesterday, and arrived here at 4 P.M. It was one of the hardest marches we have had. The sick had to be forced along at the point of the bayonet. Our general ordered a squad of men at the rear of each brigade with fixed bayonets to prick up those that lagged.

"*April 11.*—We left Bayou Bœuf on the 9th at 10.30, the sun pouring down hotter than I ever knew of in Massachusetts, and the hottest day I ever experienced. We had to march to this place, and carry our knapsacks, two days' rations, and our other traps. The regiment reached here at half-past three. I never had the heat take hold of me so before. I never had so hard a headache. It seemed as though my head would burst open. I kept on as long as I could, and fell out. I had for company some of the strongest men in the regiment. About half of some of the companies fell exhausted on the road. It is dreadful marching in such heat, carrying such a load, and being put through so fast; but, if I can stand it, I shall not complain. We expected to march forward the same night and put into battle; but we did not, and had yesterday to rest in. The rebels have encamped in large forces a few miles ahead of us, and will probably fight hard. My health is pretty good, and with a little rest I should be all right. Such marching makes us all grow old. A grand strike is to be made, and no retreat now. For us it is victory or death."

X.

UP THE TECHE.—BRASHEAR CITY TO INDIAN RIDGE OR IRISH BEND.

[APRIL 11 TO APRIL 14, 1863.]

Of the expedition *up the Teche* into the very heart of Louisiana I must give some details, leaving Col. Greenleaf and Sergt. Whitney to describe the general movement. I limit myself to what concerned the 52d Regiment.

Col. Greenleaf's account:—

“At Brashear City, Banks perfected his plans, and issued his orders for an attack on Gen. Taylor in his intrenched position at Bisland, previously mentioned. Gen. Banks himself was to cross the Atchafalaya with the main body, move up the Teche, and attack in front; while Gen. Grover, with his division, was to take transports to a designated point on the eastern shore of Grand Lake, disembark, and take position near the Teche, on the road to Franklin, from which position he could either co-operate with his superior in the attack or place himself with his command in rear of Taylor on the Franklin road, to cut off his retreat as he (Banks) should signal him to do.

“The Atchafalaya at Brashear City is, in column of water, much like the lower Hudson, and navigable, as well as Grand Lake, for large ocean steamers. At this point Grover's division took transports for Grand Lake on the 11th of April, and landed at Irish Bend, on the west shore of the lake, on the morning of the 13th. Among the transports of this little fleet was the fine iron ocean steamer ‘St. Mary,’ on which ‘this deponent’ afterwards made several voyages from New Orleans to Brazos de Santiago, at the mouth of the Rio Grande; and on this beautiful steamer were packed nearly four regiments of the division, of which one was the 52d Massachusetts. We thought ourselves closely packed on board the ‘Illinois,’ on our passage from New York; but elbow-room was at a premium on board the ‘St. Mary,’ as compared with what it was on the ‘Illinois,’ close as were our quarters there.

“Our fine steamer is now full to overflowing, so that the men appear to lie two or three deep on deck; while some hang up in the ‘shrouds,’ and others stand leaning against or crouching on

the bulwarks. We are literally 'as thick' on board 'as three in a bed'; but, with some little grumbling, we manage to endure the discomfort for about forty hours,—two nights, one day, and part of another,—when we land, and follow other troops across the Teche, while they (being in advance) are having a smart skirmish with the enemy, but driving him before them.

"At night we bivouac near the Teche on fine grounds, known as Madam Porter's Plantation, on which a short time before, it was said, several hundred negro slaves had been employed.

"The chaplain and colonel spread their two rubber blankets between what had been two rows of corn or cane, lay down together, like the lamb and the wolf, pulled their woollen blankets over themselves, and, remembering Young's 'Night Thoughts' (having once read them in the days of their youth), lost no time in seeking 'tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.' And they got it, too, as handsomely as any two tired mortals ever did, until about midnight, when a drenching shower came up and flooded them out of their low bed between the ridges. They both arose, wet to the skin. Neither the chaplain nor his equally unfortunate bed-fellow indulged in any profane language on the occasion; but it was thought that they fully shared the feeling of the pious farmer deacon, when he had his large field of choice clover completely ruined by drenching showers, just as it was ready to be 'gathered into barns.' The good deacon is reported as saying, on surveying his ruined clover, 'The Lord knows I don't wish to find fault with anybody, but *there's reason in all things!*'

"At daylight, on the morning of the 14th, the brigade was ordered into line, and soon after marched for the battle-ground of Indian Ridge.

"We found the highway in splendid condition: the morning was bright and rosy, and the surrounding country, with its almost tropical scenery,—with the perfume of flowers and songs of birds in the air, with the odors of the jessamine and notes of the mocking-bird wafted on the dewy wings of the morning,—charmed and delighted the senses of our advancing hosts as the landscape expanded in all its spring beauty before them. How much more suggestive of peace and happiness is this beautiful dawn and these delightful surroundings than of strife and bloodshed, which we are so soon to witness! An easy march of an hour or two brings us within sight as well as sound of the battle-field. Our advance has engaged the enemy, who proves to be a portion of Gen. Dick

Taylor's command; and the 12th Connecticut, Col. Birge, and the 25th Connecticut, Col. Bissel, are in the hottest of the fight. The second brigade moves on to the field and forms in line of battle, the right of the 52d Massachusetts resting on a wagon road running through the contested field.

"On this road is a continuous line of ambulance men with stretchers, on which the wounded are constantly being carried to our rear, where hospitals have already been established. We sicken at the ghastly sight, listen to the terrible roar of cannon and the almost incessant roll of musketry in front, anxiously watch the progress of the fight before us, and expect every moment to be ordered in. It is our first battle proper. A few miles away we distinctly hear, also, the guns of Banks and Taylor; and we know that the battle of Bisland is in progress as well as ours of Indian Ridge. It is to us a momentous, anxious hour. But soon the enemy retreat before Grover's vigorous attack, and leave him, with a loss of about four hundred killed and wounded, master of the field.

"The second brigade did not participate in this spirited engagement. It was held in reserve throughout.

"In the mean time Banks had assaulted Taylor with great vigor in his stronghold on the Teche, by both land and water. Taylor, after a stubborn fight, had been driven from his position, and the signal ordered for Grover to cut off his retreat up the Teche, via Franklin. But (as I have since been informed by Capt. Mack, of the 18th New York Battery), unfortunately for the success of the combined attack, and owing to a misunderstanding on the part of a distinguished general officer (Gen. Emory) as to the character of the signal to be given, he countermanded the order given by Gen. Banks to Capt. Mack to make the signal; and the result was that, while we lay impatiently on our arms awaiting the signal, the enemy 'passed by on the other side,'—of the wood,—and escaped up the Teche; 'and thus,' as Washington Irving would say, 'the auspicious moment passed by.'

"And now comes a forced march, such as few soldiers, in any cause or age or clime, have ever been compelled to make, from Franklin to Opelousas—occupying five days—in pursuit. Much of the country between these two points was magnificent, and the roads were good; but the sun was scalding hot, dust almost thick enough to cut with a knife, and water mostly bad.

"At New Iberia, on the Teche, thirty-two miles from Franklin,

by order of Gen. Banks, yet much to our regret, we left four companies of the 52d Massachusetts,—A, E, F, and G, Capt. Long, Capt. Richmond, Capt. Stone, and Capt. Bliss,—to occupy and hold the town, Capt. Long having been assigned to the command of that post by the same order. Here also the colonel of the 52d Regiment was temporarily assigned to the command of the second brigade (what there was left of it), Col. Kimbal, our regular brigade commander, having been sent with the 12th Maine and the 41st Massachusetts on an expedition to Petit Anse Island, to destroy the enemy's extensive salt-works, located at that point.

"This change in the command of the brigade was made the evening of the 16th of April, and in one respect, at least, the change proved unfortunate; for, owing, it is supposed, to a change of brigade headquarters the night before, Banks's general order to march at daylight on the morning of the 17th failed to reach the new commander until the time had actually arrived for forming his line, so that the command had no time whatever for breakfast, or even to make coffee, nor, indeed, was the opportunity offered to cook anything during the entire day's march. The day proved to be sweltering hot, the water abominable, and the pace from daylight until sundown a killing one for infantry."

From B. S. P.:—

"*New Iberia, April 18.*—Our forces have been engaged with the rebels at a place called Indian Ridge. Our regiment was held in reserve, and took no active part in the battle, as the rebels retreated just as we were to be called in. The loss on our side has been very great. Many officers have been killed or wounded. Those who visited the battle-field said it was a sad sight,—dead men and horses, guns, knapsacks, blankets, haversacks, and all soldiers' accoutrements strewn over the ground. It is a very different thing to be at home and read of battles from what it is to be where the balls are whistling, the shells bursting, and see the wounded and mangled men brought off the field to the rear on stretchers. After the battle we encamped near the bayou. Cos. A and K went out on picket duty some two miles from camp. Hardly had time to eat our breakfast before we were ordered to fall in and march away. We marched this day on, on, on,—the longest march we have ever had in one day,—carrying such loads! It seemed as if we never should stop. Our boys were pretty well used up. We marched twenty-five miles. The next day we started on, and I kept up as long as possible. My side ached so

that I had to fall out. Two-thirds of our regiment fell behind, and only one-third came in and stacked arms at night. Cos. A, E, H, and G, were left here; and Capt. Long is provost-marshal. The rest of the regiment have gone on. We left several of our men at Brashear City; but it is no place to be sick anywhere in the army. Most of the hospitals are poorly furnished, except at some place like Baton Rouge, where supplies are readily obtained. Many of the boys are used up, and are getting old and worn out.

“Dr. Sawyer, at the battle of Indian Ridge, got the name of being the best surgeon there. He would dress two wounds to any other surgeon’s one. He took right hold, and did all he could to relieve the wounded sufferers.”

From Stowell’s journal:—

“We expected to meet the enemy very soon. We learn that they are well fortified; but I am confident that we can sweep them out. I am more fearful they will skedaddle. We were crowded into the boats as thick as we could stand. Every inch of room was occupied, as we did not expect to be aboard but two or three hours; but, by reason of some delay, we were aboard forty hours. We were so crowded we could neither lie down nor sit up. All are drenched with mud, and cramped. After landing, we skirmished all day. At dark both sides stopped, and we were allowed to rest awhile, though still kept in line of battle. Our regiment were in a ploughed field; and we laid down in a line, and were soon asleep, gun in hand. Of course, we had no supper; and, in fact, we had had nothing but hard-tack for two or three days before. We had slept an hour or so, when the rain began to pour in torrents; but no help for it. Our main efforts were to keep our guns and powder dry, which was somewhat difficult with the water an inch deep under us and pouring down over us. At four o’clock A.M. we were in line again, but we did not march till six. The enemy were posted on the edge of the woods, with their gun-boat ‘Diana’ just back of them, throwing shell as fast as possible. At last we compelled them to blow her up, and soon their line was forced to retreat. In the afternoon we were engaged burying the dead and bringing in the wounded. I never wish to witness such another sight. I had no means of knowing the loss, but it must have been several hundred on each side.”

Sergt.-Major Whitney’s article in the *Springfield Republican*, much abridged:—

Weitzel took the lead in crossing the Atchafalaya, and pressed

westward to the enemy's strongest entrenchments, seven miles away. Grover's men are packed closely upon four gun-boats and five transports. Upon the little "St. Mary" were the 24th and 25th Connecticut and the 52d Massachusetts and Nims's battery, with many horses, so that the men could not stretch themselves out, and literally slept upon their arms, in extreme discomfort. We crept up the bayou into Grand Lake, and half-way up its western shore was the place known as Madame Porter's shell bank. But the gun-boat that was to escort us ran aground, and has changed the whole plan of the movement. The accident made a great deal of difference with the question who should be killed or wounded in the fight that was sure to come. Had the troops been landed early, the fight would have come off that day, when our second brigade was leading, and the loss would have fallen chiefly upon us; but we were delayed one day, and then the third brigade was in the advance. We landed about noon, amid the fire of the skirmishers and the artillery.

We pass wounded men and Confederate prisoners. We stretch the fan-light lines of our own skirmishers, Nims's battery, with which we had much to do through that year, pass between our own ranks, and, taking position, shelled everything opposite that looked suspicious. We stand at ease in the road, and a queenly woman, elegantly dressed and bareheaded, with jet black hair, passes to find Gen. Grover, to beg for the life, if possible the release, of her son. "The poor boy was quite innocent," and has just been taken prisoner, and stands close by under guard in Confederate gray,—tall, fierce, and haughty, nineteen or twenty years of age. Gen. Grover listens in silence; and then she walks back again, the same lank, dusty, and grizzled man of Co. H escorting her, with his musket upon his shoulder. She is the great woman of that region. The negroes say she owns the whole field about her, and has six hundred and eighty-five slaves, and spends her summers at Newport. Her mansion, a fine one, shines among the trees a half-mile back; and a protecting detail from the 52d Regiment sit comfortably on the front piazza to guard it.

When the sun is at the horizon, we throw ourselves upon a field, taking for pillows the ridges made by the plough. Down comes the rain and up comes the wind, adding another almost sleepless night to the last two we passed. Not even the heavy equipments can be taken off; for, in the presence of the enemy, every man must be ready against a night attack. At four o'clock the next

morning we are up and off, with only a few green blackberries to moisten our breakfast of hard-tack. We have lived on our haver sacks since leaving Brashear City. Miserably wet, weary, and hungry, we throng down the road, and stop only to find ourselves the reserve and spectators in a sharp action that has already begun. The firing on both sides is sharp and continuous. The surgeons choose their location at a neighboring sugar-house, and are soon at their work. They make a pile of legs and arms, feet and hands. You would better not look at such things if you are about to expose yourselves to the probability of contributing to that ghastly pile. At last the rebels yield the field. Rebel prisoners in considerable numbers are marched to the rear. The third brigade seem to be spent. In that little time they have lost three hundred and twenty men. When the sun is near the horizon, leaving the surgeons attending to the wounded, a burial party gathering up the dead and laying them in a common grave, we marched to a pretty field sloping to the Teche, and encamped. The neighboring plantations eke out the rations, fresh beef being served by the commissary ; and we sleep long and well.

The chaplain on the "St. Mary" :—

April 11 we were packed with three other regiments and Nims's battery on board the little steamer "St. Mary" to cross Grand Lake. It was the intention to keep us on board but a few hours, but one of the gun-boats which was to accompany us ran aground, and we were compelled to remain on board forty hours ; and most uncomfortable hours they were to most of the privates, crowded so that it was impossible to lie down. The officers, on the other hand, had the cabin, and were made as comfortable as possible. A table was set, real plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and all such things which revive memories of things which have been. But my jaundice had become so much my master that it must be attended to, so, instead of the luxuries of the table, I indulged in blue pills and rhubarb. I had hoped for some rest ; but in came a mail,—two bags full,—and it was all hurry and work to get it distributed, and I was so wearied that I turned in without reading my letters. We stayed on board from Saturday P.M. to Monday noon, having crossed the Bay. When we attempted to land, the rebels, by some emphatic shells thrown at us, seemed to say, "No, you don't land here !" But we answered them with some shells more emphatic than theirs, "We will land here !" April 13 I found on landing that the horses of the brigade had been left

behind. The rebels had fallen back a little ways, and we might see or hear from them at any moment. The surgeons got out their instruments and stretchers, and we started on. My blanket, overcoat, etc., were safely strapped on Dolly's back, and when I should see her no one could tell. So I had nothing to look after except my haversack and canteen. I trudged on with the rest. After a few miles' march we came upon a battery of rebels, which one of ours soon shelled out. By that time night came on, and we must halt. We spread out on each side of the road, and the men lay on their arms. The men lent me a blanket. The colonel spread down his rubber in a ditch between two cotton rows. He and I lay down and spread our blankets over us, till a shower came up and deluged us. Next morning we were early on the move.

From Church's journal:—

"*April 11.*—Our whole brigade, battery and all, were packed aboard a little steamer called 'St. Mary.' Talk about packing herrings in a box: they have large room in comparison. It was hot on shore, hotter on the water, and hottest in those crowded decks. When we lay down, the outside men hung overboard; but there was no danger of falling into the water, for the men overlapped each other like shingles on a roof. We were aboard forty hours. After landing, we had breakfast, dinner, and supper, all in one. It was our first square meal for three days. While we dined, we were called up to support the battery. We had no time for after-dinner conversation, but shouldered our muskets, and were in the march, keeping step to the music of the artillery and musketry firing in our front. After a sharp scrimmage, we lay down with our arms, and on the next morning we were up early; and we witnessed, but did not share in, the battle of Indian Ridge. We were retained in the rear while the first brigade forced their way to the front. It was a hard place. One man thought it time to secure a safe place for his knapsack. He started to do so, but the captain's revolver convinced him that his knapsack was safe where he was. The Johnnies gave up the field, and went their way. An expert butcher and myself were detailed at night to go to a pasture near by and kill a beef for the company. We had both been two nights without sleep, and did not like the order. It was twelve at night before we were in our blankets, too tired to eat any of the meat we had secured."

From J. K. H.:—

"April 11 Gen. Grover's division embarked at Brashear City.

On the transport 'St. Mary' we underwent a packing to which the stowage aboard the 'Illinois' was nothing. Our little boat carried three regiments, horses, and the greater part of the men of a battery. We went on board Saturday afternoon, expecting to remain there but a few hours; but we really stayed forty hours. We could not lie down, so sat with our legs curled under us in a blazing hot sun, under which we almost *popped* out on the deck like kernels of corn on an iron plate. Night came, and I slept with men crowding everywhere, right beneath me four or five muskets not covered over. I got up in the morning tattooed like a Carib where the steel projections of the muskets had pressed into my back and legs. Monday morning, when the fog lifted, a regiment or two was put ashore from the fleet, and found a party of rebels on hand to oppose the landing. The firing was sharp for a few minutes, when the enemy retired and we had opportunity to land. In the afternoon we were on the march. We plunged into a tall forest where there was a dense undergrowth of canes, the road underneath a perpetual quagmire. The road was heavy, and cut deep with artillery wheels, through whose ruts we waded and jumped, with every now and then a sound of cannon to stimulate us from the advance. At night we crossed the Teche by the bridge which the rebels had attempted to burn, companies of the 52d now deployed as skirmishers. A section of the Massachusetts battery went out across the field, under charge of a straight, finely riding lieutenant, and presently were at it, throwing shell into clumps of trees where there were suspicious signs. A squad of rebel prisoners went by us under a convoy of cavalry. They were stout, well-fed men, some in butternut dress, some in gray. We camp, as we often do, in a ploughed field. We are sadly in want of sleep, for during the two previous nights we have had almost none. We do not stop to pitch tents, but lie down in the furrows, trying to make provision against the impending rain. Down it comes at midnight, then at intervals till morning. Another tough and almost sleepless night. Our equipments are all, of course, on, and our loaded guns at our sides, to guard against a night surprise. At 4 A.M., wet and unrefreshed, we are on our feet again. No time for making coffee. We are ordered into line at once, and march forth into fearful scenes. We march out into the road, a listless, half-exhausted body of men. During the three previous nights we have had little sleep, and but little food since the Saturday before. It is now Tuesday. We are more or less drenched with rain, and

our blankets and clothing weigh double with the moisture. Presently we hear the sound of firing. Each minute the roar of cannon is more frequent, and becomes mingled at last with the sharp, rattling volley of arms. We come at last into full view of the scene. We halt in the road, waiting for orders to go in. Hear that long crash of musketry, each individual discharge so blending into the others that we can only hear one long sound ! It is a rebel volley, terribly effective, as we afterwards hear. Then we are ordered forward, and presently are on the field. We are passing ammunition wagons now, and now a tree beneath which the surgeons are at work.

“The column files to the right, and we stand in line of battle in the rear of the action, within rifle range of the woods where the enemy lie concealed, expecting every moment the order to advance. The firing, however, slackens ; and presently comes word that the enemy are withdrawing. Prisoners come in by squads. It has been a sharply contested conflict. Toward night I go down the cart-path to the actual field, and see the broken muskets, the scattered knapsacks and clothing, the furrows where the enemy lay, the bloody pools where the dying fainted, the burial parties, the piles of corpses lying by the trenches just ready to receive them. They report that we lost in the neighborhood of four hundred, and only one brigade was engaged. It was a bloody strife opposite. Leaving a party to bury the dead, we march off, and encamp in a broad field, sloping down to the Teche. Permission was given to get from the neighboring plantations what was needed in the way of food ; and, after an exciting day, the regiment was soon at rest,—the rest we had won by the hardships of the three or four previous nights.”

Our little battle is known among the men as that of Irish Bend, by others as Indian Ridge. It does not make much of a figure in history. Newspaper reporters were not on hand ; but it was sharp, obstinate, and bloody. The small force engaged (the third brigade) was fearfully cut up.

XI.

UP THE TECHE.—INDIAN RIDGE TO OPELOUSAS.

[APRIL 14 TO APRIL 19, 1863.]

To Mrs. Moors :—

INDIAN RIDGE, Tuesday, April 14.

About 8 A.M. the booming of cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry told us there was hot work on hand. We were hurried on till we came in sight of the battle-field, where we were halted, and were held as a reserve. The battle raged for an hour. I climbed upon a fence, where I could rest and see what was going on. While we were waiting to be ordered in, the firing ceased, the rebels yielded their position and fled, and left us masters of the field. We soon had orders to move up, and take a position just in the rear of the ground where the battle was fought. Our men were at once employed in bringing in the wounded ; and a terrible sight it was. The loss in some of our regiments was very severe, the Connecticut 24th and the New York 59th, in particular. I was so weak I rolled myself up in a blanket, and lay down upon the ground all day, and did nothing. I did not even go over the battle-field. We remained on the field till near sundown, when we moved to a better camping ground. I took three wide rails off a fence, put one end of them across another rail two feet from the ground, and so made a good covering for the night. I borrowed a blanket, and climbed under the rails, and slept well, forgetful alike of battles and jaundice. The next morning we were called very early. It was evident we were to have a hard march. The rebels were in full retreat ; and we must follow them up closely, the closer the better, lest they should burn the bridges, and do everything they should not do for our sakes. So after them we started. The day was pleasant, the roads good. I secured a contraband to carry my haversack ; and on we went all day long, stopping only for short rests. We marched twenty miles, which was a good deal for the men, and a good deal for me ; for I was very weak. In the course of the evening our horses came up. I was glad to see Dolly, but it involved additional care. I could feed myself on hard-tack and coffee ; but how to get anything for her to eat was a matter of more difficulty. The next day, Thursday, we made

about fifteen miles only. We were then at New Iberia, a town on the Teche. The next morning it appeared that Gen. Banks had appointed Capt. Long provost-marshal, with Cos. A, E, F, and G to act as guard. I wanted to stay with them for a few days' rest; but our men were falling out fearfully, getting sick and foot-sore. I did not like to ask the colonel to allow me to stop, so pushed on with the rest; and it was the hardest day of the whole march. The rebels were just ahead, in full retreat, and were having frequent skirmishes with our advance guard. The dead horses and wounded men by the side of the road told the story. There was a bridge at Vermillion Bayou, twelve or fourteen miles ahead. They would burn it if they could, and we must save it if possible. So on we were hurried as fast as we could go, one after another falling out. About 4 P.M. a smoke ahead told us that the rebels had crossed the river, and had set fire to the bridge. They planted a battery on the other side, to further obstruct our passage. Nims's battery in front of us, and which we were to support, soon opened upon them; and the firing was sharp on both sides. The 52d were drawn up into line in the rear of the battery. And how many men do you suppose we numbered? Just fifty-nine privates and line officers! As I sat upon my horse, waiting to see what was to be done next, a twelve-pound ball struck, a rod from me, making the dirt fly in every direction, and the men, too, for that matter, knocking over some stacks of guns in its progress. As it went ricocheting by us, remembering that "discretion is the better part of valor," I concluded to show that better part by withdrawing from that position to the rear, where I spent the night. In the morning we removed to the banks of the bayou, where we waited to have the bridge rebuilt. It took all day to have the work completed, and we had a day of rest. A large number of the stragglers came up, and by night our ranks were quite full again. When we had made arrangements to spend the night where we were, there came the order to "fall in," and cross the bridge, and guard it against the return of the rebs to destroy it. Over the bridge we stopped. I tied Dolly to the first tree that offered, lay down under it, and was soon asleep. A storm was brewing. The thunder and lightning were incessant. Soon the rain began to pour. By the flashes of lightning, we could see a shed near by, and put for it,—Park and I. It proved to be a pig-pen well populated. We jumped in, and found on one side a sort of scaffold, which the porkers could not reach; but the fleas proved a

worse trouble than the rain, so I was glad enough to return to the tree where I had left Dolly. I leave Sergt.-Major Whitney to tell the tale.

From Church's journal:—

"*April 15.*—We started in pursuit of Dick Taylor's retreating force, and we made twenty-five miles that day. The officers' horses that had been left behind at Brashear City came up. In their absence, horses and mules had been secured on the plantations as we passed. When their horses came up, the confiscated ones were turned loose, only to be confiscated again by high-minded privates, who preferred to ride. Carts, wagons, old family carriages drawn by horses and mules, a yoke of oxen, a cow, or anything which had four legs and could be harnessed, were in demand. So fast has been our pace that, when we stopped, out of the six companies only fifty-nine were in line."

From J. K. H.:—

"*April 15.*—In the morning at half-past six we are off. We are to join Emory and Weitzel in a stern chase, which is a proverbially long chase. In three days we hunted that defeated army for nearly sixty miles. The first day we made twenty-five miles,—a tremendous march for men with knapsacks. Colored people of all ages and hues look at us from the roadside as we pass: white women and children peep out from the houses. Here and there are dead rebels flung to the side of the road in the haste of the headlong pursuit. The second and third day's marching used up the pursuers and the pursued. On the second day we camped at New Iberia. Four companies of the 52d are detailed for provost duty. On the third day, after about eighteen terrible and dusty miles, with men falling out exhausted in great numbers, we come out late in the afternoon upon the Bayou Vermillion. We halt in the rear of Nims's battery, and have just fifty-nine men to answer to their names out of the five hundred or so that started in the morning. Bayou Vermillion is a considerable stream. The enemy are crossing when we come in sight. They set the bridge on fire, and we have an opportunity to rest while it is rebuilt.

"Through some mistake we had retained our knapsacks, and so were in heavy marching order. The road was bordered by a hedge of orange-trees, whose fruit the soldiers could gather as they passed. Everywhere were signs of great wealth. The day

grew burning hot. We marched rapidly on, stopping occasionally to catch our breath. It was a forced march. Gen. Banks knows that every commander has been censured for not following up success, and now the success was to be followed up. Right, it should be so. Honor to our leader's energy! But you people who clamor for rapid movements, how little do you know what these things cost the poor infantry soldiers! I felt well, and marched with the best; but, when it grew to be late afternoon, there was something cruel about the steadfastness with which the blue and white brigade flag kept the road in advance. It turned at last into a field, which was to be our bivouac. We accomplished that day twenty-five miles by universal agreement, marching from seven in the morning till sundown. During the night the enemy retreated again, and we were early in pursuit. The road was still beautiful, but the heat became most oppressive. I have never found marching so difficult. Men exhausted by the rapid movement of the regiment were turning in under hedge and bush. I was determined to stand it while I could; but hotter grew the sun, the dust filled the stifling air, rests seemed infrequent. I was at the last point of exhaustion. I turned aside under a clump of bushes, and had just time to fling open my belt and straps, when my brain swam. I reeled, and had just consciousness enough to break my fall so as to have my knapsack for a pillow: then down I went, completely used up. I lay in a stupor thus, half-fainting, half-conscious, while within a few feet rolled and rumbled onward the advancing and victorious army. 'Yah moole,' I heard a darky say to his mule, 'I know you's tired and weak'; but there is no rest for man or beast. Others came and sat down with me, and so we rested. A negro came by with chickens and ducks slung on a pole. I got a duck from him, and from another a handful of onions to flavor the stew. Thus we reached New Iberia. We supposed we were to halt for a day or two in this village; but the enemy fled fast, so the next morning early we start out on another tedious march. The order to 'fall in' came so early and suddenly that we had no time to make coffee or take any breakfast. Capt. Long and four companies of the 52d were left behind as a guard. After a mile or two we came to a turn in the road where the advance had had a sharp skirmish with the retreating rebels. Six or seven dead horses along the road, and one poor fellow in butternut lay stretched on the sod, the morning light on his uncovered face. Five or six more were in a gully close by. There had

been no time to bury them. We, the living, had not even time to eat, and were sweeping onward in our pursuit.

"It was dreadfully tedious and hot. We marched by the hour together over dusty plains, under the burning sun. It was noon. We are still without breakfast. It is now two o'clock, and we have hobbled on some fourteen miles. I am sadly foot-sore. 'B.,' I exclaimed at last, 'I will fall out if you will.' He is sick and weary, more nearly spent than I am. We have half the regiment for company, strewn along the whole line of our march. We sleep for an hour by the side of the road, when two men of a Maine regiment come up with a hand-cart they have confiscated. We get permission to throw in our burdens, if only we will help draw the cart. In this way we pull and push forward a mile or two, our blistered feet making us limp at every step. Night comes, and every trace of the army disappears. I am for pushing on through the twilight, but B. is too ill. The Maine men are worn out, and the vote is to stay till morning. During the evening other stragglers arrive,—Bill Wilson's men, Irishmen, negroes,—so that we have a large assembly. One fellow has stolen a fiddle, on whose broken strings he manages to scrape out some tunes. We listen for a while, but sleep comes very soon. The next morning we start off, hoping to overtake the regiment. We learn that they are in a grove on the Bayou Vermillion. So close were they to the flying remnant of the rebel column that the bridge across the bayou was still in flames, and had become impassable. As they stack arms in the rear of Nims's battery, only four men of Co. D were left, the rest having fallen out. Of the 'Color Guard,' none were left. Of the five hundred strong that left that morning, only fifty-nine stood in their places. It was hard.

"Wednesday we accomplished twenty-five miles; Thursday, twelve or thirteen; Friday, without any time to cook anything, eighteen or nineteen. There was more to be done, however. 'Which is better,' said the colonel, 'to undergo all this fatigue and labor or to have bloody battles and lose half the regiment?' Banks had the alternative to follow by forced marches on the very heels of the rebels or to fight battles. He chose the former course. On Saturday night the bridge was rebuilt, and the 52d was ordered across to guard it. We lay down after dark on the opposite bank, and presently were drenched in torrents of rain in a furious tempest. We lay in the pools, under the storm, until morning: then, with all our baggage weighing double, we started

off through deep mud for Opelousas, accomplishing the march of twenty-five miles during Sunday and Monday. I have just had a glance at the map. How little one can tell! Louisiana is done up neatly in pink. There is a cool-looking sheet of water, that dismal Grand Lake where we came pretty near 'going up,' all of us, on the 'St. Mary.' From Franklin to New Iberia is a little stretch up through the pink, with not a mention of those dusty leagues along which we almost left our lives as we limped over them. The map is unsatisfactory; but catch us forgetting what ache and sweat and hunger that distance cost us!"

The chaplain to his wife:—

You suggest in one of your letters that an egg beaten up with whiskey would be very strengthening on a long march. Yes, undoubtedly: but the trouble is, first, where is the whiskey to come from, and, secondly, where the egg? There is the rub. Hard-tack and coffee Uncle Sam furnishes for such occasions.

April 19.—Orders came to start early. Capt. Perkins asked me to eat some chicken broth with him. By the time it was cooked another shower deluged us. As I ate the broth, about as much water ran into the cup from my cap and from the clouds as I could eat with my spoon. So the cup of soup held out a great while. It was Sunday morning. During the pouring rain the army was defiling by, the artillery dragging through the mud, and the infantry soaked with rain. Before the rain was over we wheeled into the line, and tramped on through mud and water all day. It was a hard Sunday. Nothing to remind one that it was Sunday. Our road lay along broad plains, stretching on for miles, on which were immense herds of cattle. Horses, mules, sheep, and swine were very abundant; and the idea of starving out the rebels, which had been discussed so freely, was seen to be quite ridiculous. Whenever we stopped for the night, men were at once sent out, and brought in beef, pork, and poultry for the regiment. The rebels, as they retreated, attempted to burn, and in many places succeeded in burning, the cotton; but we were so near their heels that they could not do much of that work. Every bridge they could burn they did, and made us stop to repair it or wade through the stream.

April 20.—Monday night brought us to the little tumble-down town of Opelousas, where we expected the rebels would make a stand. But they were too much used up for that, and the town made an unconditional surrender.

We reached here as tired and jaded a set of men as you can think of. Here we rested till Sunday morning in a tolerable camping ground, only there was no water within a quarter of a mile, and then it was so muddy and slimy it seemed almost impossible to drink or wash in it. This lack of decent water is a great drawback to this country. On Sunday we marched to Barre's Landing.

From Sergt. Whitney:—

"Saturday, April 18, we have for a rest. By night the bridge being completed, we move across the bayou, and camp beside the road, to protect the new bridge from rebel assault. The chaplain and sergeant-major have made their beds together for most of these campaigning nights, and they select a place on which now to get their sleep. The clouds threatened rain, and the proposed place is dishing; but the spot is sheltered by the dense foliage of a tree, and there are bulging roots for pillows. They have been too long in the field to be particular, so they roll themselves up in the blankets, and are soon fast asleep, side by side. Then come the first drops of rain, increasing in quantity slowly. The chaplain and sergeant-major are awake enough to keep from being stepped on; and at last the rain pours, and, working through the foliage, falls down upon them. They draw up their rubber blankets, and the rain falls upon their feet. They push down their blankets, and it comes through their hair. The chaplain gets up, and looks for a better place. He comes back. 'Sergeant-major, I have found a good dry place: you would better come with me.' 'Where is it?' sleepily. 'In a pig-pen,—a nice, dry shelf in a pig-pen, under the roof. I am going there, and you would better come.' The sergeant-major aches in every bone, besides being very doubtful whether, in this excellent and attractive place, there is room enough for two. 'I guess I will stay here'; and, after covering himself to keep off the rain, he goes off to sleep. In half an hour he is disturbed by some one who proposes to lie down by his side. This is not surprising, for war makes strange bed-fellows. But he sleepily and mildly asks, 'Who is it?' 'It is I,' the chaplain replies: 'I have come back.' 'What is the matter? Why did you not stay?' A fresh flash of lightning reveals the chaplain giving an uneasy scratch to his trousers: it is not necessary for him to add the single word 'fleas.' In the morning the two comrades find themselves on an island in the midst of a considerable pond. Luckily, by the help of a darky, they are able to dry their blankets before it pours again."

From Church's journal:—

"*April* 19.—With clothes, blankets, etc., wet, weighing twice their usual weight, we marched on five or six miles to Lafayette. From Vermillion Bayou a two days' march brought us to Opelousas, fording a bayou where the water was up to our waists. Dick Taylor's army was thoroughly disposed of. We had followed them up so closely that they had not time to concentrate. Here we rested five days. Some confiscated tobacco was issued, and we forgot our troubles, and our blisters healed. In six days we had marched one hundred and forty miles. Rations have been scarce; and we were a hard-looking crowd, so sunburnt as to look like mulattoes, out at the elbows, out at the knees, out of money, out of patience,—nothing plenty but hard marching, lice, and fleas.

"One day an effort was made to skin the hind legs of an alligator, which had been shot an hour or two before. Eight or ten of us were standing around to witness the operation. When the knife penetrated the thick hide, Mr. Alligator swung around his long tail, and we very unanimously lay in the dust. 'Golly, massa soger!' said an old ducky: 'dat critter won't die till de sun go down.' And he did not."

XII.

OPELOUSAS TO BARRE'S LANDING.

[APRIL 20 TO MAY 10, 1863.]

From Col. Greenleaf:—

“When the brigade reached Vermillion Bayou at sundown, the six remaining companies of the 52d Massachusetts could muster but fifty-nine men with the colors, the 24th Connecticut but one hundred and fifty, etc., by far the greater number of each command having fallen out by the way, from sheer physical exhaustion.

“Veterans all understand the necessity for preserving the proper intervals between regiments and brigades on such a march, and that no regimental or brigade commander has any alternative but to bear aloft and carry forward his colors, however hot the advance may make the pace. And thus the physical energies of man and beast were taxed to the utmost in reaching Opelousas, and apparently to little purpose, as we took few prisoners and captured little property; but we did make things lively for Gen. Taylor. We at least demoralized his army and scattered his forces.”

Gen. Banks gives a more cheerful account of the enterprise.

GEN. BANKS'S REPORT TO GEN. GRANT.

OPELOUSAS, April 23, 1863.

We have pushed with vigor the expedition upon which we were engaged. Our success has been complete. We have utterly destroyed the army and navy of this part of the Confederacy, and made it impossible for the enemy to reorganize his forces for some months to come. The infantry is completely dispersed. We have captured two thousand prisoners, one thousand stand of arms, ammunition, ordnance stores, etc., twenty heavy guns, demolished his founderies at Franklin and New Iberia, and the salt-works below Iberia. We have captured two steamers and several boats, and compelled the destruction of ten or twelve transport steamers. The capture of the fortifications at Butte à la Rose opens to us completely the Atchafalaya to Red River.

At the same time Gen. Banks issued a proclamation of thanks to the army for the vigor with which they had conducted the campaign and the success which had attended their efforts.

The colonel's account:—

“After resting a few days at Opelousas, Grover's division was ordered to Barre's Landing, on the Courtableau, a tributary of the Atchafalaya, nine miles distant, and near the head of steam navigation for Mississippi River boats, where it set to work at once to ‘gobble’ up the products of the country,—cotton, sugar, molasses, horses, cattle, mules, etc.,—to ship to New Orleans everything (nearly everything) but the live stock. But soon the army was ready to move on to Alexandria on the Red River; and yet it was regarded important that a considerable force should be left at Barre's Landing to continue the service of seizing the products of the country, shipping the same to New Orleans, receiving and forwarding other troops and supplies for the main army above, and last, though not least, receiving and guarding Gen. Butler's historic ‘contraband of war.’

“Accordingly, at this time the colonel of the 52d Regiment received an order from the general commanding, appointing him commandant of the post, and charging him with these somewhat important duties.

“The army moved forward, but the general was kind enough and considerate enough to allow me to retain the six companies of my regiment as a part of the post command.

“Soon after I had been assigned to this command, and just as Gen. Grover was leaving the landing with his division, I was waited upon by his quartermaster, Capt. F. W. Perkins,—a gentleman and scholar as well as soldier,—and was informed by him that, while engaged in the general confiscation business with which he had heretofore been specially charged, he had made the acquaintance of a genuine Union man,—a wealthy planter residing about two miles from the post,—who had voluntarily delivered to him his cotton, sugar, and molasses, and hauled it to the steamboat landing himself, taking the quartermaster's receipt therefor; and that, in addition to this, the planter had actually saved him and his foraging squad from capture while on confiscating duty, by giving him timely warning of the presence of the enemy, who was lying in ambush for him; that, on being thus warned, he procured additional force, and dispersed the enemy; that, in consideration of this double service rendered, as well as in consideration of the

fact that he had already parted with much property, he promised the planter that he would not molest him further; and that, on learning that he (Capt. Perkins) was to move on with Gen. Grover, while I was to remain, he had given the planter a letter to me, setting forth these facts, and commending him to my favor and consideration, not then expecting that he would be able to see me in person; but that, having the opportunity, he improved it to see me.

"I answered the quartermaster that I was willing to accept his statement of the case, and disposed to act upon his suggestion; that I was disposed to discriminate always, so far as possible in such matters, between the loyal and disloyal citizen, and that I saw no reason why I should make an exception to the rule with his friend, the planter. The quartermaster—noble fellow! met a tragic death—thanked me, and left; and a day or two later the Union man and planter came with his letter.

"I found the letter as represented, and the planter confirmed the statements made to me by the quartermaster. I promised to protect him (the planter) from further molestation; and, with a cordial invitation for me to visit him on his plantation, he left me. A few days later a delegation of negroes—intelligent, healthy, hearty-looking fellows—waited upon me, as they said, 'to advise with me about the situation.' They had noticed men, women, and children of their people flocking to the post by the thousand, and that they were protected and fed when they reached us. They wanted my advice with regard to their own coming, also, with their families. I asked them whence they came and to whom they belonged. They answered that they came from a plantation about two miles away, and that they belonged to 'Massa Gantt,'—our Union friend and planter.

"I then asked them if 'Massa Gantt' was kind to them. They said he was. If he fed and clothed them well. They said he did; that they had no fault whatever to find with his treatment of them, but they 'wanted to be free.' I answered them that they could come within our lines, with their families, if they wished, and that, if they came, they should be protected the same as others; but that, from what I had learned of 'Massa Gantt' before and from what they had just told me, my advice to them would be to remain, for the present, just where they were. I told them I had little doubt that they would all be free when the war should be over, wherever they might be, but that, if they undertook to follow

the fortunes of the army with their families, I feared but few of them would live to return. And I predicated the latter statement on what I had known of the great mortality which had prevailed among negroes when congregated in camp in large numbers. The death-rate had been fearful: they had died off like diseased sheep.

"These 'Gantt' negroes thanked me for my advice, said they should act upon it, and bowed themselves out of headquarters. A week or two later I accepted Mr. Gantt's invitation, and visited him at his house. I then and there saw some of the negroes again,—saw how they fared, how they lived, etc.,—and was confirmed in the opinion that I had given them wise counsel. Time passed on. Gen. Banks was advised that Gen. Gardner had, as anticipated, reduced his force at Port Hudson. Accordingly, he hastened from Alexandria with the main army, recrossed the Mississippi, and formally invested the offending town."

To my wife:—

Opelousas, April 25, 1863.

We have had a hard, long march to this place. The rebels were on the run; and, the faster we marched, the less chance they had to turn back and fight us. So on, on we went. The days were hot, the roads good, the fields on every hand were covered with herds which told us that the rebels were not starving. We halted once where several dead horses told of a sharp skirmish. A house near by was completely sacked by our boys. I am sorry to say the 52d helped. They destroyed everything they could lay hands on. That night I slept with the men of Co. H, and our horses came up at night, and of course I felt stronger. It was with some difficulty, however, I rode. My jaundice made me so sleepy that I could hardly keep my seat.

April 20.—Next day was Sunday. We were roused up early, and had breakfast, but before we were through with it there came another shower. I had a present of some chicken broth, which was a great refreshment. We spent the day in a dreary, hot, wearying march, twenty miles, to Opelousas. We must make it in two days, and make all manner of detours in order to cross the streams where the rebels had burned the bridges. We had to wade the horses and guns through the bayous. The last day we waded the whole army through a large pond with water two feet deep. We reached Opelousas at sundown on Monday, April 20, tired and

jaded as we possibly could be. We could hardly have stood it another day. We had accomplished our part of scattering the rebel forces. It was good policy, doubtless, to push us on in that way, but a hard one for our regiment. The next day Banks issued an order which was read at dress parade, in which he congratulated us upon the success of the movement and the great things we had achieved. The rest here has been very grateful. The drawback is the miserable water, not fit to use. We have to drink water that you would not suppose a pig would drink, — muddy, slimy, nasty, hot. Yesterday I bathed in a mud-puddle that removed one layer of dirt and replaced it by another. We are living well just now, plenty of poultry and fresh beef. Whitney and I eat out of the same tin plate. We have allied our forces. We have two cups, one plate, two spoons, between us. Fortunately, he does not swear nor use tobacco.

We have left an awful scene of desolation behind us. In spite of the orders not to pillage, burned and sacked houses mark our course. We are getting impatient to have the time come for our return home, but I do not regret coming; but I do want to see something accomplished.

The only looting I have observed in which the 52d Regiment have taken a part has been on this march. Looting is a very different thing from foraging. The latter is securing, without pay to the owner, the necessary food for the support of an army while in a hostile country, and can be defended by the necessities of war. Looting is stealing and destroying all property the men can lay their hands on, without any idea of benefit to themselves.

We have done a good deal of foraging, of course, but never till this march any looting that I have observed. Our men had become careless of the rights of property, and it must be confessed there were provocations for looting. For instance, one day on this march we were passing a large, fine-looking plantation house. A guard of Union soldiers was placed there, as was usually done, to protect the place from molestation from the army passing by. But the owner came out in a great rage, cursed the guard and the officer who placed it as well as the army and the Union government, whereupon the officer removed the guard, and left the place to its fate. The soldiers at once rushed into the house, and ransacked it from basement to attic, broke up the furniture, including a nice piano, carried off such articles of ornament as they fancied, and left the place a desolate wreck. Of course, the boys were to

blame; but the owner, by his intemperate rage, brought the evil upon himself.

BARRE'S LANDING, April 27, 1863.

Everything promised a quiet Sunday, and that implied a religious service, which we have not heard for about two months. Ball came back this morning with about fifty others, who had been left sick at Bayou Bœuf. He has been a long time on the way.

Saturday P.M. came an order to prepare to move next morning at six o'clock from Opelousas. Just after we started Booth, of Co. B, who had been ill for several days, fainted, and fell by the wayside. His companions saw that death was nigh. They waited a little while till they were sure that life was extinct, then dug a grave, wrapped the body of their comrade in his blanket, covered it over, and hurried on to join their places in the ranks. The chaplain was in the advance, and too far away to reach, so the poor fellow found a lonely grave by the wayside, with no religious service and nothing to mark the spot. We moved directly east from Opelousas, and were brought up by the breaking of a bridge over the road as the cavalry was passing. About three o'clock in the afternoon we reached this place at the junction of the Teche and Bayou Courtableau, called Barre's Landing, ten miles east from Opelousas and thirty or forty from Port Hudson. It is a good camping ground, with good water; and I am off with others for a bath. We found first-rate bathing, water quite decent, not an alligator nor a moccasin in sight all the while. When we reached here, there was a rumor that blackberries could be found in a field. So, with my tin cup, I rushed in with the others, and filled it half-full with green ones, then filled the cup with sugar and water, kindled a fire on the ground with twigs, sat down by it, and stewed them. You can have no idea how good they were. I only regret that the stock of blackberries was so soon exhausted. I took supper with the colonel, who is very kind, and is as popular as ever with the men. His popularity is well deserved. After supper I went to see a Texan on a trained horse lasso some cattle. He did it very skilfully. This morning I found near the camp an old carryall, and with some assistance drew it into camp, and made it my headquarters. It protects me from the sun, for we have as yet no tents. I hope I can keep it. We are now in the heart of a great cotton and sugar growing region. We are gathering them in in great quantities, to be loaded on steamers for the market. We employ several mule teams a day. Gen. Banks, I

am told, estimated the cotton and sugar to be obtained in this region at \$10,000,000. It will take a great while to gather it all in. I prefer to stay here in this lonely, out-of-the-way place than to march as we have been.

Sunday seems to be the day chosen for extra work. We are here, guarding this landing-place, where we are hauling in an immense quantity of cotton, to be sent to New Orleans. We have had no religious service for six weeks. I am getting much better. The regiment is a good deal scattered. It is a miserable life that we are leading, but I am now quite at my ease.

May 1, 1863.—I have just heard of Perrigo's death. He died at Bayou Bœuf, a hundred miles at least from here. He was a good fellow. I am sorry to hear of his death.

You ask about my clothing. Well, it is a little dilapidated. My stockings are out at the toes, and so are not convenient for pulling on my boots; for that process is likely to leave the stockings at the top of my boots. I have not any undershirt except the one I had on when the extra baggage was sent away. Constant wear and occasional washing in these dirty puddles have rendered it rather thin in texture. To-day the whole back came off. What is left of it—that is, the front and arms—Ball washed; and I propose to adorn myself in it if it grows cool to-night. The military cap, which has often done duty as a night-cap, is in a shocking bad condition; but a man here is braiding me a palm-leaf, which is easily obtained. The swamps are full of it. He will have to split it with his jack-knife, and it will be rather green at first; but it will gradually fade to a respectable white. My solitary pair of trousers is decidedly the worse for wear. I have found that my relations with lizards, fleas, and possibly snakes, would be less intimate if I wore my trousers at night, so they have clothed my lower extremities ever since I left Greenfield. They have not quite passed the power of my needle; but, when they do give way, it will be like the "Deacon's One-hoss Shay." The color, too, has become a little uncertain,—hardly pass now for army blue. Meals taken in the open air, without a table, run great risks of scattering grease and molasses, which abound in this country, into your lap. The march in the rear of an army, where the dust is so dense you can see but a little ways before you, enables the dust and the grease to form intimate relationships. There are no chairs, of course; and the trousers frequently bear from place to

place marks of the various geological strata through which we have passed. The beauty of my overcoat is sacrificed to its utility, for I spread it under me at night; and the time I spent in the pig-pen imparted to it some odors which linger about it, as do those of the flowers about the shattered vase. On the whole, I am well off for clothes. About the only thing in which the regiment at present is uniform is in having two large holes or patches in the seat of their trousers. I wish we could make our appearance in Greenfield streets in our present rig. I am sure you would all be entertained.

It is May Day: the sun is hot. We have talked of crowning a queen of May, but the only queen we could find was Dr. Sawyer's black cook.—a very good woman, doubtless; but we could not get up much enthusiasm for her.

From the *Gazette* and *Courier*:—

Barre's Landing, May 4.—We have had eight weeks now of service in the field; and active service it has been. We have had no fighting, but we have had a great deal of hard marching. Every march we have made has been harder than any previous one. Camp Miller was the life of princes; Camp Banks, a good deal harder; our first camp at Baton Rouge, harder still; the second, harder than the first; and since then we have been in the field, learning by experience the hard lessons of war. This is a big country, as level as it can be. You don't know how we sigh for a good-sized New England hill. The boys and girls at home could know nothing of coasting here, even if they had the snow. On our marches we have generally had good roads. In the long march from Berwick Bay to Opelousas we marched over plains unfenced and which were covered with herds of cattle, which find grand pasture there. It does not look as if the rebels were in danger of starving. They have plenty of fresh meat and corn-meal. Our men have been busy here at Barre's Landing bringing in cotton. More than four thousand bales have been brought in, and sent by boat to New Orleans. Our regiment has dwindled away almost to a point. We are like a big snake, with the head here, the folds at New Iberia, Brashear City, Bayou Boeuf, and New Orleans, and the tail at Baton Rouge. Four of our companies are at New Iberia, under Capt. Long, one of the most popular and efficient officers we have.

Dr. Richardson was sick, and left behind at Bayou Boeuf. Now Dr. Sawyer is sick, and is going to Brashear City. So we are

quite destitute of doctors, except as we use those of other regiments.

May 7.—This is a fine level country. I have not seen a hill or stone since I came into the State. The land is fertile, bears great crops of cotton, corn, and sugar-cane, and produces more alligators, snakes, lizards, scorpions, negroes, to the acre than any other State in the Union. There have been three thousand *colored* people brought here since we came. I am provoked to see that some of the newspapers at home are croaking fearfully about the Banks expedition,—that it has proved a failure, as many thought it would, the waste of time and money, that Banks is a coward, and so on. Now the man that says this is a rebel at heart; for it is false, every word of it. When the facts of the expedition are known, every honest man will say that it has been thus far eminently successful.

At Barre's Landing we spent most of the month of May, as peaceful and uneventful a month as possible, alike removed from war and civilization. Here we gathered in contrabands by the thousands—a picturesque crowd—and cotton in great amounts. It was a prolonged picnic. The boys, in gathering cotton for the country's use, gathered in chickens at the same time for their own use. Cooking utensils were not abundant: our tin pot was our main dependence. I told the boys one morning that, if they found a kettle lying around loose anywhere, they might bring it along. At night one brought the very thing I needed,—namely, a coal hod,—which served my purpose admirably. There was no lack of poultry just then, some pork and potatoes could be secured at the sutler's, and the commissary furnished hard-tack; and such delicious stews as we had! Cannot get such living any where else. Before my stew was quite cooked, the boys would come up to see if they could get the loan of the chaplain's coal-hod for their own stew. The coal-hod became a great favorite in the regiment. Prolonged fasts on the previous march had prepared good appetites for the luxuries Barre's Landing furnished. I have gone somewhat extensively into the hen business. I keep some hens tethered to stakes about the camp, and they furnish us some fresh eggs; but the hens are consigned to the coal-hod on the first rumor of breaking up camp. Their missing places are soon supplied. I think the planters in this region must have come to the conclusion that the Yankees were fond of poultry, and had good appetites. I wrote one sermon at Barre's Landing; but it was not

upon the subject of stealing chickens. Such a topic would have made a disturbance in camp.

May 4, '63.—At dress parade I invited the men to a prayer-meeting. We have not had one for a long time, and a hundred or more came to the meeting in my tent. The men sat down on the ground in the open air. I had my confiscated carryall seat for a pulpit. There are a multitude of men ready to help carry on such meetings. Sunday was a splendid day. I looked over my one sermon, and got ready for church, which consisted in sponging my clothes with soap and water and mending them as well as I could. We had a large congregation, good singing, and the sermon was as good as the chaplain could make it. Then a bath in the river, and afterwards a dinner, which consisted of minute pudding and pickles. Then a call from Major Hall, a splendid fellow, full of health and life, loves the service, especially in the cavalry, which is full of excitement. He has all the dash and boldness required for a good cavalry officer. He stayed to supper with me, which consisted of mush and molasses; and, by a little management, I contrived to have one plate for him and another for myself. I hope we are to remain here and continue to guard this place. The camp is better than I shall expect to get elsewhere. We do not suffer much with mosquitoes, but the fleas are almost intolerable.

May 10.—In the evening we had a prayer-meeting in a cook shanty. A picturesque sight I thought it. The shanty made of rails, one tallow candle, forty or fifty rough men in their shirt-sleeves or ragged coats, but all interested and earnest as they could be. The chaplain had a chair, and sat in the centre as moderator. After the meeting Hosmer and I went over to the "nigger quarters," as they are called, where there were hundreds of the poor creatures who have taken refuge with us. Poor fellows! they have had a hard lot of it, and a still harder one is in store. The present generation must suffer, whatever be the final issue.

Corp. Hosmer at Barre's Landing:—

"A mountain of cotton bales is piled upon the river bank, to which hundreds of teams are continually adding. We are stationed here to serve as a guard while this property is being gathered. Is this hard? It is the government policy, and should be thus defended. The owners of all this are rebels, who have fled at our approach. It is right, therefore, to confiscate their property. Great barbarities, I fear, have been committed; but of these I have seen

but little. They are committed by stragglers. I do own up frankly to pillaging, to have stolen some onions in the Swayze garden, to have assisted in robbing some sugar-casks, and to have held a candle while a lot of purloined cattle have been butchered. It is nearly three weeks since we encamped on the Courtableau. The pile of cotton is a mountain at the landing. All day long teams have brought it in, and now it goes piecemeal through the bayou on little steamers toward New Orleans. I am reduced now to about the last stage. My blouse grows raggeder, my boots, as the boys say, are hungry in many places. I have only one shirt, and that has shrunk about the neck until buttons and button-holes are irretrievably divorced. Washing days, if I were anywhere else, I should have to lie abed until the washerwoman brought me the shirt. Now I cannot lie abed for two reasons: first, I am washerwoman myself; second, the bed is only bed at night. By daytime it is parlor floor, divan, dining-room, and library, and therefore taken up. I have long been without a cup. Somebody stole mine; and I, unfortunately for me, am deterred by the relic of a moral scruple which still lingers in my breast from stealing somebody's else in return. Rations pall nowadays. We pine for simple fruits and vegetables. The other day, however, I received a gift. An easy-conscienced friend of mine bestowed on me a superb turkey,—the biggest turkey I ever saw, probably the grandfather of the whole race. He was fat, moreover, so that he looked like an apoplectic alderman. I carried him to my tent with toil and sweat; but what to do with him for the night? If he were left outside, he would certainly be stolen. So the only way was to make a bed-fellow of him. Occasionally he woke up, and gobbled. I feared all the night the peck of his bill and the impact of his spurs. In the morning we immolated him with proper ceremonies. The chaplain's coal-hod — the best thing in camp to make a soup in — was in use; but I found a kettle, and prepared for an immense and savory stew, the memory of which will ever steam up to me from the past with grateful sweetness."

XIII.

DOWN THE TECHE.

[MAY 21, 1863.]

The colonel's address : —

“May 21 orders came to us to vacate Barre's Landing, and to march back to Brashear City.

“Col. Morgan, with the 90th New York Infantry, Col. Chickering, with the 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, had previously arrived. Both officers ‘ranked’ me, and both assumed to command *en route*. The train was about eight miles long. In it were about five thousand ‘contrabands,’ men, women, and children. One of the lieutenants of the 52d Regiment, a brave soldier, but, sad to tell, not as proficient in our English grammar as in the military tactics, was charged with the somewhat onerous duty of getting the negroes in line preparatory to marching, the first day: but he found it considerable of an undertaking. If he succeeded in getting a few in line, and then left them to bring others up, the first would fall out, and then he would be compelled to go all through with the same motions again: and so on, until the poor fellow got pretty much discouraged. At last, having got them in the best shape he could, having toiled and sweat at the business for some hours, he approached his captain, gave the military salute, and reported, ‘Captain, I have the honor to report that the *colored corps* is now ready to move.’

“It was so ordered that morning that my little command had the rear of the moving train, and therefore was the last to file out of camp. I remained to see the last company and the last negro off; and, just as the left of the last company filed past me into the highway, I heard loud shouting and considerable of a hurrah on the opposite side of the bayou, and, turning, saw a long line of mule trains, laden with a great variety of ‘plunder,’ mainly household effects topped out with any number of ‘contrabands,’ of all ages and both sexes, hurrying pell-mell to the Landing.

“I waited for the first ferry-load to cross, and was soon saluted

by two or three of the same colored delegation that had favored me with a visit from our Union friend's—'Massa Gantt's'—plantation a few weeks previous, and who then asked and accepted my advice with respect to themselves. I expressed some surprise at seeing them (having first returned the salute), and asked them what they were doing. They said, when they left me before, they thought they would do as I advised them, and stay with 'Massa Gantt'; but, when they learned the day before that we were all going to leave, they changed their minds, and concluded to 'go 'long, too,' and then asked me if they should not push on, and join their friends. I said, 'Certainly you can, if you wish; but how about these mules and wagons and provisions and fine household furniture? Are these all yours?' 'No: dem tings all 'long to Massa Gantt; but we wants 'em, and so we takes 'em.' 'But is that right? Ought you to take things in this way which do not belong to you? Your people who have gone along are not provided with such things, nor are the soldiers even; and why should you *steal* them in order to have them?' 'Well, we wants 'em, and so takes 'em,' was all they were inclined to say about it. And so I left them, and rode at once to Col. Chickering,—who, by special order from Gen. Banks, had command of the train,—briefly made known to him the situation, and suggested that, while the negroes themselves should be taken and cared for, they should be required to surrender their stolen property, and that it should be returned to the owner. But the colonel took a different view of the plunder question. He said, 'Let them go along with us to Brashear City, and you can report the matter there to the post commander.' So, musing on the mutability of all human affairs, and of the affairs of 'contrabands of war' in particular, I rejoined my regiment. A few hours later the plundered gentleman himself overtook the train, and rode up to me and my staff. He arose at the usual hour that morning, to find himself dispossessed of nearly all his personal property,—mules, wagons, beds, bedding, beef, pork, crockery, silver-ware, cutlery, furniture,—everything, pretty much, that the sable crowd could lay their hands on had been taken; that they had not even left silver or crockery or cutlery or pork enough to set a table for two. And what could he do about it? I reported to him what I had myself seen and already done in the premises, explained the situation as well as I could, and suggested to him that he accompany us to Brashear City, one hundred and ten miles distant, where I would use the little influence I might

have to get the stolen property returned to him. The gentleman was only too glad to act upon my suggestion.

"The commanding officer, fearing an attack upon our rear and the loss of his train, favored us with a forced march the entire distance. The last day we were attacked, and marched forty miles in much the same deplorable condition as when we chased the rebels up the Teche, four or five weeks previously. Then the enemy ran before us: now we scud before them. But we arrived safely at the post, albeit we were nearly exhausted.

"On arriving, I found orders awaiting me to report without delay with my regiment to our brigade commander before Port Hudson. Gen. Banks having previously invested the town, all his available troops were needed. Orders, therefore, were at once given for the regiment to take cars for New Orleans, whence we were to take steamer up the river: and, while these orders were being executed, I went with Mr. Gantt to submit his case to the post commandant, Col. Walker, of the 4th Massachusetts. I briefly stated the case to Col. Walker, giving him the facts substantially as stated above, denounced the stealing by the negroes as an outrage which ought not to be encouraged by the authorities, and urged him strongly to deal justly by the wronged man, and order his property restored to him. Col. Walker gave me to understand that he would do this; and I left him to attend to his own duties, while, with my own brave lads, I hastened to continue my duties on the sanguinary fields of Port Hudson.

"A year or more later I was informed by our worthy and efficient division quartermaster, before mentioned, that Col. Walker refused to do anything whatever for our Union friend after I left; that he was compelled to return home empty-handed a few days afterward, mortified, disappointed, disgusted; and that his negroes, who so deserted and wronged him, had since, from some cause or other, nearly all died, that not more than five or six per centum of their number survived. And six months later, while honoring me with a friendly visit in New Orleans, the unfortunate gentleman himself confirmed the sad tale with his own lips."

Sergt.-Major Whitney wrote this account for the *Springfield Republican*, and I make copious extracts from it:—

"On the 21st of May we broke camp at Barre's Landing, and took up our southward march. At the head was the 41st Massachusetts Cavalry, then a train six or eight miles long, with here and there a regiment and a section of artillery, and then the rear

guard. The train was such a sight as few of us have ever had the chance to see. There were fifty ammunition wagons, the pieces having gone along with Banks. There was a drove of over one thousand horses, mules, and beeves. There were six thousand negroes on foot, on horseback, or in carts; five hundred emigrant wagons, loaded with everything conceivable, such as feather beds and bureaus, to mountainous heights; a nursing mother, with her baby, mounted on a pinnacle, or a self-conscious African beauty answering the salutations of the soldiers with smiles, showing a brilliant display of teeth. We must have made an amusing, even if an infuriating, spectacle to the natives. Though we were carrying off their chattels, real and personal, few could have failed to get a hearty laugh at the circus parade we furnished them with their earthly goods.

"The blooming of the roses attended our northward march. Now that is past, and the blackberry season has come instead. At every halt the men turn to the sides of the road, and eat great berries as big as their thumbs. Indeed, we did scarcely anything else. It is one of the curious things about heavy marching that the memory does not hold events or sights of the way in their true order. Experience follows experience, so that all events are well-nigh effaced. As one sits down to recall what happened on that march, there floats up a vision of soldiers swarming into sugar-houses with empty haversacks, and tumbling out again, laden with sweets. One loaded more than he liked; for the top of the hogshead of molasses had yielded under him, and he dropped in to his neck in the luscious fluid. Until that man could wash his clothes, he was not counted good company, except by the flies and ants. At the edge of every town the fifes and drums struck up, the men fell into step, brought their muskets from arms at will to right shoulder shift, and went down the street in impressive style. Very funny was one sight as we went through St. Martin's. Two ladies are sitting very haughtily on their upper gallery, through their fans watching the Feds go by, their heads held very loftily, and their looks full of disdain. Suddenly their colored mammy rushed out from the lower part of the house, overpowered by the sight of our long procession, and determined, though weighing fully two hundred and fifty pounds, to go on foot with us, many thousands of her people, sure that liberty and happiness would be wherever they were going. Suddenly the haughtiness of the fine ladies on the gallery changed. They flashed down the inner

stairs, rushed to the very edge of the street, got each a fat arm of their household reliance, and sought to drag her back to the house. The soldiers cheered both sides, but the ladies prevailed.

"Our first day's march was eighteen miles, the next we made eighteen, and on the following day, the 23d, we made eighteen miles again. On the 24th we made fifteen miles. On the 25th we went through Franklin, making twenty-one miles, stopping a little below Centreville, expecting to encamp. Ninety miles in five days was pretty good speed for a party hampered as we were with an enormous train. But just here we find that our real work was about to begin. We are just settling down to a night's rest, when staff officers, in intense excitement, came dashing up to the various colonels with orders to return immediately and quickly on our tracks. Silently, but with inward grumblings, we fall into line, go back into the road, and plod back, back, back. Five miles we measured in our silence, broken only by an occasional expletive from one who does not see the fun of all this. At last we halted for a while, and then, in the end of daylight, deployed into a field, along the fences facing northward, and watched. But we were convinced that no enemy was on the road to shell us then. It turned out afterwards that Gen. Mouton, in command of a rebel force, expected to attack us, but thought he could do it better further on, as he was told that we were embarrassed with an enormous train and with hordes of negroes. Convinced that we were safe for the night, we came back grumbling. Thinking that it was a scare on the part of our officers, we crept back to the place where we had started to camp. When we reached it, it was half-past eleven at night. We had added ten miles for what we thought at the time a useless scare,—ten miles to the twenty-one that had seemed a good deal more than enough.

"It did not take us long to fall upon the ground, and get lost in the soundest sleep. Presently came the call, 'Fall in! fall in!' It was hard to wake us when no bugle blast from mules at the wagon wheels had given official notice of the coming of day, and no genuine bugle call at headquarters had said, 'Wake up!' It is not day: it is the moon that is rising. We have slept but an hour. It is only half-past twelve. What can be wanted now? We go heavily into the road, and turn southward. We are pressed on without halts for rest. Thirty-one miles of marching since the early morning prepared us poorly for this. The men, with terrible thoughts which struggle against the oppression of desire for sleep,

— the men sleep as they march. Speak to them, and you have to rouse them as you would have to arouse a man at midnight in his bed. Seven miles are measured by four o'clock, and then there is a halt. The train keeps on. At dawn of day the enemy was up, and pressing on in the road for a sharp battle, an easy victory, and a splendid prize. They reach our camping ground in the morning, and we are not there. The bird has flown, and has lodged seven miles away. The fatal rest of the rebel force at Vermillionville, and Col. Chickering's prudence in ordering a forced march after moonrise have snatched from them the prize that they had marched so far and so fast to win. Gen. Mouton calls off the pursuit; and his men, jaded, disappointed, disgusted, returned slowly up the Teche.

"The next morning we spring swiftly on for thirteen miles, and at noon are at Berwick Bay, under the shelter of our guns. The number of Union soldiers on that march was about one thousand eight hundred well-seasoned men. We have made one hundred and twenty miles in five and one-half days, fifty three in the last thirty hours, forty miles in twenty-four hours; and now our journey is done. We cross the Atchafalaya, and encamp."

Daniel W. Lyman gives the following account in the *Northampton Gazette*: —

"Thursday morning, May 21, we fall into line with a train some six or eight miles long. The force consists of the 41st Massachusetts mounted, the 90th New York, 52d Massachusetts, 26th and 22d Maine Regiments, one company of the 13th Connecticut, and one section of Nims' battery. Could the train pass through the Connecticut Valley, say from Greenfield to Springfield, it would have been a sight greater than any circus that ever was exhibited. The cavalry took the advance, then a long train of wagons loaded with commissary stores, then ambulance wagons, then a long train of contrabands, with vehicles of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, piled with all manner of furniture, the weak, sick, and infirm on the top of the load. We were hoping to have an easy march. Six miles without halting in the heat of the day and through clouds of dust. After a halt for dinner we went on till after dark, making a distance of more than twenty miles the first day. For three days on we continued our march with varied experiences, making each day from fifteen to twenty miles, and met with no difficulty till near the close of the third day, when, after the advance had encamped for the night and were waiting for the rest to come up, the rear

guard was fired upon, and a portion of the force was ordered back five miles, to find that only a few guerillas were falling back before them. After they were driven back, the infantry were ordered about, and continued to march all night, except an hour at midnight. We arrived at Berwick Bay, having marched one hundred and twenty-six miles in five days and two hours, the last fifty-three miles in twenty-eight consecutive hours."

NIV.

LETTERS FROM NEW ORLEANS.

To Mrs. Moors :—

NEW ORLEANS, May 21, 1863.

This is a new spot to write from,—in a civilized place, with a chair to sit in and a marble-top table under my paper. I had been thinking for several days at Barre's Landing to ask for leave of absence for a few days, and go into the city; but on Sunday last Col. Greenleaf gave me a pass. I supposed he wanted I should render assistance to a crowd of sick men that were to be sent to New Orleans. It turns out that he thought I was not usually well, and needed a rest and a change, so he was sending me to New Orleans. The impression then was that the 52d Regiment was to move soon to Red River. On Monday I went aboard the boat for Brashear City. While waiting for the boat to start, the colonel came aboard, and told me, in the strictest confidence, that he had just received orders to march the regiment back to Brashear City, one hundred and twenty-five miles distant, and to take with them all the contrabands, mules, horses, wagons, etc., that they could lay their hands on. I rejoiced with great joy that I had escaped that march. It will be a hard one for the boys. I should have felt that I must go with them, had I known it. On board our boat were two hundred sick men to be left at Brashear City, under care of Dr. Sawyer, one hundred and ten bales of cotton, and three or four hundred negro women and babies. We started at 3 P.M., and passed down the Bayou Courtableau and stirred up any number of alligators asleep on the bank. At dusk we reached the Atchafalaya, and tied up to a tree, and remained there all night. The boat was so crowded there was no place to sleep. Dr. Sawyer and I attempted it on the dining-table; but the doctor was taken ill, so I was up with him most of the night, and got no sleep. The next morning we were early on our way on the Atchafalaya. Do you remember that these are the places where Evangeline sought for Gabriel? In the morning, as we passed Butte à la Rose (the Greenfield paper called it Butler La Rosa), we

met a boat coming up. I thought of you on board looking for me à la Evangeline. I did not see you ; but we passed near enough to catch glimpses of the men of our four companies, A, E, F, and G, on board, going up to Barre's Landing. They will get there just in season to join the others in their long march back to Brashear City, which they have just left. It is too bad ; for they have just marched from New Iberia to Brashear City,— fifty miles. Many conjecture that the march is all a feint, and that the 52d Regiment, when it does move, will move north to Simmesport, where Grover's division is concentrating. All this is conjecture.

We reached Brashear City at 2 P.M. I was busy at once, helping unload the sick men. Dr. Sawyer is better, but could do nothing. Hosmer says, as he stood looking on as I came off with one and another sick fellow leaning upon my shoulder, a man standing by said, referring to me, "He is a clever old fellow, is he not?" There is, indeed, a good deal of labor and exposure, when every month adds at least a year to the age of every man in the regiment. We are a bronzed, shaggy, ragged set. We have six or seven hundred sick men in tents at Brashear City, about fifty of the 52d Regiment boys, none very sick. Mason Moody I saw as we passed through ; thin, but does not look sick. I tried to see the sick men in the hospital, and told the boys they were in luck in staying here and avoiding the hard march which the regiment must make ; for the roads would be very dusty, the water scarce, and of so poor a quality that we would not want to wash our feet in it at home. We are living in great excitement, full of confidence that something is at last to be done at Port Hudson.

NEW ORLEANS, May 26.

The mail has come. I hope there is a letter for Pat somewhere. I mean the little, good-natured, friendless, dirty Pat that I have told you about, who rarely fails to bring me in a drink of milk in his canteen when he is on picket duty. I have been to look after the baggage of our regiment, and found that most of the boxes had been broken into. Shall I bring our colored boy, Sam Howard, home with me ? If I do, keep the garden going ; then get into the easiest chair with the newest novel, and call out occasionally : "Sam, pick the peas !" "Sam, dig the potatoes !" "Sam, put the rooster to bed !" When Bridget is washing, you may say : "Sam, fill the coal-hod." "Sam, kill the pullet, and make a savory stew."

I hope you will not worry about my health. I was a good deal run down when I came here ; but I have secured lodgings with a good colored woman, and she takes excellent care of me, and I hope I am improving. I am expecting the regiment will pass through here on their way to Port Hudson, and I hope I shall be well enough to go with them. That is my only trouble now. I am too weak to do much marching. I get on nicely with my colored hostess. I listen to her stories, praise her children and her cooking, and she does get up the nicest little home dishes you can imagine. I think it will be best for me to stay here till I am better, before I undertake to join the regiment. I did expect to go to-morrow, but I will wait a day or two. Do not worry about me or fancy that I am sick ; for I am not, only in the condition where I must be very careful of myself.

May 28.—The regiment has arrived, and are marching on toward Port Hudson. They have had a hard march from Barre's Landing to Brashear City,—forty miles, they say, in twenty-four hours.

To my Sunday-school : —

NEW ORLEANS, May 31, 1863.

I am hauled up here a few days for repairs, not to get a new leg or arm, like multitudes of poor fellows I see in the hospitals. But I had become a little weak in the joints. I needed rest. So I obtained a few days' leave of absence, and came here, where a good mulatto woman has taken me into her nicely furnished rooms.

Sunday is spent very strangely in camp, very different from what I could wish. My last Sunday with the 52d Regiment was at Barre's Landing. Late Saturday night a boat came up and brought a mail ; and, as I am postmaster, I had to sort and distribute the mail. Some came Saturday night for theirs, others Sunday morning. I was busy till noon on Sunday in sorting the mail, and getting one ready to go back. Then to the hospital, with a mail for the sick men there. In the afternoon the men were called out for inspection, all their guns, knapsacks, and equipments carefully examined. If a speck of rust is seen on a gun, the man is sent in disgrace to his tent to clean it. As soon as the inspection was over, we were all called out to a review. It seemed quite useless, and especially so to have it on Sunday. The men scolded about it ; but it does not do to scold in the army.

We must do as we are told. I have no doubt we made a very pretty show for some people who had come up from New Orleans, evidently to see the little army here. After supper I called together as many of the men as were disposed to come, and we had a good religious service. I stood at the door of my tent, and the men sat on the ground before me. I preached a sermon from the text Mark xii. 30. What was it? There is a good deal about a soldier's life, which is very hard; but to sleep on the ground, even without a tent over you, is not a great hardship. To eat coarse food is not very bad. A man who is in good health will never complain of his food or his lodging. The hardship comes when a man is sick,—marching all day when he should be in bed. To be sick in the hospital, with no kind hand to minister to his wants, is very hard. We have seen a great deal of this. The government does all it can for the comfort of the men, but there is a great amount of suffering; for they are bringing to the hospitals every day men wounded in the recent battles at Port Hudson, some with arms, some with legs shot off, and these men suffer terribly. War is a horrible thing, and I hope the time will come when there will be “peace on earth and good will to men”; but it is not yet. We have a good government, and we must do all we can to defend it. And I hope we shall hear good things from Port Hudson and Vicksburg. When these are taken, the government will let us go home, and not till then; and it will be a glad day for all of us who can reach home.

Stowell's letter from New Orleans:—

“We arrived at Brashear City about noon, making fifty miles since the morning before. There were only eleven of our company to come in: the rest had fallen out. I did not feel very badly when I reached Brashear City; but I lay upon the ground and slept nearly twenty-four hours, and, when I awoke, I was used up, and for two or three days was quite sick. I am better now; but another trouble has come,—one of my hips and knees refuses to navigate. I don't know what the matter is, unless it is rheumatism. It pains me quite hard, and I cannot walk much; but I am in good quarters, where I have the best of care. We arrived at Algiers just at night, and the order came for all who were able to go on board a boat immediately for Port Hudson. Out of thirty-eight of our company, fifteen have been sent to the hospital.

“*Sunday, May 31.*—The surgeon has just been the rounds, and

this afternoon I am to have my hip blistered, which I think will help me.

"Hospital, June 4.—The doctor has blistered my hip, and I am doing quite finely, and hope to join the regiment all right. I am in good health and spirits, and, had I been treated as a human being should be, this would not have happened to me; but to march men fifty miles in twenty-eight hours in this climate is a little more than most men can endure. There are sixty patients in the room I am in, and about the same number in the other rooms. The deaths average about eight a day. They are taken out every morning, put into the dead-house, and are buried in the afternoon. I am growing a little better, so that I walk about some with a cane. It is very warm here,—a steady heat day after day. The thermometer ranges from 100° to 108° in the shade.

"June 15.—I asked the doctor to send me to the regiment, but he would not do it.

"June 25.—I am gaining, but would be better to stay here a few days longer; but they are wanting every man they can get at Port Hudson. It is said we have lost over three thousand men there.

"June 26.—I expected to leave yesterday, but did not. This morning I received a mail for the first time since coming here. It had all been up to the regiment at Port Hudson. I had ten letters from home. Just think of it! I am expecting the order every minute to 'fall in'; then ho! for Port Hudson. I can get there without much marching.

"Lafayette Square, New Orleans, July 2.—This date shows that I am not at Port Hudson, as I expected to be by this time. The rebels are getting so thick about here that they will have to keep what troops they have in this city. I have charge of a squad, and am quartered on Lafayette Square, in about the centre of the city, and one of the most pleasant places I ever saw. I am not quite as well as I wish,—not as well as when I was at the hospital.

"July 4.—Yesterday I did not sit up, and think I shall have to go back to the hospital again. They are celebrating the Fourth in great shape.

"July 10.—Port Hudson and Vicksburg have both fallen,—one on the 4th, the other on the 8th. Everything has been in a state of excitement ever since. It has been nothing but firing of cannon, music, torchlight processions, etc., and, in contrast to all this, loads

of wounded, sick, and dying men going by to the different hospitals, all mixed up together. July 15 left New Orleans at 5 P.M., and arrived at Baton Rouge the 16th at one o'clock P.M. Landed at Port Hudson at 6 P.M. on Thursday. Found the regiment camped about a mile from the river, a good many of them sick, and all homesick. I believe it is the most nasty, hateful, God-forsaken place I have seen in the whole campaign, but we are all in hopes to get away from here soon.

"*Thursday, July 23.*—We are at last fairly started for home, on the boat 'Choteau.'"

XV.

NEW IBERIA.

New Iberia.— I have already said that, in our hurried march up the Teche, on our arrival at New Iberia, four companies,— A, E, F, and G,—were detailed to remain and hold the place. Capt. Long was appointed provost-marshal. This detachment was to keep the peace of the town and gather in such stores of cotton and sugar as they could find for the benefit of the government, and to prevent the transportation of salt from the mines near at hand to rebel armies. The duty assigned was not a hard one, and was faithfully performed. I have the benefit of several journals which were kept by most of these companies, from which I make copious extracts. First Capt. Richmond's account : —

“ Although loath to be separated from the regiment, we were glad to be spared the terrible march in the heat and suffocating dust. The different companies were stationed in different parts of the town. Co. E, in the western part, had charge of the prisoners, of which there were about a hundred and fifty. The prison pen was a church, which perhaps never before saw so large a congregation. We kept the prisoners a few days, when a detail was made from each company, under the command of Capt. Bliss, and they were marched down to Franklin, and delivered up to the regulars. Our duties while at New Iberia were not very arduous. We maintained picket lines on several of the roads leading out of the town, and kept the little town well governed. We occasionally sent a foraging party out into the country to pick up something better than army rations. This is about the way that a certain lieutenant and a small squad did the work : Arriving at a plantation with a mule and a cart, the lieutenant asked the planter if he had any sheep. If he had, he was ordered to have his darkies drive them up into the yard. The lieutenant then would pick out about half a dozen fat lambs, and order the darkies to kill and dress them, and put them into the cart. This done, he would say to the planter, Send in your bill to Uncle Sam. Whether our uncle got the bill or not we do not know ; but we got the lambs.”

While here, Capt. Richmond had a horse that did not suit him very

well. One day, as he had him saddled for a ride, he saw a man coming down the road (a rebel of course), mounted on a fine-looking horse. As he came up, the captain hailed him, and said, "I would like to swap horses with you." Not thinking to force matters, indeed not expecting to make a trade, the reb never spoke a word, but got off his horse, removed and changed the saddles and bridles, handed the reins to the captain, mounted his new horse, and rode away. During the whole transaction not a word was spoken. The captain noticed a sort of a vicious smile on the face of the reb as he rode away, but thought little of it at the time, but afterward had occasion to recall it. He felt quite proud of his new horse; but his conscience troubled him a little for taking it away from the reb, feeling that the proposition to swap amounted, to the reb, to a positive order. The captain mounted his new horse and rode out into the country. He soon discovered that he had not a very pious horse, but one much like Josh Billings's mule, of which he said that, if he was going to break him, he should begin at the forward end. The next day he, in company with Capt. Bliss, started for the bayou at the salt-works, to shoot alligators, each having a musket on the saddle. They had got out of town a short distance when the captain's horse concluded to try titles with his Yankee rider. By a series of plunges and bolts, he succeeded in landing the captain in the ditch, insensible for a moment. Across the plain the horse went, and the captain never saw him again, and never wanted to; but he has many times since recalled the sardonic smile on the face of the reb while changing horses. That horse no doubt really thinks to this day that he killed one Yank. We whiled away our time as best we could, endeavoring to earn our \$13 per month in killing time, if not rebels. During most of the time that we were at New Iberia we had no surgeon and no medicine, which, I suppose, accounts for the good health of the men while there. One object of our stop at New Iberia was, I suppose, the salt-works, from which the rebs were taking out large quantities of very fine salt. These works were destroyed by our force, but years after were worked under the superintendence of our Col. Greenleaf for a time. We finally received an order to leave New Iberia and the Teche Country, and take off what little force there was below us, and take the darkies that wanted to go with us, leave them at Brashear City, take the boat up the Atchafalaya River, and join our regiment. We left New Iberia May 13, fully expecting to be attacked by the

rebs before we got far with our twelve hundred darkies, but were not molested. We sailed up the Atchafalaya River, and joined our regiment May 19, very glad to take our old places in line again after more than four weeks' absence.

Stowell's letter: —

"*New Iberia*, April 16, 1863.— Now for the first time in many days I have a little leisure. I must begin back a little ways. We left Brashear City one week ago. Our division was put on transports. We were crowded aboard the boat as thick as we could stand. Every inch of room was occupied, as we did not expect to be aboard but two hours; but a gun-boat that was to escort us ran aground, and so we were kept aboard forty hours. We all suffered for want of rest. We could neither lie down nor sit up, and headaches and cramps prevailed. We landed at a place called Indian Ridge. The rebels were not asleep, and we skirmished with them all day, but finally drove them over a bayou, while they attempted to burn the bridge; but we were so near they did not succeed. At dark both sides stopped; and we were allowed to rest a little, though kept in line of battle. Our regiment was in a ploughed field; and we lay down in a line, and were soon asleep, gun in hand. Of course, we had no supper, and, in fact, had had nothing but hard-tack for two or three days before. When we had lain there about an hour, the rain began to pour in torrents, but no help for it. Our main effort was to keep our guns and powder dry, which was somewhat difficult, with the water an inch deep under us and pouring down over us. At 4 A.M. we were again in line, and witnessed, without sharing in, the battle of Indian Ridge. We were held in reserve; and, just as we were ordered in, the rebels broke and ran. The afternoon we were engaged burying the dead and bringing in the wounded. I never wish to witness another such sight. I have no means of knowing the loss, but it must have been several hundred on each side. The 25th Connecticut lost their colonel, lieutenant colonel, and adjutant, and about eighty from the ranks. They had only three hundred before the fight. The 56th New York and 26th Maine suffered badly. We took many prisoners, and encamped close by the field, the first time for four nights that we had had a chance to sleep much. The next day we marched twenty-three miles, and carried our heavy loads, though it was fearfully hot. We reached New Iberia at night, and the roll was called. Only twenty-three of Co. F answered to their names. The rest had fallen out one by one.

"*April 26.*—I have been in the saddle nearly every day of late, scouring the country in search of cotton, sugar, etc. We go where we choose, and confiscate all the teams we can find, and make the negroes hitch up and load with cotton and sugar, a great deal of which we find hidden away in the swamps and woods; but most always we can find a negro who will tell us where it is. It is almost a reign of terror here.

"*April 28.*—Yesterday I was in the saddle all day, and found a good deal of cotton. We could trade horses where we thought we could better ourselves, though sometimes we got shaved. I saw some of the finest horses in a lot as we were going by, and I managed to catch one; and, after putting on my saddle and bridle, I turned my old one loose and mounted my new one, when, lo! he could not be made to move a peg, backward or forward. So I had to take my traps off, and let him go, but succeeded in getting a fairly good one.

"*May 5.*—All but our four companies leave to-morrow morning for Opelousas. We shall not leave till all the others are gone, as we are on guard.

"*Brashear City, May 18.*—We left New Iberia Wednesday, and were the last troops that left this part of the country. We took a large party of negroes with us. First came three companies, then the darkies, then the other company as rear guard. Six of us were detailed to ride from one to three miles in the rear, to watch for stragglers and guerillas. We had good horses and a very pleasant time; could stop at the plantations, and get all we wanted to eat. The people were willing to use us well for fear they should do worse.

"On our arrival at Brashear City we were put on a steamer to go up the Atchafalaya, to join our regiment at Barre's Landing. Reaching there, we found that we were to march back to Brashear City, to guard an immense crowd of contrabands. It was a long, hot, hard march. We were to have eight days for the one hundred and twenty-five miles. But circumstances compelled us to do it in six days.

"*Hospital, New Orleans, May 30.*—They have brought me here at last, as you will see by the date of this. We have seen pretty hard service since I wrote last, and are pretty well used up. We left Brashear City on the 18th for Barre's Landing, and since we have landed find we are to march back immediately to Brashear City,—one hundred and twenty-five miles,—to help guard a con-

traband train. We started Thursday noon, with orders to occupy eight days on the march, but got back to Brashear City in six days. It was fearfully hot and dusty. Some of the way we could not see twenty feet ahead, the dust being like thick smoke. The last fifty miles we made in twenty-eight hours. The colonel got frightened on Monday afternoon, when we had got about six miles below Franklin. We were all tired out, having marched twenty-one miles, when the couriers came galloping down the road, with the word that the rebels had attacked the rear guard, which was some five miles back. There were two regiments in the rear of the train. The train of contrabands was four or five miles on. The colonel, fearing disaster in the rear, ordered the 52d and the 90th New York to 'right face, double quick march.' We had to hurry on for five miles, and found the rebels had skedaddled before we got there. So we had to march back to where we started from."

(The corporal is mistaken in supposing that Col. Chickering was needlessly alarmed at the approach of this force in the rear. It turned out that there was a large force of the rebels in that region, waiting for an opportunity to attack our force.)

"About twelve o'clock we reached the place we had started from, hoping for a little rest, for we had already marched forty miles; but we did not get it. We halted, ate a little hard-tack, and fell in again for the last ten miles that lay between us and Brashear City. We arrived there about noon, making fifty miles since the morning before. We encamped upon the ground, and slept nearly twenty-four hours; and, when I awoke, I found that I was quite sick. One of my hips and knees refused to navigate. I do not know what the trouble is, unless it is rheumatism. I cannot walk, but am in good quarters in New Orleans, where I have the best of care. There are about seven hundred at the hospital, and the building is large enough for more."

T. N. Austin, Co. A, kept a voluminous journal of his daily experience.

He relates this characteristic experience. While at New Iberia, a squad of darkies was brought in, and he addressed an intelligent-looking colored woman, and asked, "Where do all you niggers come from?" She, bristling up, called out to the man in charge of the squad, and said, "Sir, this soger calls me a nigger!" "Well," says Austin, "what are you, anyway? What should I call you?" "A free lady of color," she replied with great dignity.

As she had been away from her master's house less than forty-eight hours, Austin thought she was putting on airs. This New England soul was much grieved to find that at New Iberia little regard was paid to the Sunday,—horse-races and the like in the afternoon, the priest taking a share in all the sports and deciding all the contests.

While our men were at New Iberia, trouble occurred between the negroes and whites at St. Martin, a village ten miles away. A call was made upon our force at New Iberia for aid; and Capt. Stone, of Co. F, with a squad of thirty men, was sent to St. Martin to secure peace. On their arrival they found the place in great excitement. The negroes had armed themselves, and were threatening the inhabitants with all manner of disasters. The citizens had prepared to defend themselves, and a sharp skirmish had occurred, in which the whites had the advantage, and secured ten of the leaders in the trouble. These they took to the bridge over the river, pinioned their arms and legs, placed a noose around the neck of each one, and at a given signal strung them all up and left them dangling in the air. In the night their friends came and carried their bodies away. But the trouble was over. Capt. Stone stayed till he saw there was to be no further need of his services, and then took his squad back to New Iberia.

XVI.

PORT HUDSON AND CLINTON.

[MAY 28 TO JUNE 7, 1863]

Col. Greenleaf's account:—

“On the twenty-eighth day of May, A.D. 1863, the 52d Massachusetts was moved by rail from Brashear City on the Atchafalaya to Algiers on the Mississippi, opposite New Orleans, eighty-six miles distant, and on the 29th and 30th was transported by steamer to Springfield Landing, thirteen miles from our division headquarters, then before Port Hudson, and one hundred and forty-five miles above New Orleans, and thence completed the march to headquarters about midnight of the 30th, the stupid guide who had been sent from the front to escort us back to the second brigade having lost himself and led us several long, weary miles out of our way. And let me say here, by way of commentary on the hardships of our western Louisiana campaign, now ended, that, if there are any modern six days' go-as-you-please walking champions, either in this country or in Europe, who, knowing the facts, would prefer these terribly exhausting forced marches through the Teche country and back, heretofore described, ending with this last day and night march from Springfield Landing, made under the same circumstances and conditions that we made them, to a six days' contest on the sawdust, under the rules of the 'trampers' prize ring, I would be charitable enough to regard them, one and all, as fit candidates for some well-regulated lunatic asylum. And I am strong in the faith that any surviving member of the regiment who made these marches would fully indorse the sentiment.

“But we were joyfully received by our respected brigade commander, Col. William K. Kimball, of the 12th Maine, at his headquarters in the woods before Port Hudson, and heartily welcomed back to our former place in the line.

“The assault by Gen. Banks on the enemy's works, on the 27th of May, had been repulsed with considerable loss to the Union army, in which, among many volunteer white troops, was a brigade of colored soldiers commanded by Col. Nelson. On our

march from the Landing to the front, on the 30th, we met many hospital ambulance wagons, bringing the sick and wounded to the rear. And from some of those whom we met we learned for the first time of the wonderful fighting qualities displayed by these negro troops during the said assault on the 27th of May. The report was that 'they fought like very devils': that they went into the fight eight hundred strong: that they made six or seven splendid charges on the enemy's works, under a most murderous fire, and at last, by almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in crossing the wide ditch in front and scaling the abatis; that, once inside the fortifications, they proceeded forthwith to bayonet the Confederate gunners, but, in their martial frenzy, soon threw away their guns, seized their hated foes with their hands, and tore their quivering flesh with their teeth; but that they were finally overpowered by greatly superior numbers, and compelled to retreat, leaving six hundred out of eight hundred of their numbers dead in the trenches. And it was painfully interesting to note the effect which this wonderful tale produced on different individuals. One man, with complaisant look and self-satisfied air, would stand a little more erect than usual, and say: 'I told you so. I always knew the negro would make a far better soldier than the white man.' Another would smile incredulously as he heard the marvellous story, as much as to say: 'Wait until you learn more of the facts in the case before you decide. This tale smacks too much of the Oriental,—sounds quite too mythological to be fully believed by any body.' While the third person would, perhaps, indulge in a sneer at the very mention of a negro soldier, and denounce the unofficial report as a base fabrication, designed to mislead the public in the interest of stay-at-home politicians. At the proper time and place, in the course of this narrative, we will give the actual facts as to this report, derived from official sources.

"As I now recall the distance, I should say it was from one thousand to twelve hundred yards from our new camp in the woods to the strong, well-defended earth-works of the Confederate Gen. Gardner in front, glimpses of which we would get from numerous openings in the wood, or a full view of a long line of them from many of the tree-tops or from the western edge of the woods.

"Batteries of the 19th Army Corps were planted at different, well-chosen points along our own front; and between them and those of the Confederate general in the invested town a regular

artillery duel was kept up night and day. Every few seconds, either from one of our own batteries near by or from one of Gardner's, one thousand yards or so away, or from both, we hear the report of one gun or more, 'from morn till night, and from night till dewy morn again.' Occasionally an ugly shell from some one of the enemy's guns bursts over our heads where we lie encamped in the wood, and the fragments thereof go meandering about among the boys in blue, in a most careless, inconsiderate manner. One large fragment of such a shell which 'brought up' at my own feet about this time I deliberately seized and confiscated, and now possess as my proud and only trophy of the war.

"And so the time wears on until the 7th of June, 1863, when, in consequence of an engagement a few miles to our rear, between a body of our own cavalry, commanded by the dashing young Capt. Perkins, and a considerable force of mounted rebels, said to have been commanded by Gen. Mouton, in which engagement Capt. Perkins was killed and his command put to route, a force of seven thousand strong,—cavalry, artillery, and infantry, including the 52d Massachusetts,—commanded by Gen. H. E. Paine, was sent out to capture or disperse this troublesome brigade of mounted 'gray-backs,' as they were sometimes called.

"About daylight on the morning of the 7th of June Gen. Paine set out on his expedition with his valiant little army, to give battle to the aforesaid 'gray-backs,' and pursued his way unmolested over the most dusty of roads, under a broiling Southern summer sun, with the thermometer among the nineties in the shade, with most of the water to be had of worse quality than that of any frog-pond to be found north of Mason and Dixon's Line, to the pleasant country village of Clinton, twenty-five or thirty miles from Port Hudson, where we rejoiced to learn that the enemy had kindly and considerately concluded to disperse without fighting. At any rate, we failed to 'gobble' him or even to catch a glimpse of the backsides of him.

"Then we countermarched back to our old camp in the woods, under much the same conditions as to heat, dust, and water as those under which we suffered so much in the march to Clinton. Not a 'foot passenger' in the whole command had a dry thread of cloth about him on the march either way, so great was the heat and so profuse the perspiration; nor, indeed, could the more fortunate 'mounted' braves of the command, either with or without shoulder-straps, contrive any way to escape the scorching rays of a

June sun in Louisiana, to avoid the suffocating, ever-present dust, or to improve the quality of the most impure, stagnant water. All suffered alike in these respects; and the 52d Regiment in particular 'rejoiced and was exceeding glad' to return to the rest and shade and shelter of the friendly wood before Port Hudson, as we did on the afternoon of the 9th of June.

"On the whole, this march to Clinton and back was one of the most exhausting to the soldier (as it was the last) of our campaign, as hard to endure as some others heretofore described had been, and was one which will be remembered, I venture to say, so long as a single member of the regiment who was 'present' on this march shall survive. So long as the ears of the last survivor shall be able to distinguish the martial notes of the fife and drum or his eyes discern the glorious flag under which he then marched through dust and smoke, and fire and flood, and battle shocks, to victory at last, among his most vivid recollections will be that of the march to Clinton."

Daniel W. Lyman in the *Northampton Gazette*, June 10:—

"IN THE WOODS BEFORE PORT HUDSON.

"*The March to Clinton.*—The regiment left here on Friday morning about four o'clock, with six other regiments of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and twelve pieces of artillery, under command of Gen. Paine. Owing to a poor guide, we marched several miles in the wrong direction; and, by the time we had got fairly started on the right road, the sun had come out burning hot, and the men were overcome by the terrible heat and dust. The heat was so overpowering that the men could not march in the middle of the day, and halted till six o'clock, when the order was to 'fall in,' to march three miles; but we went eight, and did not stop until after eleven at night. As soon as it was light we were on the march, and kept on till noon, when we halted close by Amete River, a clear running stream with a gravelly bottom, the most like a New England brook we have seen in the State of Louisiana. At midnight we were aroused again, and marched some seven miles to within two miles of Plympton, where we were halted for a short time till the destruction of the armory, depot, and the government works were complete; and, finding that the rebels whom we had come out to attack had skedaddled, we turned about, and marched back in the burning sun to the camp ground of the previous day, at which place we rested till six

P.M., when we marched again for over three hours. By daylight the next morning we were again on our way, and did not stop until we were nearly back to our old place. Thus ended a memorable march from Port Hudson to Clinton and back, as bad, if not worse, than any the 52d had made, owing to the excessive heat. Hundreds were overcome by it."

Corp. Hosmer writes:—

"Of the episode to Clinton and back I do not mean to write much, for you have had enough of hard marching. Let a few words suffice. The force, consisting of regiments detached from this and that brigade, with some artillery, a large body of cavalry, left camp here in the forest about four o'clock in the morning. How hot and dusty it grew! We began by taking the wrong road, which gave us an extra distance of five or six miles, and then we went by the longest route. The first day at noon the heat became perfectly intolerable. Several were nearly killed by its power, and we were forced to halt till night. Thenceforth we marched for the most part at night; but the dust was excessive, the night short, and the water often poor. At dawn we halted within two or three miles of Clinton, to hear from the cavalry in the advance that the foe had fled. Back we came, therefore, dragging wearily into our old camp through all the dust and heat, tired in every bone, every fibre, clothing soaked and resoaked with perspiration, having in the course of four days gone some fifty or sixty miles."

June 20.—Word has come that Niles, of Co. I, has just died in the hospital at Baton Rouge. He had a "bee in his bonnet," but has furnished much fun for the regiment. He delighted in cutting down the big trees near our camp; and the crash of one falling to the ground gave him great pleasure. There are not so many big trees in Louisiana as there would have been if it had not been for Niles.

XVII.

BEFORE PORT HUDSON, AND THE ASSAULT ON THE 14TH OF JUNE.

Col. Greenleaf's account:—

“At night we often listen to the discordant shrieking of our own shells, as they go plunging through the air in the direction of the doomed town, and watch the effect of the explosion within the beleaguered works. They are sounds and sights never to be forgotten; better heard and seen than described,—at least, by me.

“Artillery firing on our side still continues night and day, at brief intervals. At times the very earth is made to quake and tremble at the discharge of monster Dahlgren guns, a battery of which has been brought from the sloop of war ‘Richmond,’ lying in the river below, manned by her brave sailors, and planted not far distant.

“Gen. Gardner now answers our fire less frequently than at first; yet, if one of us ‘Yanks’ ventures into the open field in front or to the edge of the wood even, he at once becomes a target for rebel sharpshooters five or six hundred yards away, and their leaden slugs come humming and singing about our ears like busy bees. If we show ourselves in any opening or clearing between the brown earth fortress and our camp, a dozen triggers are pulled on us at once; and it is no fault of the ‘gray-back’ marksmen if we escape unhurt. But all this is only a prelude—mere boy’s play—to the sanguinary work yet to come. Gen. Banks is now making the necessary preparations for a grand assault upon Gen. Gardner’s formidable works. Three strong columns are to be formed to storm the fortifications at as many different points, one column to be commanded by Gen. Augur, one by Gen. Weitzel, and the other by Gen. Dwight. The second brigade is assigned a place in the central column, commanded by Gen. Weitzel, a graduate of West Point,—a gentleman, withal, and every inch a soldier, although, in form and size, he would well compare with the late lamented General-in-chief, Winfield Scott. For several days squads of men have been employed cutting fascines in the woods,

and other squads preparing small bags of cotton, all to be used, as such things are generally intended to be used, in storming the parapets. Bridges across small streams or ravines, over which the attacking force is to pass, are covered with layers of cotton, to deaden the sound of artillery wheels and the tramp of men and beasts as they pass over, and every man unfit for duty is sent to the rear.

“The adjutant of the regiment (Lieut. Decker, formerly lieutenant colonel of the Massachusetts 10th), one of the most faithful and efficient officers in the service, was one of this unfortunate number. The colonel himself escorted him to the hospital, two or three miles to the rear, and there left him in care of one of the surgeons.

“On the 13th of June Gen. Banks issued his general order for the grand assault to be made on the following day. Soon after it was issued the commanders of companies were assembled to hear the general order read, and to receive such special regimental orders as the occasion required. Each commander was to see that his men were furnished with water and rations for twenty-four hours, and to caution them to be as cool and deliberate as possible in any emergency that might arise; not to shoot at random nor too high, but to reserve their fire until they could do some execution with their guns; not to skulk nor seek to dodge bullets that would come whistling about them, but to stand by their colors and face whatever dangers might confront them, like brave, loyal men. The colonel little knew at this time how welcome to all, himself included, would be the stumps and trunks of trees and rifle-pits on the field of battle before high twelve another day! With that day’s duties done, and with most keen anticipations of still more arduous duties on the morrow, the command sought rest and sleep at an early hour. A short time before midnight Capt. Long, of the color company, came groping his way through the wood to regimental headquarters, having left the hospital in the rear (where he had been confined some days) against the earnest protest of the surgeon, in order, as he said, that he might be with his company to share its fortunes in the hour of its greatest peril. He spread his rubber blanket on the ground beside the colonel, and lay down for an hour’s rest,—if possible, to sleep. Kind, good, brave friend and soldier, he survived the war; but now, alas!

“‘The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunders rattle,
No sound shall awake him to glory again!’”

"Soon after midnight a warm breakfast was served by the cooks, and soon after breakfast the regiment was in line, awaiting orders to move; and we had not long to wait.

"A few minutes later we were slowly winding our way out of the forest by the right flank, but halting every now and then, to accommodate the column in front and rear. Sometimes we halt a few minutes in front of artillery or cavalry camps, about which breakfast fires had been built, the reflected light from which, on man and beast and wagon-wheels and trees, and polished brass and steel of many guns, contrasted with the darkness and gloom of the night and wood, reveals a sight well calculated to inspire the brush of an Angelo or the pen of a Byron; and then again we halt in places dark, of which a Milton only could truly sing. Many a soldier on that memorable night must have wished himself both painter and poet, that he might put upon canvas in enduring colors or upon paper in enduring ink what he then saw and felt. We were on the eve of a great battle. No soldier could tell what might befall him ere another sun should rise and set. We were anxious, fearful, hopeful, yet firmly resolved upon our duty.

"At daylight we emerge from the forest, and enter a deep ravine through which a military road has been cut, on both sides of which are high banks that command a full view of the Confederate ramparts to be stormed by our column; and, as we wind into this road, we plainly see them four or five hundred yards away, although the crest of the whole line is shrouded in the smoke of fire-arms incessantly discharged therefrom. The column makes a brief halt in this ravine. Bullets now come flying over our heads thick and fast, making harsh, discordant music for our ears, fairly setting our teeth on edge; and a tremendous cannonade opens all along our semicircular line of batteries, eight or ten miles in extent, and is answered with great energy and spirit by the enemy's shorter, irregular line confronting us. It is one continuous roar of artillery along the two opposing lines, mingled with the incessant rattle of musketry from the rebel ramparts, and the heavy, malignant shrieking of murderous shells from both sides as they come and go, tearing through the air, and the familiar 'thud' and 'crash' as they strike on either side. One man in Co. C is killed by a rifle-ball, notwithstanding we are so well protected by the high banks of the ravine. It is a scene calculated to try the strongest nerves, to test the most chivalric courage.

"At this moment our brigade commander came in person to

the regimental commander to communicate to him an order that minute received from Gen. Weitzel for the 52d Regiment to be temporarily detached from the brigade, and, as an independent command, to act as 'flankers' for the right of his assaulting column. Whereupon the two commanders ascended together the steep bank on the right, to survey the field lying between the two contending armies. A few moments were sufficient for this survey; and a minute later the regiment was filing out of the column by the left flank, up the precipitous bank on the right, and on to the open field above. The regiment moved a little more than its length on this high exposed ground, when it was halted. While marching at the head of his column this short distance, the colonel was eagerly taking in the situation, and forming his plan of operations. We were now in line at about right angles with the head of the main column in the ravine, facing the enemy and fully exposed to his murderous fire. The whole plateau is commanded by his well-trained batteries, and swept by a constant shower of rifle-balls. It is really like unto a leaden hail. The surface of the ground between us and the Confederate lines is quite irregular and uneven, and much of it covered with stumps and logs and brambles and tops of fallen trees interlacing each other. Over this undulating ground and these numerous obstructions and under this venomous fire, we must make our way to the front as best we can and in the best order we can. We must discover and dislodge, or report to Gen. Weitzel, any foe lying in ambush between us and the intrenchments and we must act promptly. No time is to be lost.

"If we would avoid great loss of life and limb, we must gain our position under the fortifications in the quickest time possible, we must make a dash for the front while those hosts of 'gray-backs' yonder are dividing their attentions between the assaulting column, now moving, and our much less formidable line.

"The moment the regiment was halted and had faced the ramparts, whence came such showers of shot and shell, the order was given for the five companies on the left (now the right) to deploy in skirmish line, and push to the front with all possible haste, Lieut. Col. Storrs to command the right of the line and Major Winn the left.

"The order was obeyed as promptly as given. The gallant command dashed forward in the best order the innumerable obstacles would permit, and had soon deployed so as to cover a

front of about a quarter of a mile. In the mean time the five remaining companies are held in reserve, and permitted to seek such shelter as stumps and fallen trees and the ravine near by afforded.

"On, on, presses our line of brave boys in blue, in spite of every obstacle! The fire to which they are exposed grows hotter still as they advance; and they avail themselves of such protection as a tangled ravine and the scattering logs, bushes, and stumps offer.

"As the skirmish line advances, the reserves are ordered up. Capt. Bliss, of Co. G, an efficient, promising young officer, is carried off the field, mortally wounded. Lieut. Rice, of Co. B, an equally meritorious officer, is severely wounded. One soldier of the reserves is struck in the hand, and another in the leg; and our rank and file are killed and wounded along our long skirmish line, in uncertain numbers. We wonder how those brave lads, in that long, irregular line, can live at all in such a 'leaden rain,' under such a deadly fire. The roar of cannon, the plunging, shrieking, and bursting of shells, and the discharge of small arms are continuous on both sides. Soon we observe that the assaulting column is checked in its advance, apparently with heavy loss; but our gallant skirmishers, under the immediate direction of the lieutenant colonel and major, still press forward. They soon gain position within pistol range of the entire line of fortifications, covering a front of one-fourth to one-third of a mile: and, as the main column does not advance, they now halt, dig rifle-pits, roll up logs, utilize stumps, pile up brush, and otherwise protect themselves as best they can from further loss. And from this poorly sheltered, advanced position 'the boys' soon silenced the enemy's artillery in their front. If a rebel sharpshooter shows his head above the ramparts *now*, he does so at his peril. But it is now apparent that the grand assault has been repulsed. Artillery firing mainly ceases. Only sharp-shooters on both sides seem to be busily engaged; but they evidently have business enough on hand, particularly in our own neighborhood. About this time our most anxious, perambulating colonel is made aware of the fact that he in particular has become an object of considerable interest,—a sort of revolving, moving target for several Confederate gentlemen of that obnoxious persuasion; and, as there appears to be no further need of personal exposure on his part just now, he promptly seeks out a good-sized stump, on high, commanding ground, extempor-

izes it into regimental headquarters, and occupies them in person without formal ceremony.

"The bullets come 'thud, thud, thud,' into the tough old stump, and continue to 'zip' and whistle about these new and novel yet strictly 'military' headquarters, until the sun is well down in the west. We cannot yet move to bring off our wounded or to bury our dead. The reserves are mostly under cover a short distance to the rear; and thus we remain on the battle-field until the following morning. As was necessary, we went into the fight in light marching order, and have unavoidably suffered much from want of our blankets during the damp, chilly night.

"Early the following morning the assistant adjutant-general of the brigade came upon the field, dodging from stump to stump, and stooping and running from one fallen tree-trunk to another, to escape the bullets of some scores of rebel marksmen, in quest of regimental headquarters, for which he had orders from the brigade commander. The colonel saw the assistant adjutant-general approaching, and could but audibly smile to see him manoeuvre under fire, but, wishing to save him from further annoyance or exposure, stepped briskly back some distance to meet him. The orders proved to be congratulatory to the regiment, but required us to hold the position we had gained under the breast-works, at all hazards, until further orders, and to remove headquarters to the rear, where communication could be had with them without so much risk of life and limb.

"The congratulatory part of the orders was duly appreciated and acknowledged, the importance of other parts fully recognized, and the part requiring a 'change of base' for the regimental commander obeyed at once without protest. The colonel did not deem it necessary to return to take formal leave of his temporary camp behind the stump, but continued his reverse movement to the edge, or brow, of the plateau, where, in plain view and within range of the parapets, he noticed two large tree-trunks lying one upon the other, which together were about breast-high, which evidently would be equal to stopping rebel bullets, and which furthermore could be safely approached from the low lands to the rear. Behind these two accommodating tree-trunks, he forthwith established his new headquarters, and caused a 'shelter tent' to be erected over them to keep off the hot rays of the June sun.

"From this point communications could be had with our cooks

(most welcome visitors about this time), with our hospitals, both in the woods and one some miles to the rear, and also, after dark, with our brave lads at the front. But so exposed is the position of the latter, so near the fortifications are they, and so exposed also the only route to them, that we can only send them rations or relieve them, or bring out their sick and wounded or bury their dead, under cover of the night.

"We now learn that our skirmish line gained its position in front with small loss, considering the terrible fire to which it was exposed, but that all three of the grand assaulting columns had been repulsed with heavy loss,—with a loss, according to reports, of about fifteen hundred killed and wounded; that the assault, on the whole, had amounted to but little; that early in the day many soldiers were severely wounded, and fell in such exposed places that they could not be brought off the field until night; and that among this unfortunate number was the courteous and gallant Gen. Paine, who commanded the late expedition to Clinton. As soon as it was fairly dark the night of the 15th, the 'reserves' still on the field were ordered off, back into the woods near by, and preparations made to take rations and blankets to the boys in front; and the following night the reserves went to the front, and relieved those on duty there, with the exception of Co. F, Capt. Stone preferring to remain in the trenches, manfully, heroically performing his duty to the end.

"Every two or three nights those on duty in the rifle-pits were relieved by those off duty in the rear; and so the exhausting, perilous work went on from the 14th of June to the 8th of July,—three weeks and over.

"We have nearly silenced Gardner's batteries along our line, one fourth of a mile long, from the first day; but his well-educated sharpshooters still continue a careless, lively host. If one of our boys ventures to show his head anywhere along this line during daylight, a well-aimed bullet is almost certain to go crashing through his brain on the instant. And it is the same with those hungry-looking 'butternut' fellows inside. If one of them shows himself or his head above the ramparts, it is generally the last time he does it: a ball from a Springfield musket is almost certain to make sad havoc with him before he can change position. Keen eyes are looking along many a rifle-barrel thrust between sand-bags, on the one side, and through loop-holes, on the other, with trained fingers on the trigger ready to send death messengers on

their quick errands at every opportunity; and the exchange of shots is frequent along the whole line. Our artillery still continues to play on Gardner's works at irregular intervals night and day; and we consequently still continue to hear the familiar sound of Parrott shells as they rush, comet-like, from our lines, and strike and explode within his.

"But, as we failed to carry Port Hudson by assault, Gen. Banks now determines to reduce the place by regular siege operations,—by the slow process of sapping and mining,—following the example of Grant at Vicksburg. Zigzag saps, or deep trenches, were accordingly started by our engineers from secure points several hundred yards away from the stronghold, and pushed day and night with great vigor in the direction thereof.

"Negro soldiers, especially, were employed on this important work; and I can bear testimony to the fact that in this they rendered splendid service.

"About this time we began to receive newspapers from the North; and among them I remember particularly the *New York Herald*, containing, among other articles of interest, detailed accounts of the alleged wonderful performances of these same negro soldiers during the assault made on the 27th of May, which amounted to much the same story we had heard on the march from Springfield Landing, previously mentioned. We resolve that we will ascertain the facts as to this matter; but the time is not yet: we must first push this siege to a successful issue."

BATON ROUGE, June 8, 1863.

My dear Wife,—I am again at the old place. I came from New Orleans on Friday. When I reached here, I heard that the 52d had been ordered from Port Hudson to Clinton. There is no use to go on to Port Hudson, for the 52d is not there. So I stop here, and spend the two days in visiting the multitudes at the hospitals. I shall go on this morning as far as Springfield Landing, four or five miles this side of Port Hudson. Things are evidently approaching a crisis. Our forces have been planting big guns, and are ready to open with them. It is to be a regular siege, and I hope not a long one. I have slept here on the piazza of Lieut. Stearns's house; and the whole house shakes with the tremendous firing at Port Hudson, twenty miles away. I cannot but believe that Port Hudson will be ours in a few days, and then

probably we shall be pushed on up to Vicksburg; but it is of no use to speculate. I saw crowds of wounded men yesterday brought down from the assault at Port Hudson.

Full of hope, I am yours,

JUNE 9.

My dear Wife,—We are in the midst of busy and exciting scenes. I am here at Springfield Landing, sixteen miles above Baton Rouge. The underbrush has been cleared away, tents pitched, and it looks like an extensive picnic-ground,—a forest of trees on every side, by the bank of the river. It is the base of operations upon Port Hudson. Here stores are brought, here the sick and wounded are put on board steamers, and carried below to Baton Rouge and New Orleans. I have had a cordial greeting here from a lot of 52d boys who are in the hospital. I hear all manner of stories about a big fight at Port Hudson on the 27th ult. Our men made an assault, and were repulsed with a terrible loss. Hosmer is here, doing grand service as nurse to a multitude of men. Some of our regiments went quite near the breast-works. Our men have been busy planting heavy siege guns, and it is said to-day is the time to open with them. If so, we shall have lively times. The chances are now that we are to have a terrible battle in a few days. I hope it will be confined to the artillery, and that no assault will be made. You may judge that I am well, better by far than before I went to New Orleans. I am full of hope, and yet not without anxiety. Unless the signs fail, there is to be a bloody battle—one of the decisive battles of the war—fought within twenty-four hours of this time. So far as I can judge, the preparations are made; and to-morrow the attempt will be made for the third time to get possession of this stronghold of the rebellion.

To my wife:—

IN FRONT OF PORT HUDSON.

I left Springfield Landing on the 9th, with a mail in an army wagon drawn by four mules. We had to make a detour twelve or fourteen miles, in order to get on the other side of Port Hudson. We hear the booming of cannon on our left all the way. We pass ten rebel outworks which we had carried at the fight the

week before last. I reached here in the afternoon, and had a cordial greeting from the boys. I found I had good reason to bless the men who invented diarrhœa, as Sancho Panza had to bless the man who invented sleep. First, it saved me the long tramp from Barre's Landing to Brashear City; and, second, it saved me the hard tramp from here to Clinton, the hardest march the 52d have had, as we have said of all previous marches. It used up the boys fearfully. On the staff Dr. Richardson was the only one to report present. The men had long stories to tell me of their perils before they went to Clinton. They devoted their nights to dodging shells which the rebels threw at them. On their return from Clinton they encamped on the rear of their old ground, a little more out of the way of the rebel guns. Still a preference was always given for the north side of a tree for a lodging-place. A good tree was assigned to me, as likely to break the force of a shell as anything that could be found. My couch was made there, which consisted in spreading my poncho on the ground, and putting a mail-bag under my head for a pillow. Did I sleep? Not very well. How could I? Boom! would go the big siege guns off to the east. That would startle me in spite of myself. Boom! boom! would go their guns in different parts of the line. I could look up through the trees, and see a few stars looking quietly down upon me. They would let me sleep, but the villainous gunpowder the rebs were burning would not. Early in the morning Capt. Long's darky, Frank, came to ask me to go with him and see the captain. We found him at brigade headquarters, not a very elaborate edifice, but a yard with a brush fence around it. The captain was on the ground, not very sick. He wanted I should take care of Frank for a while. I agreed to use him as cook. My darky, Sam Howard, enlisted at Brashear City, so I have lost him. After breakfast I went with the colonel to the front to see the rebel works, and see our preparations to shell them out. The works on both sides are very formidable. I did little more than take a glimpse, as I did not want to offer myself as a useless mark for the sharpshooters. My classmate Rodman the lieutenant colonel of the 38th Massachusetts, was killed by a sharpshooter at this very spot a few days ago. The ground about here is heavily wooded, and very much broken by ravines. The woods are full of rifle-pits, fallen trees, etc., which the rebels had prepared as places of concealment from which their sharpshooters could pop off our men.

SATURDAY EVENING, June 13.

The decisive hour draws near, the cannonading grows more severe hourly, and the fearful struggle will take place between now and to-morrow at this time. When you go quietly to church to-morrow morning, we shall be — It is fearful to contemplate. I mean to keep calm, but I cannot write. I hope and pray the 52d will do their share, and that we may be successful. Heaven grant it may be with little loss of life!

Hopefully, but anxiously,

To my wife: —

An assault is to be made Sunday morning. Before dark we were ordered into line. Each captain makes a little speech to his men. In view of the immediate result, I quote that of Capt. Bliss to his men: "To-morrow you will be ordered into battle. Let every man do his duty. There must be no skulkers. A dead brave man is better than a living coward." At midnight the cooks came with coffee and food; and soon after came the order to move. I stood around till they were all gone, then lay down under a tree, and was soon asleep. The rapid and heavy firing at daylight aroused me, and I started to find Dr. Richardson. With him I was to spend the time. He had been ordered to the extreme right. With difficulty I found him, in a little oven just by one of our heavy batteries, the bullets falling over us, though we were partially protected by the top of the cave where he was to stop; but the stench from some half-buried men killed in the previous assault was almost intolerable. Nothing was provided for the doctor's use. He thought there must be some mistake about his being ordered there. I offered to look up the medical director, and ascertain where he was expected to be. The battle then was at its utmost fury. Several batteries were pouring in large shot and shell, and the musketry kept up an unceasing rattle. We were confident all was going well. Presently I found my horse, and dashed along, the bullets flying threateningly about me. I found the medical director, and learned that Dr. Richardson was where he was expected to be, and where he stayed till Thursday night, with nothing whatever to do; but it made him sick. I wonder it did not kill him. I returned with my report to the doctor; and, as no wounded men were brought that way, I was persuaded that they must be carried out the other way. So, mounting Dolly,

I rode to the centre, with bullets flying every moment. Leaving Dolly in a safe place, I entered the first hospital, which was simply a large enclosure, cleared of underbrush, in the woods. They were bringing in the wounded very rapidly. On the operator's table I recognized Fred Sanderson, of Petersham, under the influence of chloroform, losing an arm. I saw at once that it was Emory's division hospital. I soon found Grover's,—another large enclosure in the woods. Capt. Bliss was soon brought in, mortally wounded. Presently Sergt. Belden, Co. D, was brought in,—a severe flesh wound in the hip. The eight doctors were all busy at the four operating tables: both of our surgeons were away,—Dr. Sawyer sick in the hospital. So I got water and bandages, and dressed Belden's wound as well as I could. In a pause I looked at my watch, thinking it must be almost noon, and found it was but half-past seven. I worked on for hours, and saw more horrible sights than ever before; then, strange as it may seem, went to the cooks' tents in the rear, and got a dinner of fried fat pork; then back to bathe and dress wounds till night; and then back to my camp at sundown, and lay down under a tree, and slept soundly till morning. The next day I was very tired, completely prostrated. Men continued to be brought in wounded every little while. Among others, Bennett, Co. K, whom you will remember. In the mean time the siege goes on. Our regiment has been close up at front, where the battle was fought on Sunday, and remained there till Friday night, where they are concealed by logs and stumps, unable to raise their heads without having rebel bullets hurled at them. They suffer fearfully from the heat, to which they are exposed by day, and to the cold by night. If a rebel head appears above the parapet, the boys try to hit it. Pat Conoly fired from behind a bush in that way, and, in his eagerness to see what the result had been, popped up for an instant, and thus exposed his head, and in another instant was struck dead.

Assistant Adjt.-Gen. Irwin, in his History of the 19th Army Corps, makes this report of the assault on the 14th of June:—

“The result of the day may be summed up as a bloody repulse. Beholding the death and maiming of so many of the bravest and best of the officers and men, the repulse may be even deemed a disaster. In the whole service of the 19th Army Corps darkness never shut in upon a gloomier field. Men went about their work in a silence stronger than words. On this day 21 officers and 182 men were killed, 72 officers and 1,245 men were wounded, 6

officers and 180 men missing: besides these 13 were reported as killed, 84 as wounded, and 2 missing, without distinguishing between officers and men, thus making a total of 216 killed, 1,401 wounded, 188 missing,—in all 1,805. Among the wounded, many received mortal hurts; while, of the missing, many must be set down as killed.”

XVIII.

PORT HUDSON.

[JUNE 18 TO JULY 9, 1863.]

To Mrs. Moors, June 18 :—

Thursday P.M.—There is a cessation of firing for a while, and a truce in order to bury the dead. The rebels have brought in one hundred and forty dead bodies for us to bury. Co. D buried one hundred and fourteen.

Sunday morning.—In three weeks we ought to be at home; but there are very few signs of going. I do not see how we can be spared. Banks is in a very tight place,—an unconquered fort in front and a large rebel force, we hear, in his rear; communications with New Orleans cut off; the army largely disquieted, as many feel that their time of service is out. I am living pretty well, considering. I get good pickles and dried apples, and they help the hard-tack wonderfully. I find that I am growing very poor, and a chair would be as much of a luxury as anything. No chair, table, or bed do we have. I was going to tell you what kept me busy a portion of each day, but, on the whole, conclude to keep that till I get home, to tell you privately. Have I told you that Capt. Long left the hospital the night before the assault, in order that he might lead his men? He has been with his company ever since. I am ragged now beyond all power of imagination. The only consolation is that I am even less so than most. As long as the skirt of my coat holds on, I can cover a portion of my rags. So long as I am well, I shall be in good cheer and hope. We have had six men killed within a few days, and a great many wounded. Our recent losses are these killed: Gould, Co. C; Noah Baker, Co. E; Daniel Lyman, Co. K; Pat Conoly, Co. B; James Foster, Co. F. Wounded: Capt. Bliss, mortally; Whitcomb, H. Wells, Co. A; Lieut. Rice, Call, Co. B; J. Bailey, Co. C; Belden, Smith, Co. D; Brayman, Co. E, mortally; Davis, Co. E; Miller, Co. G; Cook, Co. H; Bennett, Co. K, mortally. The wonder is why that assault was made on Sunday. No one can tell why. We only know that we were marched up to the rebel breastworks.

on Sunday, and were driven back with fearful slaughter. What an excitement we have had! What horrors! I shall not attempt to write them; and, when I get home, I shall not attempt to tell them. The 52d behaved splendidly, and that they did not suffer more is a mystery to us all.

Pat Conoly was made very happy by his two letters, which he received on Saturday, and went through the assault on Sunday all right, but on Monday fired once too much. The place was observed by the rebels, and a ball struck him in the head and killed him instantly. He was buried where he fell. A warm-hearted, kindly, affectionate fellow, without a friend in the world. I am sorry to lose him. Capt. Bliss was shot through the lungs on Sunday. I stayed in the field hospital just in the rear of our army all day, and helped take care of the poor fellows. I dressed the wounds, and saw more awful sights than I ever dreamed of before. So far as we can judge, nothing was accomplished,—only the loss of more than one thousand men, killed and wounded, and a sad discouragement to the living. Our prospect of success now is very small. Yet another attempt of desperation will be made in a day or two. The 52d are in an exposed position. They are hid in ravines and behind logs and stumps close up under the enemy's breastworks, where they cannot get out by day, nor even show their heads nor walk a step in an upright position. I want you to know that I am quite well, eat well, sleep well, notwithstanding the horrors around me. This defeat will delay our return home. I fear we shall not see the inside of Port Hudson this summer. Capt. Bliss died at eight o'clock last evening,—a handsome, promising fellow and a first-rate soldier. I hear that Mason Moody has been sent down the river, worn out and needing rest. He is one of the victims of the Clinton march. In the evening the firing of the big guns becomes faster and more furious, so much so as to attract our attention; for we know not much about it ordinarily. If I should be asked this moment if the firing had been continued this afternoon, I should reply, "I really do not know: I have not observed,"—so careless do we get about such things. When we get up in the morning, we ask some one how the firing has been through the night, and more likely than not he cannot tell anything about it. Assaults have failed. So, a regular siege is now in order. Seven hundred heavy guns are said to be in position to bear on Port Hudson. About one o'clock this morning the sound of heavy guns was so great that they could not be

distinguished. It was a continuous roar. Then the small arms began to mingle. About two o'clock it was fearful and grand. Our regiment was quite up, and stood in line of battle; but after a while an order came to lie down where we were. The firing slackened, and a thunder shower took its place. I returned to my tree; and, as I listened to the grand majestic roll of the thunder, I confess I liked it better than the artillery. I dropped asleep, and was awakened by the rain falling on my face. I could only draw my poncho about me, and sit up and take it. Yesterday was a dreary day, wet and drizzling, with frequent showers. I took a mail to Gen. Grover's headquarters, and got lost on my way back. I had a long but pleasant walk through the woods. I was careful to keep out of range of the rebel muskets. Our big guns boomed away all day. The mystery with us is why the rebels do not fire their big guns. All manner of explanations suggest themselves. They are out of powder, they are out of percussion caps, they are coaxing us to another assault, are among the solutions. It turns out at last that we have silenced all their big guns. The siege goes on. Nothing to mark any changes. Our regiment is quite up in front, so that our siege guns in the rear are fired over our heads. Yesterday one of our shells fell short of the mark, and dropped among Co. K men, and mortally wounded Sergt. Bennett. Some of us officers crawled in behind a log and lay there, while the rebels, evidently knowing that we were there, though none of our heads came above the log, peppered the other side of the log quite briskly. We lay there a long time. What do you think we busied ourselves about? Well, we were discussing what minor poems in the English language had the most merit, and, on the whole, were our favorites. Gray's "Elegy," Bryant's "Thanatopsis," Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," Poe's "Raven," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," among others, were considered.

I am still here in the rear; for here are our hospital stores and the doctor's quarters, and here are the sick and used up men. Some twenty are lying upon the ground, stretched upon their rubber blankets, with their knapsacks under them. The first thing every morning for me is to go and roll those twenty men over, readjust the knapsacks under their heads, get a little gruel, if I can, for them; and the operation has to be repeated two or three times a day. Of course, I have to get down to them on their blankets to roll them over. If I have secured some inhabitants

of those blankets, it is not strange; but the first thing after this service is to examine my apparel, and get rid of the superfluous inhabitants.

My mind goes back often to that fearful assault on Sunday. It was on as rough a piece of ground as can be imagined. It is naturally very uneven, cut by deep ravines. A year ago it was well wooded, but the trees were cut down, and so felled as to obstruct the approach of an assaulting army. These trees make a perfect jungle, through which it is almost impossible to make one's way; and through this tangle of brush, logs, and vines, the assault was made. The repulse was most entire and complete. A few regiments reached the foot of the entrenchments, and a few ascended the embankment. I was too busy myself in the work of the hospital to see much of the fighting.

Life is monotonous enough here. It is like living in a perpetual thunder-storm. Cannon and mortars are booming away by day and by night. We do not notice the racket very much. The rebels are cracking at us with rifles; and, when a hat with a head in it is seen above the stumps and logs, it is sure to be hit. Our people are now sapping with all their might; that is, digging a protective wall parallel with the rebel works. They push forward cotton bales, and work behind them, and place fascines and hogs-heads filled with cotton on the side next the rebels. I was in there yesterday, where the men were at work within fifteen yards of the rebel fortifications. Our men throw hard-tack over to the rebels for fun; and they throw back cartridges, to which they attach burning saltpetre paper, evidently with the intention to set our cotton on fire. They succeeded the other day, and we hastened to throw some bomb-shells as a return for the compliment. Yesterday I crawled behind some logs with commendable haste, showing both humility and agility. I do not come up to the entrenchments very often. I do not like it. I am not yet enough of a soldier to hear the whistling of bullets without cringing. I spend most of my time here in the woods, taking care of the sick men two or three times a day. Ball and I devote quite a good deal of time just now to cooking. Last night we had a regular buttered toast, the first we have ventured on. It was the first happy conjunction of bread and butter in our larder. It was a triumphant success. We invited in Whitney and Hosmer. A log served for seats, but Hosmer sat upon a box; and, as he grew weighty with the toast, he broke through. So we eat, laugh, and sleep, others

swear and play cards; while horror and death are all about us. Something must be done speedily. The time of service of several of the regiments is about expiring. We have a tough job before us before we can go home. To lie in the hot sun is hard enough, but everything makes us miserable. The last week has been monotonous beyond any of its predecessors. We notice the cannonading as little as you would the shingling of a barn on Franklin Street, except sometimes at night it becomes sublime as a thunder-storm,—the night before last, for instance, when for two hours an uninterrupted fire of shot and shell were poured into the fort. The work of besieging still goes on: slow and wearisome work it is.

I judge from your letters that you are trying some experiments in natural history. Well, I am busy investigating in the same department. You begin your work earlier in the day than I do, and make more of a backaching job of it. My method is to sit upon a log when the more sober business of the day is completed, and limit my investigations to the two articles that compose my apparel; namely, my shirt and trousers. A hat and boots are reserved for dress occasions,—such as going to headquarters, for instance. Graybacks and black legs are the species to which I specially devote myself. Why have the vermin, do you ask? Well, you are a tolerably neat woman: why do you have flies in your house?

You may judge that I am well. I am better by far than before I went to New Orleans. I am full of hope, and yet not without great anxiety. Unless the signs fail, there is soon to be a bloody battle. We have it intimated that an attempt will be made tomorrow for the third time to enter Port Hudson. We hope to celebrate the Fourth within that stronghold. Batteries have been placed to command every available space. I expect to hear the deafening roar of hundreds of guns before morning. Everything is quiet to-day. I do not know whether there has been firing or not. I have not noticed. As my attention is called to it, it is still going on. It appears now as though the 52d would not be in a very exposed place; for they have had a hard spot for eighteen days. I think they will stay where they are, and hold that part of the works, so that the rebels cannot get out. Almost every day we hear of one or more deaths in the regiment or at the hospital or at Baton Rouge. I am not starving, but paddling about here barefoot, with my shirt all open in front, looking shabby and

rowdy enough. I am glad you said in your letter, "Stay till the job is finished." I have quoted that to a lot of grumbling men to-day. The future is full of uncertainty; but, if we do not go in now, we may as well give it up. Our army cannot stay here much longer.

Another butter toast to-day for dinner, Capt. Bissell for guest. I told Ball it was not so good as the one we had yesterday. He replied, "There was no butter for it," so he used pork fat. I told him that, when next he was compelled to make a butter toast with pork fat, to inform me of the fact, and I would not invite company to dinner.

To the *Gazette and Courier* by the chaplain:—

June 25.—We are still tugging away at this rebel stronghold, which, excepting Vicksburg, has hardly its equal in the New World. Nature and art seem to have conspired to render the place impregnable. Situated upon high bluffs, which are intersected in every possible manner by ravines and valleys, it is almost equally inaccessible by land or by water. The line of entrenchments, in general parallel with the river and five miles in length, pursues a zigzag course, to get the advantage of cross-fire: the area must be six or eight square miles, possibly more. The breast-works are constructed in the most thorough manner. The place is now closely invested. The line of skirmishers is kept constantly at the front within one or two hundred yards of the rebel works; while they protect themselves behind logs and stumps, as best they can, and pop as often as they discover anything to pop at. To gain the ground we are now occupying has cost us dearly. But the wonder is that the cost was not greater. In the woods which we now occupy are rifle-pits, trenches, and ravines, from which the enemy were driven only by the most persistent bravery. This work had been largely done before the 52d came up. So we shared neither the honor nor the sacrifice. We arrived May 30, and on the 5th of June started on our expedition to Clinton, where a force of the rebels was lurking. They skeaddled; and we came back as fast as we went, and much more exhausted. Sunday, June 14, was the first day of battle for the 52d. It had been determined to storm the works, and this was unluckily the day decided upon. I say unluckily, for nothing could be more unfortunate, not to say unwise, than to commence such a difficult and perilous undertaking against the deep-seated conviction of the popular mind. I feared—nay, even expected—

repulse; and so it turned out. The 52d were deployed near the beginning of the engagement as skirmishers on the right. This we did under a sharp fire from the breast-works, till we were within less than two hundred yards of them. Here we halted till night, awaiting further orders. At last we were told to hold this position till relieved, which we have done up to the present time. The whistling of bullets, the storming of shells, was truly frightful; and the mystery is how many missiles could be hurled at random, and hit so few. Our boys behaved well.

In these ravines, hidden away here and there, the 52d boys have been kept nearly three weeks. The discomforts of such a place you cannot realize. The men are exposed to the uninterrupted rays of this torrid sun, with no shelter except what they can make with their rubber blankets or by burrowing like squirrels in a bank. In these ravines no air can circulate to moderate the intense heat. The nights are cool, and few of the men have blankets. Their knapsacks and most of their clothes, except these rags upon their backs, are stored at Baton Rouge. The flies and mosquitoes set sleep at defiance. The men are obliged to keep very still in their places. A head shown above the logs is a sure mark for rebel bullets. For several days there was no going out in the daytime; but by digging, removing obstructions, and placing logs, shelter passages have been constructed, so that rations and water can be carried in, and men can pass to and fro with comparative safety. But it is a hard place. If a man had been told when he went in there that he was to stay three weeks, he would hardly have expected to come out alive. Several who have not had a day's sickness have been compelled to yield now, and the whole appearance of the men is changed. They cannot help being dirty and ragged. A whole garment would be a curiosity. If we could muster in Greenfield streets, I do not know whether we would excite more pity or laughter. About three hundred are all that can be mustered for service in the field. The others are scattered far and near. In a comfortable and safe place the surgeons and chaplain have their tent; and there the sick are brought in, and lie upon the ground under the trees. The cooking for the regiment is done in a ravine in which the water is found half a mile away in another direction. It would be a long story to tell what our regiment has done and endured since they came into this region. I know the men have done their part well, and borne their share of the labors and hazards of a campaign

which has demanded as arduous and vigorous labor as any campaign of the war. Our regiment in this remote corner of the Union do not have as many friends from home to write glowing accounts of what they are doing as the regiments which are more accessible; but the army of the gulf can have the sweet consciousness that no portion of the army of the Union has been more active and untiring than this. The march to Clinton and back a month ago did more to break down the men than any week's work they have had. Many have not had a well day since. In the unsuccessful assault on the enemy's works on the 14th the 52d took an honorable part. Why was the assault made on Sunday? you may well ask. We know of no reason for it. It was a sad, disastrous day. It is a marvel which I cannot explain that the 52d suffered so little. Other regiments, apparently no more exposed, suffered fourfold more than they. Col. Greenleaf and the other field officers showed great coolness and courage, and handled the regiment well; and to this, in a measure, their exemption from great loss is due. We feel every day more and more how fortunate the regiment is in its commanding officer. No man speaks of Col. Greenleaf but to praise him, no dangers which the men would not cheerfully meet at his call. To stand by the colors and the colonel is the rallying cry in battle. Every one speaks well of the 52d. We had but few men killed and wounded on that day, but the positions secured then ought to be held; and at this date, July 6, we have been twenty-one days exposed to the fire of the enemy.

To Mrs. Moors:—

July 3.—Another night has passed, and no assault has been made. Banks made a speech to the soldiers a few days ago, and told them they would dine in Port Hudson on the Fourth of July. The rebels seem to know everything that is going on on our side. They shouted to our men yesterday: "You are coming in to-morrow, are you? Should like to see you try it! You are going to dine in Port Hudson on the Fourth, are you? Your dinner will last you as long as you live. Dine on cold grapes, won't you?"

Everybody expected the assault would be made this morning; but the night has been unusually quiet. No cannonading, but a good deal of musketry firing. The assault must come soon, or not at all. If Port Hudson does not fall now, Banks may as well give it up.

In the Woods before Port Hudson, July 4.—You say that the

boys write but few letters home nowadays. It is so, and for good reasons. They have no materials, and no opportunity to use them, if they had them. Do you ask where they are? In the rifle-pits and ravines in the front of the enemy's works, within easy rifle range. In front of the rebel works the trees have been cut down and left where they fell, making an almost impassable barrier. The ravines increase the difficulty of approach.

July 9.—Hooray! Hooray! We have got in at last. The day before yesterday came official information of the surrender of Vicksburg. Yesterday Gardner proposed to surrender Port Hudson. The terms agreed upon were an unconditional surrender. At eight the 52d fell into line to march to Augur's headquarters on the left, to enter the fort at nine o'clock. It is as glorious as it can be, and comes in the very nick of time for us. Now I hope to start soon for home; but expect us when you see us. I cannot tell when we shall start, but probably I shall not write again. We are all excitement. Such a Fourth of July as we have had you never heard of. True, we did not get into Port Hudson to eat our Fourth of July dinner; but we fired a grand salute for a full hour at noon, and every band was brought out and played its best. We gave the rebels a good Fourth of July greeting.

XIX.

THE SURRENDER OF PORT HUDSON.

[JULY 9, 1863.]

Col. Greenleaf's account:—

“From this time forward, from the morning of the 21st of June to the 8th of July, 1863, it was but a continuation of the hardships and perilous exposure for those in front heretofore described.

“Night and day the skirmishing is kept up; night and day the riflemen on both sides eagerly watch for human targets; night and day the siege operations go steadily forward. The zigzag saps in the open fields, in plain view of both lines, are slowly, but surely advancing on the fortifications. These saps are about six feet wide, and from the top of the earth which has been thrown out to the bottom of the trench from eight to nine feet. Although in the open field the workmen (mostly negroes) are protected in great degree from the fire of the Southern marksmen by means of hogsheads filled with hard pressed cotton, placed on the surface of the ground at the head of the sap, and rolled ahead a few feet at a time as the work of excavating progresses, yet, in spite of every precaution that can be taken, from four to six brave lads are brought out, either killed or wounded, every twenty-four hours. Miller, of Co. F, was killed while looking along his musket, through a loop-hole, by a portion of a slug from the parapet a few yards away. The slug struck the muzzle of his gun, and parted: one part entered his rifle-barrel, the other penetrated his vitals. Sergt. Bennett, of Co. K, was mortally wounded by a fragment of a shell from one of our own batteries, which exploded within our intrenchments. Fragments of the shell were thrown back over the breastworks, and one of these fatally struck him.

“Cyrus Stowell, of Co. D, the ‘pleasant corporal,’ exposed his head for an instant from behind his tree-trunk, and on that instant was shot and killed by an Argus-eyed Confederate from behind his parapet and sand-bags; Severence, of Co. E, was killed within a few yards of the regimental headquarters on the brow of the

plateau, behind the two fallen tree-trunks; Conoly, of Co. B, and Foster, of Co. F, met the same fate in the trenches; Brayman, of Co. E, is mortally wounded; and so it goes. Yet this night and day labor and exposure, these harsh and discordant notes of war, this continuous roar and rattle of the siege, the sight of bloodshed, the suffering of the sick and wounded, the presence of death even, all become monotonous at last. We become, in a measure, calloused to horrid sights and painful sounds: we notice them, and think of them, less and less as the days go by.

“But ‘cavaliers’ have been built,—one of them not far from our reserve camp. These ‘cavaliers’ are high, artificial mounds, built up in the open field by means of numerous hogsheads filled with cotton, piled one upon another, and with sufficient earth filled in between them and covering them to make the mound solid and strong.

“From these high elevations our marksmen can see beyond the breast-works into the fortress, and get a longer and better range. On one of these cavaliers Capt. Mack, of the 18th New York Battery, mounted one of his twenty-pound Parrotts, and with it dismounted and silenced the last heavy gun in either redoubt that had caused us trouble or that was opened upon us. It had been shelling us a long time; but, being mounted in a redoubt within the parapets and withdrawn at each discharge, our sharpshooters in front were unable to locate, much less to silence it. But a well-directed shot from the cavalier (whence it could be located) by Mack’s skilled gunner struck the solitary piece in the muzzle, and destroyed it forever. This was truly an exhibition of splendid artillery practice. About this time our saps approach the parapets: we soon commence to ‘mine’ them. So near are we now to the besieged ‘butternuts’ that they now and then toss hand grenades over their earth-works among our working force. These explode and injure our men, but do not deter them from their work. Lieut. Hurlbut, of Co. A, a most resolute and deserving soldier, is among the number wounded by these hand grenades. Although unseen by each other, conversation is carried on between the besiegers and besieged. The latter beg for tobacco, the former ask some memento in return; and the coveted articles are tossed back and forth over the parapets.

“On the seventh day of July we were fairly under the fortifications in different places,—had ‘mined’ them and prepared secure places for our magazines of power with which to blow them into

the air, and open a passage for our troops. Three or four days more, and we should have been ready to fire the train and to follow up the explosions with victorious assault; but on the eve of that ever-to-be-remembered day we received the 'glad tidings of great joy' announcing the fall of Vicksburg.

"The official despatch from Gen. Grant to Gen. Banks, announcing the surrender, was made the occasion of great rejoicing within the Union lines as soon as the contents thereof became generally known. Salutes were fired, bonfires lighted, and cheers went up all along our front. Col. Kimball caused a copy of the official despatch to be tossed over the parapet to anxious Confederates, who desired to know what so much rejoicing signified.

"Upon receiving this information about midnight of the 7th, Gen. Gardner sent a flag of truce to Gen. Banks, requesting a cessation of hostilities, with a view to a consideration of terms of surrender. Gen. Banks replied early on the morning of the 8th by sending Gen. Gardner a copy of the official notice from Gen. Grant of the fall of Vicksburg, and saying, 'Under present circumstances I cannot consistently with my duty consent to a cessation of hostilities for the purpose you indicate.' Whereupon a few hours later Gen. Gardner sent another note to Gen. Banks, from which I quote as follows: 'Having defended this position as long as I think my duty requires, I am willing to surrender to you, and will appoint a commission of three officers to meet a similar commission appointed by yourself at nine o'clock this morning, for the purpose of agreeing upon and drawing up the terms of surrender, and for the purpose of asking for a cessation of hostilities. Will you please designate a place outside the breast-works where the meeting shall be held for this purpose?'

"In closing his answer to this note, Gen. Banks said: 'I have the honor to state that I have designated Brig.-Gen. Charles P. Stone, Col. Henry W. Birge, and Lieut.-Col. Richard B. Irwin as the officers to meet the commission appointed by you. They will meet your officers at the hour designated, at a point where the flag of truce was received this morning. I will direct that active hostilities shall entirely cease, on my part, until further notice, for the purpose stated.'

"The commission thus appointed met at the time and place designated by the two opposing major-generals commanding, and mutually agreed upon and adopted the following articles of capitulation:—

"ARTICLE 1. Major-Gen. Frank Gardner surrenders to the United States forces under Major-Gen. Banks the place of Port Hudson and its dependences, with its garrison, armaments, munitions, public funds, materials of war, in condition, as nearly as may be, in which they were at the time of cessation of hostilities; namely, six o'clock A.M., July 8, 1863.

"ARTICLE 2. The surrender stipulated in Article 1 is qualified by no condition, save that the officers and enlisted men comprising the garrison shall receive the treatment due to prisoners of war, according to the usages of civilized warfare.

"ARTICLE 3. The private property of the officers and enlisted men shall be respected, and left to the respective owners.

"ARTICLE 4. The position of Port Hudson shall be occupied to-morrow at seven o'clock A.M. by the forces of the United States, and the garrison received as prisoners of war by such general officers of the United States service as shall be designated by Major-Gen. Banks, with the ordinary formalities of rendition. The Confederate troops will be drawn up in line, officers in their positions, the right of the line resting on the prairie south of the railroad depot, the left extending in the direction of the village of Port Hudson. The arms and colors will be piled conveniently, and will be received by the officers of the United States.

"ARTICLE 5. The sick and wounded of the garrison will be cared for by the authorities of the United States, assisted, if desired by either party, by the medical officers of the garrison.

"CHARLES P. STONE, *Brigadier-General*.

"W. N. MILES, *Colonel commanding the right wing of the army*.

"WM. DWIGHT, *Brigadier-General*.

"G. W. STEADMAN, *Colonel commanding the left wing of the army*.

"MARSHALL S. SMITH, *Lieutenant Colonel, Chief Artillery*.

"HENRY W. BIRGE, *Colonel commanding 5th Brigade, Grant's Division*.

"Approved.

N. P. BANKS, *Major-General*.

"Approved.

FRANK GARDNER, *Major-General*.

"The formal surrender of Port Hudson was accordingly made on the 9th of July, 1863. Gen. Gardner, on that occasion, offered to surrender his sword with his command, but was requested to retain it."

[From the official report made by Gen. Stone to Gen. Banks, we learn that the number of enlisted men paroled at Port Hudson was 5,935; officers not paroled, 405. Aggregate of prisoners taken, 6,340.

Capt. Jackson, of the Confederate army, reporting to Gen. J. E. Johnson July 9, 1863, says: "Port Hudson surrendered yesterday. Our provisions were exhausted; and it was impossible to cut our way out, on account of the proximity of the enemy's work. We have lost two hundred killed, and between three and four hundred wounded, and two hundred have died from sickness. At the time of the surrender there were only about twenty-five hundred men fit for duty."]

"I well remember that bright, pleasant morning in July when, with banners flying and bands playing, we proudly marched into Port Hudson. I then thought it the happiest day of my life.

"The term of service for which the 52d Regiment enlisted expired while we were in the hottest part of the siege, but we had had the satisfaction and honor of serving until grand results had been achieved. We now enjoyed the distinguished honor of having aided in compelling the surrender of one of the strongest and most stubbornly defended military positions ever successfully besieged in this or any other country, thus aiding to remove that last remaining obstruction to commerce on the Mississippi River.

"We could now return to our dear old New England homes, rejoicing in this exultant thought, in the proud consciousness that our military duties in the Union cause had been faithfully performed.

"We were to be the first regiment to ascend the Mississippi River after it had been opened to navigation, but must delay our departure a week or two for want of the necessary transportation. While our army had been laying siege to Gen. Gardner on the east bank of the river, Gen. Taylor, whom we persuaded to vacate Fort Bisland and then pursued up the Teche to Opelousas, thence to Alexandria, as previously described, had been making things somewhat lively for Banks's remaining force west of the Mississippi, at Brashear City, and at Donaldsonville and vicinity.

"About the 20th of June Taylor, having returned with his reconstructed command down the Teche, surprised and captured the federal garrison at Brashear City, numbering, all told (including convalescents), about fifteen hundred men, together with a large amount of supplies: thence, moving through La Fourche country, he struck the Mississippi near Donaldsonville, and from that point interrupted our communications with New Orleans. Thereupon, as soon as Port Hudson fell, Gen. Banks again paid his compliments to Gen. Taylor. An expedition requiring all the

available river transportation was immediately fitted out and sent down the river to dislodge Taylor at Donaldsonville, redeem La Fourche country, and recapture Brashear City. In the mean time our convalescents from New Orleans and Baton Rouge were brought up by Surgeon Richardson, members of the regiment on detached service called in, and other necessary preparations made to embark on the first transport that could be spared us. I improved this delay to ascertain the facts with regard to the conduct of the negro troops on the 27th of May previous, as it had been my purpose to do from the time the first reports of their wonderful exploits reached me. I went in person to Gen. Grover, — a model soldier, affable, competent, and brave, — in whose division the said Nelson's colored brigade served on the occasion referred to, called his attention to what had been said and written with respect to the conduct of that brigade on the 27th of May (and he had heard and seen reported substantially the same accounts of the affair that had reached me), and asked him to do me the favor to give me the facts in the case as officially reported to him, adding that I not only desired the actual facts for my own satisfaction, but that, as I was about to return North with my command, for truth's sake and the country's sake, I should take pleasure in stating the official facts to whomever they might concern in the North, whenever I should have occasion. Gen. Grover smiled in his quiet, pleasant way, and replied: 'Well, colonel, the story is a short one, and soon told. Most of the unofficial reports of the affair which you inquire about that have come to me, as they have to you, are greatly exaggerated. Nelson's brigade numbered about fourteen hundred men: they participated in the assault on the 27th of May, but they made no such wonderful charges as has been reported. They did not leap the parapets and bayonet the gunners, nor indeed did they get very near the parapets: they did not even carry the rifle-pits thrown out in front. Their entire loss for the day was one hundred and fifty-seven killed, wounded, and missing, the greater part of which loss was the "missing."'

"Having kindly given me in person this interesting information, Gen. Grover referred me to his assistant adjutant-general Capt. Hibbert for further details of the affair. I forthwith called upon the assistant adjutant-general, used the general's name, made known my business, and from him received substantially the above statement, derived from official reports then in his possession."

From a lecture upon the Army Chaplain :—

The last and hardest chapter in our experience was the siege of Port Hudson. Lucky for us, it was the last ; for not many of our number could have survived another like it. It was the hardest service the regiment saw. We were close up under the rebel works, and remained there day and night, sheltered only by some rude earth-works we had thrown up for our protection. The discomforts of our position were not due to any one condition. It was not that the days were intensely hot and the nights uncomfortably cold, and there was no escape from the one or the other ; it was not that water was scarce, and the little we could obtain was so filthy as to provoke disgust, the rations poor and insufficient, the meat fat bacon, and the hard-tack wormy ; it was not that the men were ragged and dirty, and had to live in the dirt, which, after a shower became tenacious mud ; it was not that they had to occupy lowly and constrained positions (an upright posture was sure to be a fatal one) ; it was not that a perfect storm of cannonading and musketry was going on around and over them by day and night ; it was not that they believed that their term of service had expired, and that they were unjustly retained and the task before them seemed hopeless,—it was not one of these conditions, but all combined, that made the month of June as full of hardship and discomfort as possible. A great deal of sickness prevailed. Just out of range of rebel muskets the sick men were stretched upon the ground, lying upon their blankets, exposed to the hot sun by day and the cold air by night, with such care as the assistant surgeon and the chaplain could render. Three hundred muskets were all our regiment could show ; and yet there was no insubordination. Our men went steadily, if not cheerfully, to their work, determined to see the end. All the harder this, and all the more honorable, that in several of the nine months' regiments there was open revolt.

XX.

COL. GREENLEAF'S ACCOUNT OF A FORAGING EXPEDITION TO JACKSON CROSS-ROADS.

But to break the monotony of the siege for the 52d Regiment, an order comes to me from Col. Kimball, late in the evening of the 19th of June, to report with my command for duty at Gen. Banks's headquarters, three or four miles to the rear, at sunrise in the morning.

We were no little puzzled to receive such an order, at such a time, under such circumstances, but had no alternative but to obey. It required most of the remainder of the night to get the men out of the trenches in front to the reserve camps in the rear; but they were all fairly out by daylight, and ready to march as directed. We then mustered about five hundred guns altogether. We could muster no more, for the reason that many men had been made sick from hard marching and exposure, and many others had been put upon detached service. Arriving at the general's camp a little after sunrise, we there met for the first time Gen. Charles P. Stone, then (or soon to become) Banks's accomplished chief of staff. He had been released from what many believed to have been unjust, arbitrary military arrest in Washington, a few weeks previously, and ordered to report for duty to Gen. Banks in the Department of the Gulf. He had been under arrest about a year, yet up to this time did not even know the *cause* of the arrest, although he had repeatedly asked the proper authorities for specific charges. Rather a sad commentary on what Shakespeare denominates "even-handed justice" in Washington at that time. Gen. Stone has been commander-in-chief of the Egyptian armies for several years past. But I digress. We now receive the orders for which we came. We are to escort a forage train, consisting of one hundred and fifty-four mule covered wagons, to Jackson Cross-roads eighteen miles to the rear and return, and are to have added to our command for this service one hundred of the 2d Rhode Island Cavalry, Lieut. Col. Corliss commanding, and one section of

Closson's field battery. This train is to be in charge of Banks's quartermaster and wagon-master, and goes out to confiscate forage required for the army. It is known, however, at these headquarters that we are liable to encounter the same Confederate force (estimated at twenty-five hundred men), under Gen. Mouton, that Gen. Paine and his command sought to "gobble" at Clinton, two weeks before; but we receive our orders, the infantry mount the wagons as a guard, and we push ahead. A few miles out, where two converging roads meet and join, we found Lieut. Col. Loomis and Major Starr, of Grierson's famous command, who, with about fifty wagons and two hundred of their fine cavalry, are also on a foraging expedition; and it is soon agreed that we join our forces, and push on to Jackson together. This gives me a command consisting of five hundred infantry, three hundred cavalry, and one section of an excellent field battery, which, together with the two hundred wagons, make a train over two miles long.

The country proves to be quite an interesting one. The highway is bounded by thick evergreen hedges in many places and skirted by wood in others,—a splendid country for bush-whacking, and correspondingly bad for a long forage train, where a superior force of the enemy is on the lookout for it! Some eight or nine miles out we come to a deep gulch, or ravine, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards wide, which we cross. We are anxious and uncomfortable as we cross this ugly ravine: we imagine an itinerating battalion of Mouton's force confronting us on the opposite (western) bank as we return, and we are not happy. But on we go until about one o'clock P.M., when we reach Jackson Cross-roads. Here two roads cross each other nearly at right angles, running nearly north and south, the other east and west. A mile or two on the road to the north is the village of Jackson, from which the crossing takes its name.

It is a fine, open, rolling country this. The ground is somewhat higher at the crossing than for some distance to the south and east, and we here command a view of quite an extended landscape. Beyond the open fields to the south-east, seven or eight hundred yards away, is a dense wood. About half a mile to the south, a short distance from the highway, are several plantation out-houses, in which the wagon-master says forage is stored; and on the road running east (about north-east from the crossing), about the same distance away, are still other buildings, in which there is also said to be grain. But, as we have no time

to spare, we should load our wagons with all possible despatch, and begin our return march in season to recross that dangerous ravine before nightfall.

The colonel comprehended the situation at once, and promptly gave what he deemed the requisite orders for securing the coveted forage. One hundred wagons would proceed to the plantation on the right and load up, preceded by Lieut. Col. Loomis with one hundred cavalry, who would take position on the road beyond to guard against attack; while the other one hundred wagons would make their way to the other plantation on the left, and load up, with Major Starr and the remaining one hundred of Grierson's cavalry posted on the road beyond.

A squad of the 2d Rhode Island Cavalry would be posted as a picket guard on the Port Hudson road in our rear, another on the Jackson road, and the remainder of that command, under Lieut. Col. Corliss, would constitute a guard well to the front.

Our modest little battery was planted on elevated ground in the south-east angle of the crossing, where it would have a fine wide range, and the regiment (the guard having previously alighted from the wagons) formed in line a few yards to the rear to support it. The regiment stacked arms as soon as the line had been formed, and the members thereof immediately set about making coffee and overhauling haversacks for bread and meat for their lunch. These several movements were made simultaneously: they were likewise made quickly. We are now in the best position possible, under the circumstances. But, just as the cooks had fairly got their fires going, a cavalryman dashed up to me with a written message from Lieut. Col. Corliss, in which he said he had that moment learned from negroes and others on the plantation to the right that Gens. Mouton and Hughes had camped on the premises with their command of twenty-five hundred men (many of them mounted) the night previous; that they had been notified of our coming, and were now on the lookout for us; that they were then in the wood or concealed in the fields near by, and that I might expect to be attacked by them in a few minutes.

As I finished reading this interesting despatch, another cavalryman rode up with a prisoner from the opposite direction, and I proceeded at once to interrogate them. The prisoner appeared to be honest and intelligent, freely answered my questions, and fully confirmed what Lieut. Col. Corliss had despatched to me with regard to the enemy and his whereabouts a few moments before.

The cavalryman brought much the same story from the left. I inquired of the prisoner about the roads,—whether there was any road within a few miles of us north, connecting with the one running east from Port Hudson, which led to and crossed the ravine previously described. He answered that the road running through Jackson Village did this; and I forthwith turned him over to the tender mercies of the cavalry picket-guard in the rear.

I saw nothing to change in the dispositions at first resolved upon and already made, from the fact that we were really in imminent danger: we would await the threatened attack from whichever direction and in whatever manner it might be made. Nor were we long in suspense. Within five or ten minutes after Col. Corliss's message had been received, just as our communicative prisoner was marching to the rear, and before our coffee had been drunk or any bread tasted, "the hathin butternuts" open the military ball in good earnest. Crack! crack! crack! crack! go the rifles near the edge of the wood: then comes the rattle of volley after volley of musketry in rapid succession from the plantation on the right. "Battalion!" The 52d boys are in line of battle in a moment, and the artillery men are at their guns. We look. Behold! the Southern hosts are filing out of the woods and fields, and massing within range of our battery. Our teamsters are evidently panic-stricken; the mules are frightened, and running at the top of their speed, with their white-topped wagons, in every direction; and the 2d Rhode Island Cavalry are falling back. Two companies of the regiment deploy in skirmish line, and push to the front. Col. Corliss dashes up, and himself confirms previous reports as to whose commands and what numbers we have to encounter. Our two brass guns command the field. Among the many covered wagons in the train, and men and horses about our rendezvous, the Confederate generals had failed to notice the battery. We have only to swing around the muzzles of the guns to get the range, and open fire with shot and shell; and this is done promptly, skilfully, and most effectively. The artillerymen do their whole duty, just in the nick of time. Mouton and Hughes evidently were taken wholly by surprise. We could see that their troops were about as badly demoralized from the effect of our fire as our teamsters and mules had been from their attack. The artillery was in play but a few moments; and the enemy was soon out of sight in the woods, just in his rear. The fear then was that, as soon as he had sufficiently

recovered from the surprise and punishment inflicted, he would re-form in the wood, which extended some distance to the north, swoop down on our left, half a mile away, gobble up the one hundred wagons and Major Starr's cavalry force there, and then return to attack our right from a more favorable direction. We feared he might first "gobble" our left, and then, by way of the Jackson road, put his greatly superior force in our rear on the further bank of the ravine heretofore described. At any rate, we were in no position or condition to cope with a much superior force, while thus spread out; and, as it was clearly our first duty to save, if possible, our train, we despatched orders right and left to abandon further attempts at foraging, and for the teams to come in at once. We would concentrate our small force, and then, if again attacked, park our wagons, and fight it out to the bitter end; or, if not attacked, seek to make the further banks of the ravine in advance of the Confederates.

Simultaneously with the orders despatched right and left was still another order to the cavalry guard in the rear, as well as to the wagon-master, to halt the first teams that should come in at the post on the Port Hudson road, and hold them there until the train could be closed up, and the further order given to move. Soon the teams began to come in,—hurrah, boys! pell-mell, helter-skelter,—some without drivers, some with two mules, others with three, now and then a mule with harness off or parts of it dragging on the ground, with a wrecked wagon behind, drivers and mules all under the greatest excitement. We expected every moment to see the enemy's horse dash at the flank of our left line and cut it in two as it came straggling in; but we were happily spared the pain of such a sight. We knew it was the best strategy for him to strike our left while thus exposed, and were amazed that he did not do it.

It was about one half-hour after the orders to concentrate had been given before the last wagon came in. Just at this moment a report came back that the cavalry squad posted to the rear had disobeyed orders, and failed to halt and hold the teams as they came up; that, in fact, both cavalry and teams had been on a grand "skedaddle" from the time the first of the demoralized train came in. This report was indeed interesting. How was a forage train to be guarded that should become so frightened as to disobey orders, and run away from its escort! As the enemy had failed to strike our left, he had probably passed around it, struck

the Jackson road, and pushed for the west bank of the ravine, in which case he would be almost certain to capture all teams so foolish as to run away from their escort.

Lieut. Buddington, acting adjutant,—a brave, efficient soldier, and well mounted,—was thereupon ordered to ride with all haste to the said ravine, eight or nine miles distant, and to halt the last teams he should overtake by fast riding to that point, and the entire military command to close up at once on the rear of the train and take up the return march, in the hope that we might succeed in recrossing the ravine in safety before nightfall. As we closed up on the train, the infantry again “mounted guards,” and a company of cavalry was sent to the front. Finally, as the rear of the train was no longer threatened, I rode to the front with the battery, together with all but a squad of the remaining cavalry, reaching the head of the train, and overtaking Adj. Buddington at the ravine, just as the long line had fully closed up. The adjutant reported that about fifty wagons had crossed the gulch before he could reach it, and that they had already been captured by the enemy’s advance. At this moment a courier, coming across the country from the Union lines, rides up to me with a despatch from Gen. Stone, stating that, since the train started in the morning, information had reached him to the effect that a considerable force of the enemy would probably be encountered on the expedition, urging the utmost caution to prevent surprise, and suggesting that we make the best defence possible and send for re-enforcements in case of attack. But even this kind and considerate order necessitated no change in our proposed movements. No sooner was it read than the order was given, “Forward! march!” The head of the column moved at once, and a few minutes later had reached the plateau on the opposite bank of the yet passable “gulf;” but the minute the advance had gained this high ground the Confederate advance opened fire on us from the right with his twelve-gun battery and smaller arms.

Our glorious little battery promptly wheeled out of column to the right, and took position in front; and a line of battle, embracing all the infantry and cavalry at the moment available, was as promptly formed to support the battery. Our movement from Jackson had been too quick for the enemy: we had gained this strong position in advance of him, and we were happy. Lieut. Col. Loomis, who at first favored fighting the battle out at the

Cross-roads, now conceded that our orders for the return march had been "all right."

Capt. M. H. Spaulding, Co. C, reports that, from information received from Major Graham of the 1st or 2d Artillery, there were on the ground a Confederate force of three regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and Adams's battery of six pieces of twelve-pounders.

Mouton and Hughes fear our well-served brass field-pieces, and fall back before them and the determined battle front that we present. The wagon train passes along the road in rear of our line of battle, the gallant command closes on the last wagon as it moves past, and thus we return to Banks's headquarters without further incident, and there make our report of the expedition to the general in person. Gen. Banks regrets the loss of our fifty wagons and two hundred mules,—also, that we failed to secure more forage; but he is satisfied from reports that had reached him during the day, as well as from our own report, that we "did well to get back with so little loss."

The regiment marches back to camp in a somewhat jaded condition, hoping for a good night's rest and sleep in the woods. But late in the evening, after an enjoyable supper, and after some pretty racy stories of the day's exploits had been related, we were informed by Col. Kimball, in person, that a great mistake had been made by somebody in taking us out of the trenches and sending us off on such an expedition; that the fact that we held so important a position in front was overlooked at Gen. Grover's headquarters at the time the order was sent him, and that the error had not been discovered until too late to correct it; that, in consequence of this blunder, our hard-earned position in front had been unoccupied since we vacated it at midnight, and that therefore we must reoccupy it as soon as possible. And the half-complimentary, half-cruel order was obeyed, although it required most of the night to carry it into effect. Thus ended our perilous expedition to Jackson Cross-roads.

The following day an adequate force, under Gen. Weitzel, was sent out to Jackson to chastise the predatory Confederates who had given me so much trouble; but, as did Gen. Paine at Clinton two weeks previous, Gen. Weitzel, on arrival at Jackson, found that Gens. Mouton and Hughes had considerably left for parts unknown. It was ascertained, however, at the crossings that, in the engagement with our gallant little command the day previous,

the enemy suffered a loss of between thirty and forty killed and wounded ; while our loss, besides the sixty teams, was but seven or eight killed, wounded, and prisoners. Two members of the 52d Regiment were captured with the runaway train ; and Lieut. Col. Corliss reported a loss of five or six of his Rhode Island Cavalry.

XXI.

WITHIN PORT HUDSON AND THE JOURNEY HOME.

[JULY 23 TO AUG. 4, 1863.]

JULY 12, 1863.

My dear Wife,—Here we are in Port Hudson at last. I wrote you a few words announcing the surrender. We have had a very exciting week. Last Sunday we were full of anxiety. A fierce battle seemed to be close at hand. Our preparations for another assault were nearly completed, and the result could not but be bloody and terrible; and yet we were confident that we could win possession of the place. On Monday, July 6, Cyrus Stowell was killed. Have I told you about him? He was a very pleasant fellow,—a cheerful, hopeful, happy boy, the son of Deacon Stowell, of South Deerfield. A bullet pierced his head, and killed him instantly. We had had no burial services since the siege began; but he was a very popular fellow, and the boys made a great effort to get possession of his body. The funeral was very impressive. It was about nine o'clock at night. He was wrapped in his blanket. We had two candles. The clouds hung around the horizon, and the thunder and lightning were abundant. Overhead was a patch of starlight. To the south, a little way off, the booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry told us that the bombardment was going vigorously on. As we stood around, while some of the men were digging a shallow grave, I told the boys it was the most impressive scene I had witnessed. When the grave was dug, the body of our comrade was laid in it, and a religious service held. In the midst of a prayer a bullet from a rebel rifle, whose range was a little longer than most, whizzed through our circle as we stood around the grave. I heard some one say, "Put out the candle!" which a boy had been holding for me by which to read a passage from the Bible.

The next day, July 7, came the news of the surrender of Vicksburg. It was official, and gave great joy. The big guns fired their salutes, the bands played the most exultant strains, the men shouted for joy. The next morning, Thursday, it was found that

Gen. Gardner had sent to Gen. Banks to propose terms of surrender. At nine o'clock there was a meeting of officers of both armies to arrange the terms. At two o'clock it was announced that the terms had been agreed upon. I suppose you at home will infer that, as this followed so hard upon the surrender of Vicksburg, it was dependent upon that; but it is not so. The surrender would have taken place soon if Vicksburg had not surrendered. The rebels were fairly starved to it. There had been terrible suffering within the fort for some time, and all prospects of relief were lost: they must give up, or die. That afternoon we sent in beef and hard-tack for their use. I spent the afternoon in examining our siege works,—the saps and mines our men had prepared, and which were nearly completed. The next morning, July 9, we had orders to be in line at eight o'clock, and soon after marched to Gen. Augur's headquarters, where we waited till ten to get our whole army into line; and then, with flags flying and bands playing, we marched into this stronghold of rebeldom. There was no formal surrender of arms, such as we see in the pictures of Cornwallis giving up his sword. If there were any such, we had not seen it. We were halted near the river. I found a tree that had been cut through by a shell and laid upon the ground. The leaves were still green. I crawled into the branches, and laid there till nearly night, with a solitary hard-tack for dinner on which to celebrate our victory. Ball got up a shelter tent at night, and we slept our first sleep in Port Hudson. The regiment, after lounging most of the day in the hot sun, were sent to guard the rebel prisoners, and are at the same business still. The next days, Friday and Saturday, I spent in examining the rebel works and talking with the prisoners. This has kept me busy for a while in the morning, the only part of the day that I can do anything. The rest of the day I lounge in my tent, and do nothing, except I have found Bulwer's novel of "Pelham," which I have enjoyed reading. It is the only book I have, excepting the Bible.

I wish you could be here for an hour and see this place. The fortifications are on the highest bluffs I have yet seen on the Mississippi. The bluffs are about forty feet high, and as jagged on the water's edge as it is possible to conceive. The water, every time it rains, washes away some portion of the bluffs more than others. On the very edge of one of these projecting bluffs I am seated, writing this. The scene is a remarkable one. If I should take four steps in advance, I should plunge over a precipice forty feet

high. The water in the river comes up nearly to the foot of the precipice, and is rising rapidly. On the edge of the water are crowds of men in all kinds of dirty, ragged dress, both rebels and Feds, a good many in no dress at all; for it is for bathing purposes that this crowd has collected. I look down upon hundreds of heads of swimmers bobbing up and down in the water. The river makes here an angle of ninety degrees. It comes sweeping towards me from the west, then makes a graceful bend to the south. The stream is broad and grand. I do not weary of sitting or lying here and watching it. To the right of me a little distance there is a dense forest, with the deepest green foliage. Near at hand the first thing that attracts attention is the broad folds of the United States flag floating victoriously to the breeze from a flag-staff raised upon the edge of the bluff. At its foot and all along the bluff, right and left, are the carefully prepared embrasures for heavy siege guns, several of which remain, though some have been dismantled by our shells. Within an arm's length of my right hand is one of the magazines for powder, nearly empty now. The little plot on which we are living has had all the turf removed to build into the embrasures. It is a dirty spot enough to live in. Some of the boys help me confiscate the door of the railroad station near by; and we drag it to this little dirty spot, and it serves me for house and tent. Looking now at the south, there is the same broad expanse of river; and three or four miles down the stream lie the gunboats, silent now, and, rising majestically among them, the tall masts of the "Hartford," Commodore Farragut's flagship. Much nearer, almost at my feet, lie six steamers which came up last night with stores, and, we suppose, are to take the rebel prisoners away. The edges of the bluff are lined with idlers. Feds and Confeds talking leisurely, and for the most part good-naturedly, together. I have said that the 9th was a happy day for us, and so it was. No words can express our joy that the siege was ended, and so satisfactorily. But so tired and exhausted were the men that we could not manifest much enthusiasm. We plodded on more like a funeral procession than like the triumphant march of a victorious army. We were seeing on every side the effects of the siege. The trunks of trees a foot or more in diameter had been torn asunder by the heavy shot which had been poured in. Holes in the hard earth six or eight feet deep showed where shells had struck and been buried. The small arms of seven thousand rebel soldiers were piled together on the ground. We had a

chance to see the huge siege guns that had been so effective, and now were silenced.

Though we are within Port Hudson, it is not a paradise that we have found. About the time we entered here the rebels got in our rear below Donaldsonville with a powerful battery, and stopped all communications with New Orleans. This cut off our rations, not over-abundant before, all at once. We had more than six thousand rebel prisoners to feed; and they must have full rations, whether we had anything or not. Our men have had the poorest food for a week past they have ever had. It has been so with the chaplain. The commissary has given out. So long as we could buy some bread and very poor butter at fifty cents per pound, we could have a butter toast; but, when both bread and butter failed and we came down to hard-tack and pork fat, it was a good deal of a falling off. Since Ball substituted pork fat for butter and wormy hard-tack for bread, I have lost my taste for butter toast, and almost everything else, in fact. I told Ball that, when hard-tack became wormy and buggy, I wished he would rap it upon a log and toast it. I have had some tea, one part of which is sage and the rest a concoction of brass kettles and ink. We buy it for black tea. Of all the detestable living I have had has been of late; and yet I find the fellows every day whom I invite to dine or sup with me go into ecstasies over the splendid meal they have had, the best they have eaten for weeks, as I have no doubt it is. And then the smells! Whew! The rebels left us an inheritance of bad odors which would put Cologne to shame. If you were here, you would have a chance to hear the tallest scolding, fretting, and swearing there is to be had.

Why don't we start for home? is the inquiry many times every hour of the day. For these reasons: There is a great deal yet to be done. We can wait. The real reason is it takes time to secure transportation. And it is hot. That don't express it. I cannot express it. The men are still on duty, some on picket and some doing provost duty, — Co. A, for instance. Capt. Long proposes to stay here, and be colonel of the 10th Regiment of the native guards, — a first-rate man for the place, a first-rate place for the man. He changed his plans, and will go with us. The "Feds" and "Confeds" meet here on a good degree of equality. Our army are guarding six thousand rebel prisoners. I move about among them very freely, and am much interested in them. The officers are cultivated and refined gentlemen. I cannot say as much of the

rank and file. We have heated discussions about the causes of the war. The officers talk intelligently, and are eloquent on the matter of State rights. The others, as far as I can discover, know little of the causes for which they have been fighting, telling us that the "Yankees came down there to steal their niggers." All these seven thousand are to be sent home, giving their parole not to enter again the service of the Confederacy, and to appear when called for by the Federal government. As though their parole would be worth anything! Capt. Long superintends the parole, and tells me that in some regiments nine-tenths of the men make their mark, as they cannot sign their names. What a contrast! There are five or six men of foreign birth in our regiment who cannot sign their names, no more. I have had to write a good many letters for our men in hospital, but never for a man who was not able to write his own. The regiment is getting very sickly: typhoid and intermittent fevers abound. The three weeks in the trenches are beginning to tell upon the men. Our staying here two or three weeks or going home in two or three days will make a difference of twenty or thirty men more or less. But dinner is ready: I must attend to it; but it is soon despatched. We are reduced to hard tack, and it is wormy and buggy. I will make up if ever I sit down to one of Bridget's dinners. How it makes my mouth water to think of it! What do you suppose I want most? Some good mealy potatoes, some peas, some beans and onions. No vegetables do we get, no fruit of any kind.

We have got together at last all who are able to go by boat up the river. Others go by water, and will probably get home before we do. If they are kept here for a month, it is doubtful if they ever see home. Christopher Newton is in the hospital, and probably will not live the day out. Arthur Browning's bones are walking about here. If he can get to Rowe, he can perhaps get some flesh on. His cousin from Colraine is here, more shaky than he. Our hospital here is the old depot building, in which sugar and molasses are stored and meal scattered. But its dirt is not its worst feature. It is a sad place to go, even for a short visit, every day. I have seen more homesick men here than in any other spot. It is a sad place in which to have the fever. The Lord deliver me from such a fate! I was not very well last week, and Ball thought I was homesick. I had no appetite, and he tried to pamper me with some salt junk and pickles. I feel quite well now. To-day I have distributed a couple of thousand books, tracts, and newspapers

which have just arrived from the Christian Commission. I have gathered all my duds here, and am ready to start on an hour's notice. I cannot but think we shall get started this week. But expect me home when you see me. Keep up good cheer. I mean to. Have the boiler full of hot water when I arrive, ready to put me into, and some clean clothes for me to put on.

JULY 23, 1863.

My dear Wife,—I came pretty near beginning this with a fearful howl because we do not get away, but at last the order has come to go on board the "Chouteau" at 4 P.M., to start for Cairo. So there is some chance we may see the outside of Port Hudson. We are as anxious to see the outside as we were a few weeks ago to see the inside. It is very hot and sickly. Browning, of Colrairie, died this morning. Spencer Phelps, one of the best of our men, also died this morning. I saw him yesterday, and saw that he was very sick. But he told me hopefully that he thought he could stand it one day more. But one of the last duties I am to perform here is to attend his funeral. I am well, but lean and hungry.

From Church's journal :—

"May 11. — Some of us were sent to New Orleans as guard over a large number of prisoners. We went in the evening of the 13th, and the next morning were on our way back to Barre's Landing. The trip was not a very hard one, but it used me up. Not much seemed to ail me, — only dumb ague, malarial fever, chronic diarrhœa; and, besides. I did not feel very well, so took steam for Brashear City. At this time I weighed one hundred fifty-six pounds, a few weeks later ninety-seven pounds. There I remain in ward fifteen in the barracks hospital, and saw no more of the regiment till I joined them at Port Hudson. Right here I wish to say a word for the Sisters of Charity during my hospital life. I know them to have been untiring in their efforts to relieve the sick and the suffering. No matter what the creed, none applied to them in vain. They are a noble band of self-denying workers. Too much cannot be said in praise of their efforts.

"I reported for duty July 15. Those who were called well were guarding the works. I was one of those called well. There were no well men. All were used up, and were a sad-looking set. We were informed that, on account of our good record in the department, we should be the first regiment sent North; and July 23 we

marched to the river and aboard the steamer 'Harry Chouteau.' We were going home. Do you know what that means to us?"

Col. Greenleaf's address at South Deerfield, 1892: —

"Comrades of the 52d Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, Ladies, and Gentlemen, — Two years ago, upon the occasion of the twenty-fifth annual reunion of the 52d Regiment in Bernardston, I had the honor of reading to those present the second chapter, together with a portion of the third, of my imperfectly written reminiscences of our army experiences on water and land. This brought us down to the surrender of Port Hudson,—the grand result of military service of the 19th Army Corps in the Department of the Gulf.

"But little now remains for me to say. Having already described in a very indifferent manner the more important events in which we took conspicuous part,—commencing with our embarkation on the old ocean steamer 'Illinois,' in New York Harbor, and ending, as I said, with the capture of Port Hudson,—it now only remains for me to describe, in the same imperfect manner, our weary yet gladsome journey home. Therefore, a few parting words, and we will proceed homeward.

"While our army had been laying siege to Port Hudson on the west bank of the river, Gen. Taylor, whom we persuaded to vacate Fort Bisland and then to retire up the Teche to Opelousas, thence to Alexandria, as previously described, had been making things somewhat lively for Banks's remaining force west of the Mississippi at Brashear City and at Donaldsonville and vicinity.

"About the 20th of June Taylor, having returned with his reconstructed command down the Teche, surprised and captured the Federal garrison at Brashear City, numbering, all told (including convalescents), about fifteen hundred men, together with a large amount of army supplies: thence, moving through La Fourche country, he struck the Mississippi near Donaldsonville, and from that point interrupted our communications with New Orleans. Whereupon, as soon as Port Hudson fell, Gen. Banks again paid his compliments to Gen. Taylor. An expedition requiring all the available river transportation was immediately fitted out, and sent down the river to dislodge Taylor at Donaldsonville, redeem La Fourche country, and recapture Brashear City.

"In the mean time our convalescents from New Orleans and Baton Rouge were brought up by Surgeon Richardson, members of the regiment on detached service called in, and other necessary

preparations made to embark on the first transport that could be spared us.

"As will be remembered, our term of service expired during the siege operations; but, to the honor and glory of all, the regiment remained in the trenches and on other active duty to the end.

"We were to be the first regiment to ascend the Mississippi River after it had been opened to navigation, but must delay our departure a week or two from want of the necessary transportation. And just here I think it proper to introduce a copy of a letter written at this time and place by a distinguished Union officer, then personally known to many of us, whose name, when I shall speak it, will be recognized by all as that of a most gallant soldier of Western Massachusetts. This letter will serve to explain, in a measure, why it was that the 52d was to be the first regiment to return home via the Mississippi,—a circumstance which caused some comment at the time, inasmuch as the term of service of several other regiments had previously expired. The letter reads as follows:—

"HEADQUARTERS DEPT. OF THE GULF, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
PORT HUDSON, July 20, 1863.

"MAJOR-GEN. N. P. BANKS, commanding Dept. of the Gulf, New Orleans:

"*General*.—I inspected the camps, hospitals, kitchens, etc., of Ullman's brigade this morning. They are getting into a pretty good state of police generally. Large mortality from dysentery and measles.

"There is very considerable disaffection in some of the nine months' regiments. Most of them think of nothing but getting home, without any regard to want of transportation. To-day one company of the 50th Massachusetts mutinied, and refused to do duty. The mutineers were promptly put under guard; and I have directed Brig.-Gen. Andrews to send them under guard to-day to New Orleans, to be sent to Ship Island for hard labor during the war, subject to your approval. At the same time I have elected the 52d Massachusetts Regiment, in which there has been no instance of refusal to do duty or of insubordination, for immediate shipment North, and, without any publication of the fact, have allowed it to be understood that the regiments are to be shipped in such order as to leave those who behave badly to go last. Most of Ullman's brigade are unarmed. Shall the arms and accoutrements of the nine months' men be taken from them?

"Very respectfully your obedient servant,

"CHARLES P. STONE,
Brigadier-General.

[Taken from official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Series I, vol. xxvi., Part I., p. 648.]

“Possibly, in this connection, the following letter written by me to the editor of the *Greenfield Gazette and Courier*, with respect to this good ‘friend at court,’ a few months later, may be of some interest to his friends who may survive, as well as to the surviving members of the regiment and their friends, many of whom, I know, were the personal friends of Gen. Stone. This letter, although intended for publication, never was published, to my knowledge. Perhaps it was not deemed worthy a place in the columns of the *Gazette and Courier* during the perilous times in which it was written; but of this you may be able to judge better than I. It reads thus:—

“[COPY.]

“NEW ORLEANS, June 10, 1864.

“S. S. EASTMAN, Esq., Editor” *Gazette and Courier*, Greenfield, Mass.:

“*Dear Sir*,—I notice, with much pleasure, in the *Gazette and Courier* of the 23d of May, duly received, an article headed ‘Gen. Charles P. Stone,’ exonerating him from all responsibility for the disaster which befell our late expedition up Red River.

“I am pleased, sir, with this article for two reasons: first, because I think it states but the simple truth with regard to Gen. Stone, than whom, I believe, there are but few better soldiers *anywhere*, and *none* who came nearer my idea of a gentleman; and, secondly, because of the ‘irrepressible’ interest I feel in the records of all good soldiers from my adopted State, and especially in the records of those from Western Massachusetts.

“Of Gen. Banks’s responsibility in the matter I do not presume to speak. Undoubtedly, it will yet appear that he, too, has been unjustly censured; but, whoever may have been at fault for the results of that campaign, of one fact you may rest assured,—*that person was not Gen. Charles P. Stone.*

“We have unquestionably many excellent officers yet remaining in the Department of the Gulf,—officers well tried and true, and who command the respect and esteem of all who know them; but I think I speak but the common sentiment of officers and men in this department, when I say that no one of the many is more universally respected and esteemed than Gen. Stone, or more deservedly so.

“And I intrude this line upon you at this time, sir, simply as a tribute of justice to one of whom Massachusetts may well be proud, and whom, I believe, history will show to have been greatly wronged.

“Truly yours,

“H. S. GREENLEAF.

"But I digress. The necessary preliminary arrangements having been made, late in the afternoon or evening of the 23d of July, 1863, the regiment took passage on the old river steamer 'Henry Chouteau' for Cairo, Ill., whence we were to proceed home by rail. A large portion of the steamer—indeed, the most comfortable portion—was converted into a hospital, and filled with the sick, many of whom were destined never again to cross the threshold of the old homestead, or again to behold the faces of loved ones who were eagerly awaiting their return.

"Spencer Phelps, of the Northampton company, breathed his last in his tent on this day, while busy preparations were being made to permanently 'break camp.' I saw him in company with Capt. Spaulding, and was recognized by him, as he lay stretched on his rubber blanket, on the ground, a few hours only before we embarked on the steamer 'Chouteau.' He died in his uniform, a manly man and brave soldier, one of many victims to congestive fever, while others of his comrades were rejoicing in the hope that, having made their last march and fought their last battle in Louisiana, they would soon be welcomed back to family and friends among their native New England hills, in the blessed hope that, having faithfully performed the military duties which had been given them to do, their lives would still be spared to stand ere long once more upon their native heath, beneath our dear New England skies.

"Our first night on the river was made memorable by the loss of one of the many royal members of the regiment,—Joshua G. Hawks, of the Deerfield company. He was, indeed, a splendid specimen of the Massachusetts volunteer soldier. That other equally splendid specimen of the volunteer soldier, Prof. James K. Hosmer, who served as a corporal of the same company, and who, as we all can testify, stood bravely, manfully, by the colors to the end, thus speaks of his comrade Hawks in his 'Corporal's Notes of Military Service,' entitled 'The Color Guard' (pages 230, 231): 'Grosvenor Hawks, indeed, my good friend, a high-minded patriot, whose great spirit had carried his feeble body through all our exposures, though pale and haggard, went from man to man, shaking hands. He lay down at night, spreading out his blankets with his old comrades. In the morning his couch lay as he had spread it; but he was gone, and the eyes of no man have rested upon him since. His was a brave and knightly soul. No doubt he rose in the night, too exultant, perhaps, over the brighter prospects of our great

cause, and over the thought that hardship honorably borne was soon to be over, to sleep. The moon, about full, floated gloriously before him in the heavens among the summer clouds, as the "Sangreal, with its veils of white samite," floated before Arthur's pure-souled knights. A misstep with his weak limbs, and he fell overboard into the flood. So our good friend must have perished.'

"On the 27th of July, while yet on our passage to Cairo, three other 'weary and heavy-laden' soldiers crossed the dark river on board the 'Henry Chouteau,'—namely, Sylvester Howes, of Co. E, Warren A. Graves, of Co. H, and Henry M. Albee, of Co. B,—making four of our number who died on board the steamer between Port Hudson and Cairo.

"Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, and Island No. Ten were passed in slow succession, with little time for any one on board to go ashore for any purpose. A few of the more able-bodied and enterprising improved their opportunity to visit a portion of the city and fortifications of Vicksburg, but their numbers were indeed few. So worn and weary and sick were most of us that great effort was required to get up much interest on our part, even in so famous a city as this, made *more* famous by its stubborn and long-continued resistance to Grant, and whose final and unconditional surrender preceded but a few days the surrender of Port Hudson, to which the 52d Regiment had contributed its full share.

"Is it strange that, under the circumstances, the wonderful, battle-scarred city and fortifications of Vicksburg should have had no attractions for us?

"So of Memphis, so of Island No. Ten. We cared little for either as we steamed past: our objective point was Massachusetts; and nothing could divert our minds from thoughts of home by day, nor our gaze from the north star by night.

"On the 30th of July—seven days from Port Hudson—we landed at Cairo. And, that my respected hearers not connected with the regiment may have some idea of the slow speed of the 'Chouteau,' I will say that in 1867, four years later, I made the entire distance from New Orleans to Cairo,—one hundred and sixteen miles farther than from Port Hudson,—on the steamer 'Ruth,' in four days and a few hours.

"We found Gen. Buford, of the Union army, in command of the post at Cairo, and were very kindly received by him and members of his staff. To him we at once applied for railroad transportation, via the Illinois Central, to Massachusetts; and so promptly

was it furnished that we were able to proceed on our journey the same day, July 30. We were, however, compelled to leave some eighteen of our sick (who were unable to travel by rail at the time) in hospital at Mound City, Ill., near Cairo. Fortunately, I am able to give their names. They are as follows: Charles E. Spear, of Shutesbury; J. H. Osmond, of Orange; Amasa A. White, Co. B; Lorreston Pierce, of Shutesbury; George F. Bardwell, of Deerfield; A. B. Goodnough and Charles C. Crittenden, of Conway; Watson W. Cowles, of Amherst; J. W. P. Wheelock, of Amherst; George M. Smith, of Hadley; Henry A. Oakley, Hiram M. Bolton, of Winchester, N.H.; Benjamin Lombard, of Hadley; Nathan Perkins, Henry G. Claghorn, of Williamsburg; Edward F. Hale, of Ashfield; Truman Bowman, of Co. F; and John Bascom, of Montague. George Wait, of Montague,—a noble, big-hearted comrade, who no doubt was as anxious to return to family and friends as others, but able-bodied himself,—magnanimously volunteered to remain behind, to care for these more unfortunate comrades. Truman Bowman also volunteered to remain behind to care for the sick.

“We left these poor fellows in hospital at Mound City, as previously stated, on the 30th of July, and, with hearts sad on their account, proceeded on our journey home. Our route took us to Mattoon, Ill., thence to Indianapolis, Ind., thence to Marion, Ohio, thence to Cleveland, thence to Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, and Albany, N.Y., thence to Massachusetts.

“At the beautiful little town of Marion, Ohio, we were met by her citizens with open arms. We were here received with the most generous hospitality, and for the first time since we sailed from New York, Dec. 2, 1862, were most royally entertained, and in a way never to be forgotten. Nothing in the way of wholesome food or drink was too good for the tired and dusty soldier. It was an oasis in the desert; and to this day I never recall to mind that occasion without a feeling of gratitude for those good people of Marion, not only on my own account, but also in behalf of the regiment.”

From Church's journal:—

“The deck of the steamer had been occupied by horses, and was not so clean as a decent man would keep his stable with us. At Cairo we were put aboard a train of cars, and were slowly whirled towards home. As we stopped at the stations on the way, the people of the villages crowded about us, and loaded us with

provisions in abundance. We began to think we had reached God's country once more."

We reached Westfield, N.Y., before sunrise Sunday morning. There our engine broke down. We knew not how long it would take to repair it; but, without leave of the officers (we were entering the land of freedom), many of us rushed to the houses of the village, and clamored for food. The inhabitants were still in bed; but, sticking their heads out of the windows, they saw their village invaded by as dirty and as ragged a set of tramps as their eyes ever rested upon. We made known our wants, and they were hastily supplied, mainly with bread and milk; for we could not wait for anything else, and hurried back, so as not to lose our train.

At Albany the chaplain was so fortunate as to get several pails of coffee for the one hundred and fifty sick men aboard. Time was limited; and he forgot to secure any for himself, and so fasted till the afternoon, when the train stopped for a moment at Pittsfield, where he expended his last five-cent piece in two doughnuts with which to break a twenty-four hours' fast.

From Col. Greenleaf:—

"Soon Cleveland was reached without notable incident, and then in due time — although it seemed to us the slowest on record — Buffalo. Here, too, as at Marion, we were received by the people with the utmost cordiality, — especially by the whole-souled members of the Rev. Dr. Hosmer's church, — and were gloriously welcomed by them. It was Sunday; and the good Dr. Hosmer, having been notified by his gallant soldier-son — the 'Corporal of the Color Guard' — of the probable hour of our arrival, the Unitarian friends especially flocked from their church to greet us about the hour of one o'clock P.M. The New York Central Railroad Depot had been extemporized, practically, into a mammoth banqueting hall for our use; and all the luxuries to be found in that fine market, calculated to tempt the appetite of a half-starved soldier, apparently had been supplied in unlimited quantities. No one who never has had army experience similar to ours ever can know how enjoyable was that reception by the kind people of Buffalo, or how blissful we were made by the banquet in the depot on that second day of August, 1863; and God grant that no other body of men, either in blue or gray, shall ever receive, as did the 52d Regiment, the preliminary education requisite to the full enjoyment of a reception and banquet like that!"

We reached Buffalo, N.Y., about noon on Sunday, August 2. News of our coming had been telegraphed by Corp. Hosmer to his father, Dr. Hosmer, pastor of the Unitarian church in that city. The minister read the despatch, which was handed to him as he stood in the pulpit, to his audience. Further services were given up, and the congregation met us at the depot with large supplies of provisions. The people were very much surprised at our haggard appearance. With tears in their eyes, they filled our haversacks, and wished us a fervent Godspeed to our homes. The night of Aug. 3, 1863, we were home again,—a weary, tired, worn, lean, and sick company of men turned old before their time.

One of the most striking features of our stop at Buffalo was the contrast which the men of the regiment presented to the men who were assembled to greet us. Our men were walking skeletons,—ragged, unkempt beyond words to express. Our appearance would have been ludicrous in the extreme if it had not presented so sad a picture of suffering and privation. The one distinguishing feature in our appearance was the great staring eyes of half-starved men. Our hosts were clean, well-fed, well-dressed men. But they treated us with a cordial and abundant hospitality.

“Bidding the kind friends in Buffalo adieu, we slowly took our way to Rochester, where, for some reason not now remembered, we were detained until some time into the night, during which time, the train being at a standstill and the thermometer in the nineties, we suffered greatly from the excessive heat. Strange to say, it seemed to me that we really suffered quite as much from this cause during our brief stay in Rochester as we ever had done from the same cause in the far distant South.

“One after the other, Syracuse, Utica, and Albany were reached; but, as might have been expected, the nearer we got to New England, the more our train seemed to ‘slow up.’ No other train in all the world was ever so slow! Finally, we reach and cross the old Bay State line, and soon after the picturesque town of Hinsdale, the home of some of the ‘boys’ of Co. I; and here they leave us, to meet again in Greenfield on the 14th of the month. Springfield comes next. Here we take by the hand a few old friends who have come down the river to meet us, and here telegrams from still other friends begin to come in. At Greenfield another reception and banquet is to be tendered the Franklin County ‘boys’ who may reach this last station of our long, tedious route.

“Co. C, Co. G, Co. H, Co. K, and Co. I leave the train at Northampton. Comrade Gere, then the late polite and efficient postmaster of Baton Rouge, now the accomplished veteran secretary and treasurer of the regiment, had anticipated somewhat our arrival. His tall, familiar, commanding figure was the first to greet our longing eyes as we pulled up to the Northampton station. He served his country well; has served the regiment exceeding well since; is a good citizen; ‘and may his shadow never be less!’ But again I digress.

“Co. D takes leave of the remaining companies at Deerfield, so that only Co. E, Co. F, Co. B, and Co. A are left to be entertained by the dear friends of Greenfield.

“Thus what remained of this gallant, war-worn, ‘schoolmaster’ regiment returned to the place from which, on Nov. 20, 1862, it started for the front, nine hundred and thirty-nine strong,—to the pleasant village in which it was organized; to the lonely camp in which, on the 1st of October, 1862, it pitched its first tents,—returned on the third day of August, 1863.

“The *Greenfield Gazette and Courier*, issued a few days later, made mention of the return of this remnant of the regiment in these words: ‘The train was met at the depot, at the south of Cheapside bridge, by a large concourse of our citizens, with the band and No. 2 Engine Company bearing torches. As the train came to a stop, the returned volunteers were greeted with loud cheers, and the band struck up “Sweet Home.”’

“Carriages were on hand to convey the sick to Franklin Hall, which had been converted into a hospital, beds having been placed there and every convenience for sick men, with a plenty of attendants, both male and female. The sick were soon conveyed to the hall, where twenty-two of them remained through the night, several being very sick.

“Those who were able to ride were taken home by their friends. Those of the regiment who were well were escorted to Washington Hall, where our citizens had set tables loaded with refreshments of all kinds, which were partaken of with the relish of hungry men. The hall was filled to its utmost capacity with the friends of the soldiers from this and the neighboring towns, and their greeting was a hearty one.

“There were some sad hearts present, however. A father, a wife, and brothers first heard on the arrival of the regiment, or by telegraph while waiting its arrival, of the death of a son,

husband, or brother whom they had come into the village to welcome home."

From Col. Greenleaf :—

"We numbered on our return seven hundred and ninety-four, all told, eighty-five of our number having died of disease, and eleven having been killed in battle, or died from wounds received in battle.

"Monday evening, August 3, the regiment, what was left of it, was met at the south end of Cheapside bridge (the bridge had been burned a few days before) by a large concourse of our citizens with a band; and, when the train came to a stop, the return volunteers were greeted with loud cheers as the band struck up 'Sweet Home.' Those of the regiment who were able were escorted to Washington Hall, where the citizens had set tables loaded with refreshments of all kinds, to be partaken of with the relish of hungry men. Among the multitude present there were some sad hearts, a father, a wife, and sisters, first hearing, on the arrival of the regiment, or by telegraph while waiting its arrival, of the death of a son, husband, or brother whom they had come into the village to welcome home. One father exclaimed with choked utterance, 'I came here expecting to welcome my son alive and well, but he is dead.' Another was informed that his only son had been left behind in a low condition.

"But few changes had been made in the field, staff, or line, from the time of our organization in October, 1862, as a regiment, to the expiration of our term of service in 1863; and, as our term of service had long since expired, it now only remained for us to be formally 'mustered out,' and this was done in due form on the fourteenth day of August, each discharged soldier receiving a certificate of honorable discharge.

"Thus ends my somewhat disconnected reminiscences of the 52d Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers,—as fine a regiment, I believe, as ever was mustered into the service of the United States. I would that these reminiscences were more worthy of your consideration; but, such as they are, you now have them with my earnest blessing.

"You, my old comrades, like myself, entered the service of our country from patriotic motives, with little knowledge of the art of war. You left that service with honor to yourselves, a chivalrous body of men, accomplished soldiers, well versed in that art. From that memorable day you have properly taken rank with the '*Veterans* of the Union Army.'

“Claiming nothing for myself, but speaking rather in your behalf in what I now have to say, what patriotic heart, let me ask, would not be stirred as are uttered these most eloquent words, ‘Veterans of the Union Army’? We are thrilled again with high resolves, we hear again the bugle-call, we view again the marshalled hosts. Do people realize what these silent words, ‘Veterans of the Union Army,’ imply? Do they realize that these five words stand for whole volumes of the most thrilling American history, both written and unwritten? That better and more truly than any others can these words express *love of country, loyalty to the old flag*? They tell the story of desolate hearthstones and sundered family ties; of bereaved parents, weeping children, disconsolate maidens; of physical daring and courage unsurpassed in the history of the world; of mental and physical suffering greater than men could bear.

“They speak of the sentry’s midnight watch; of the attack, the repulse, the retreat; of the clash of arms, the ‘hum’ and ‘ziz’ of musket-shot, the roar of cannon, the shriek of murderous shell, the dying and the dead. They recall Sherman’s grand march to the sea. They remind us of the unmerciful forced march beneath a broiling Southern summer’s sun; of the far-off, tented field; of the ever-present ambulance; of the military hospital; of the Confederate prison; of ignominious defeat; of glorious victory! They tell the story of Fair Oaks and Malvern Hill; of Manassas and Antietam; of Shiloh and Gettysburg; of Chattanooga and Cold Harbor; of Vicksburg, and Port Hudson and Red River; of New Orleans and Mobile; of Savannah and Charleston and Richmond.

“Except for the ‘Veterans of the Union Army,’ what, think you, would long since have become of our boasted republican form of government, of our beloved Union under the Constitution, of the great United States of America? This magnificent country of ours, greater and grander far than any other on the face of the globe, whether ruled by queen or king or president,—now *in fact*, as heretofore in *name*, ‘the land of the free and home of the brave,’—in my humble judgment, owes more of its genuine prosperity, more of its true glory, to the patriotic service of the ‘Veterans of the Union Army’ in ‘the days that tried men’s souls’ than ever can be paid.

“Still claiming nothing for myself, let me say that, do what we may and can for those who survive, they and their children and their children’s children will be their country’s creditors still.

"And that all the blessings of liberty and union secured to us by the valor of our Union soldiers, during the late war, may be vouchsafed to each succeeding generation in all the years to come, will never cease to be the hope of every true patriot in the land,—yea, of every genuine lover of mankind in other lands!

"To this end, let *all* who crave these inestimable blessings, now and forever, stand firmly by the principles of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution and laws of the *United States*.

"Unselfishly, we rendered *military* service: unselfishly, let us now render *civil* service."

One of the pleasant duties of the chaplain was to serve as post-master to the regiment. Preaching sermons was a subordinate duty: very few sermons were preached. While the regiment was in camp at Baton Rouge, we sent away about 300 letters a day. We received as many as we sent. The mails of course were very irregular, and no conjecture could be formed when one would arrive. Ours were usually brought by the steamer "Iberville"; and, when her deep puffs were heard at a distance down the river, they never failed to make a commotion in camp. "A mail! a mail!" was heard from all quarters; and, whether by day or by night, there was no peace till the mail was secured. The chaplain on his black horse—on the whole, an honored member of the regiment, in spite of her occasional pranks—hurried to the landing two miles away, and sometimes returned as empty as he went, and at other times leading his horse, while two men walked by her side to hold the plethoric mail-bags from falling to the ground. The arrival in camp under these conditions was a grand triumphal march, in which the cheers of the men were liberally bestowed on the chaplain, his horse, and the load. One must have been a stranger in a strange land to appreciate the welcome given to a mail from home. The arrival of the mail was the happiest event in our army life.

After the mail was disposed of, the chaplain must make the rounds of the various hospitals, of which there were several in Baton Rouge, and always crowded with patients. Here he must find and look to the wants of all members of the 52d Regiment who were so unfortunate as to be consigned to the hospital. The regimental hospital was an empty saloon called the "Rainbow,"

in which we had twenty or thirty, sometimes fifty, sick men lying upon the floor, with their blankets for their beds and their knapsacks for their pillows. In various other places, especially the general hospital, in which several hundred sick men were congregated, the boys of the 52d Regiment were to be found. All these the chaplain must visit as often as he could. Sometimes he had only a word to speak, a question to ask; at other times to deliver or receive messages, read or write letters; sometimes a prayer to offer or advice to give; sometimes a word of cheer and hope of a speedy recovery to whisper into the ear, but whispered so silently that the next comrade could not hear it, for to him no word of hope of recovery could be spoken. It was not much the chaplain could do, but I am sure the word of sympathy was not spoken in vain. These visits to the hospital were sad occasions. The loneliness of the men, their homesickness, the absence of home comforts, made their cases in times of sickness very trying. After these visits were over for the day there followed an experience even more depressing. Death overtook many of our men as the result of the great change of climate and the exposures of camp life. For two months of our stay in winter quarters in Baton Rouge a funeral was almost a daily occurrence. Nothing could be more sad and solemn than these military funerals. A procession of soldiers with arms reversed, muffled drums and fifes playing a funeral march, a baggage wagon drawn by two mules, containing the body of our dead comrade, laid in a rude pine box, a few intimate friends of his company, and lastly the chaplain on horseback,—such a procession made its way almost daily, sadly and slowly, to the little cemetery just outside the city, which had once been neatly kept, but now the fences had been torn down, the paths neglected, and everywhere were signs of the desolation war leaves in its path. A brief service was held at the grave, a volley fired over it, and in a few days a pine board rudely lettered would mark the spot. After we had entered into more active service and had become more inured to scenes of death, the funerals were far less formal, and at last well-nigh ceased altogether.

I cannot bring these reminiscences, both sad and pleasant, to an end without testifying to the almost universal cheerfulness of the men in the most trying circumstances. The grumbling was mostly when the men were well-fed and idle in camp. The sickness and hardship were courageously borne. Men under these conditions seldom regretted that they had enlisted, even when death

was staring them in the face. To my oft-repeated question to sick men, lying upon the ground with no bed but their blankets and no pillow but their knapsack, if I could do anything for them, the usual answer was, "No, nothing: I have all I need." They seemed to appreciate the fact that there was little we could do. I should like to speak of individual instances of patience and heroism, but must forbear. And I close by bearing testimony to the kind treatment and courtesy which all the members of the regiment manifested toward the chaplain. They were ready to help me in every way they could. They were all to me as personal friends, and I shall remember to the end of life the thousand acts of kindness and good will I received alike from officers and soldiers of the 52d Regiment.

ROSTER
OF THE
52d REGIMENT
MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

- Co. G. Read George S. Bliss. See note, page LXL.
- Co. G. Read George Barton.
- Co. G. Read Henry J. Grover.
- Co. G. Read Edward M. Rolph.
- Co. G. Read Austin N. Russell.
- Co. H. Insert Charles H. Bates, b. Newton; enlisted, Granby; residence, So. Hadley, been sailor and 2d officer, never fell out, or missed roll call.
- Co. H. Read Henry E. Bates; died at New Orleans, Aug., '63.
- Co. H. Read Leander Belleville.
- Co. H. Read Daniel Casey.
- Co. H. Read Gotleib Feustel.
- Co. H. Joseph Suhanek.
- Co. H. Edward Suhanek.
- Co. I. Insert James A. Crump from Whately, Sept., '62; nurse.
- Co. I. Insert Charles A. Parker from Cummington; private.
- Co. I. Insert William T. Parker from Northampton; sergeant.
- Co. I. Insert John Taylor from Northampton; corporal.
- Co. I. Read F. H. Holmes from Williamsburg.
- Co. I. Edward C. Jenkins; residence, Cummington.
- Co. I. Francis Moore; enlisted, Sept., '62.
- Co. I. Josiah H. Potter; occupation, machinist.
- Co. I. Myron W. Reed; enlisted from Cummington.
- Co. K. Insert Lewis S. Clark; b. Easthampton, Dec. 11, 1828; private; residence, Easthampton; farmer, selectman, school committee, etc.
- Co. K. Insert Edmund W. Clark; b. 1833; died at Northampton, March 5th, 1890.
- Co. K. Insert Geo. M. Clapp.
- Co. K. Insert Michael Connery; b. in Ireland, Sept. 17, 1845; enlisted at Northampton, Sept., 1862; private; d. Miller residence, Northampton.
- Co. K. Insert William Cruse; b. 1843; enlisted from Southampton; reenlisted, Jan. 1, 1864, 2d battery L. A.; farmer; residence, Westhampton.

ERRATA

[*Please paste this in the Roster opposite page III.*]

- Co. A. Omit Randolph Knights.
- Co. B. Read Edward D. Hawks.
- Co. B. Read Hoyt Sumner.
- Co. C. Insert Charles S. Clarke, b. Northampton; private.
- Co. D. Read John W. Bradford; residence, Fair Haven, Mass.
- Co. D. Read Alonzo T. Dodge.
- Co. D. Read Edward F. Morton; died at B. R. March 9, '93.
- Co. D. Read Edward W. Richardson; residence, Williamsburg.
- Co. D. Read Hiram M. Stearns; residence, West Deerfield.
- Co. D. Read James I. Stewart.
- Co. D. Read W. Townsend; residence, Buckland.
- Co. E. Insert Marston S. Blackwell, Madison, Me., corporal.
- Co. E. Insert Preston C. Maynard, Buckland, corporal; merchant.
- Co. E. Insert Edward Rishee, Ireland, private.
- Co. E. Read Ethan H. Allen; died at Greenfield April 13, '78.
- Co. E. Read George D. C. Braman, wounded June 15; died July 3, '63.
- Co. E. Read Hiram A. Davis.
- Co. E. Read Henry C. Damon.
- Co. E. Read Elon S. Williams.
- Co. E. Read Henry G. Fisk.
- Co. E. Read William H. Foster; died at Charlemont May 7, '92.
- Co. E. Read Joseph C. Merrill; died at Shelburne Falls Feb. 24, '91.
- Co. E. Read Joseph W. Whiting.
- Co. E. Read Charles N. White, sergeant.
- Co. E. Died in service, 11; since return, 23.
- Co. F. Read Reuben H. Huntoon.
- Co. F. Read John H. Robbins; residence, Northfield.
- Co. F. Read Watson H. Whitney.

FIELD AND STAFF.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Halbert S. Greenleaf ¹	Guilford, Vt.	Apr. 12, '27	Shelburne Falls	Aug. '62	Captain	Manf'r and Farmer	Rochester, N.Y.	
Samuel J. Storrs ²	Holliston	Nov. 22, '37	Amherst	Aug. '62	Captain	Lawyer	—	d. New York, July 23, '92
Henry Winn ³	Whitingham, Vt.	'38	Shelburne Falls	Aug. '62	Major	Lawyer	Boston	
Jefford M. Decker ⁴	Wiscasset, Me.	Mar. 6, '14	Greenfield	Sept. '62	Private	—	—	d. at Salem, Jan. 1, '70
Edwin C. Clark ⁵	Northampton	Oct. 23, '27	Northampton	Aug. 25, '62	Private	—	Northampton	
Frederic A. Sawyer ⁶	Sterling	Apr. 4, '32	Greenfield	Nov. 19, '62	Surgeon	Physician & Surgeon	Wareham	
John H. Richardson	Brattleboro, Vt.	Mar. 3, '28	Chesterfield	Sept. '62	As't Surg.	Physician	Medfield	
Henry M. Sabin ⁷	Monterey	Sept. 6, '31	Boston	'63	A.A. Surg.	Physician	Rockford, Ill.	
John F. Moors ⁸	Groton	Dec. 10, '19	Greenfield	Sept. '62	Chaplain	Clergyman	Greenfield	
Henry M. Whitney	Northampton	Jan. 16, '43	Northampton	Aug. '62	Serg., Maj.	Clergyman & Prof.	Beloit, Wis.	
Edward A. Whitney	Northampton	'45	Northampton	Aug. '62	Qm's Serg.	Banker	Sheridan, Wyo.	
William W. Ward	Worthington	Nov. 30, '38	Worthington	Aug. '62	Com. Serg.	—	—	d. in Springfield, Jan. 18, '91
George D. Clark	Northampton	Feb. 22, '37	Northampton	Sept. 9, '62	Hosp. St'd	Apothecary	Northampton	

¹Appointed Colonel Oct. 13, 1862; Member of Congress, Park Commissioner, Trustee Soldiers' and Sailors' Home. ²Promoted Lieutenant Colonel Oct. 13, 1863 (see Note A).
³Representative and Senator in General Court, Mayor of Malden. ⁴Appointed Adjutant (see Note B). ⁵Appointed Quartermaster Nov. 24, 1862; Superintendent of Street Railway Co.
⁶Rank of Major; Pension Examiner, member of Loyal Legion, etc. ⁷Joined the regiment April 20, 1863. ⁸Minister at Deerfield 15 years, at Greenfield 25 years.

COMPANY A.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Alanson B. Long ¹	Greenfield	Mar. 26, '35	Greenfield	Oct. 2, '62	Captain	Lawyer	—	d. New Orleans, Oct. 30, '76
Eben S. Hurlbert	Burlington, N.J.	May 27, '20	Bernardston	Sept. 1, '62	1st Lieut.	Manufacturer	Bernardston	
Frank C. Severance	Greenfield	Dec. 24, '37	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	2d Lieut.	Government clerk	Washington, D.C.	
W. Scott Keith	Greenfield	Jan. 11, '44	"	Aug. 30, '62	1st Sergt.	Lumber merchant	Chicago, Ill.	
Charles F. Allen	Bernardston	Jan. 4, '42	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Foreman shoe-shop	Greenfield	
Horace Allen	Greenfield	May 4, '43	"	Sept. 18, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Mar. 13, '63
Thomas N. Austin	Worthy, Eng.	June 2, '28	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	Lumber merchant	Greenfield	
Charles E. Ballou	Halifax, Vt.	Apr. 23, '39	"	Aug. 26, '62	"	Farmer	Greenfield	
Henry Barber	Ashfield	June 12, '37	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Machinist	Havelock, Md.	
Quotus U. Benjamin	Montague	'20	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
George F. Barr	Petersham	Jan. 19, '44	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Jeweller	Huntington, L.I.	
Augustus H. Bissell	Wilmington, Vt.	Aug. 18, '39	"	Aug. '62	"	Grocer	Bellevue Falls, Vt.	
Elijah Brown	Leyden	Aug. 27, '43	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Lumber business	New York City	
Arthur Browning	Rowe	Jan. 6, '43	"	Sept. 9, '62	Corporal	Watch-maker	—	d. May 2, '82
Mark Bullard	Wendell	Mar. 10, '44	"	Sept. 3, '62	Private	Farmer	Greenfield	
Amos Bardwell	Colrain	July 8, '39	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—	d. Colrain, Dec. 28, '65
Charles M. Billings	Pittsfield	'44	Gill	Sept. 9, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Nelson Brackett	Buckland	Feb. 7, '32	Greenfield	Sept. '62	"	—	—	d. Hawley, Dec. 17, '82
Henry L. Boylston	Greenfield	'41	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Henry L. Chapin	Southampton	'17	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Painter	—	d. Brooklyn, N.Y.
Daniel W. Crosby	Greenfield	Sept. 23, '36	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—	d. Greenfield, Aug. 24, '84

Loren P. Chase	Northfield	May 18, '29	Bernardston	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Farmer	Bernardston
Henry A. Dean	Gill	May 7, '43	Gill	Sept. 3, '62	"	Machinist	Holyoke
Philip Dekins	Deerfield	'42	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	"	Travelling salesman	Chicago, Ill.
Lucius Eddy	New Salem	Nov. 29, '41	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	"	Mechanic	—
Ellsworth O. Fairman	Bernardston	Dec. 20, '39	Gill	Sept. 9, '62	"	Farmer	Greenfield
William H. Ford	Ashfield	Oct. 20, '40	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	"	Dentist	Oshkosh, Wis.
Chandler H. Gould	Bernardston	Dec. 8, '47	Bernardston	Sept. 9, '62	"	Cond't'r B.&A.R.R.	Springfield
Leonard E. Grout	Putney, Vt.	Feb. 27, '27	Bernardston	Sept. 9, '62	Fifer	Mechanic	Bernardston
George B. Hale	Bernardston	Oct. 23, '26	Gill	Sept. 3, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Gill
Richard O'Hara	Ireland	May 1, '45	Greenfield	Sept. 5, '62	Private	Merchant	Greenfield
Dwight N. Haynes	Colrain	Apr. 15, '27	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	Chelsea
Charles Holloway	Conway	May 11, '43	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Merchant	New Orleans, La.
James W. Knowlton	Warwick	May 28, '39	Gill	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—
R. Webster Long	Shelburne	Dec. 29, '38	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	"	Machinist	Worcester
Allen R. Kingsley	Dover, Vt.	May 4, '20	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—
Randolph Knights	Greenfield	'44	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown
Henry U. Langley	"	Nov. 23, '40	"	'62	"	Farmer	—
George A. Lewis	"	Apr. 1, '44	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Trader	Wendell
James K. Long	"	Jan. 5, '41	"	Oct. 2, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Greenfield
Hartsell P. Lyons ²	Gill	Oct. 23, '41	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Lumber business	—
Phiny D. Martindale	Greenfield	Sept. 10, '37	"	Sept. 9, '62	Corporal	Farmer	—
George E. Marsh ³	"	Dec. 4, '40	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Engineer	Georgetown, Col.
C. Mason Moody	"	Apr. 1, '40	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Bookseller	Greenfield

¹ See Note C. ² Re-enlisted in 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, promoted to Sergeant of Artillery, remained in service to close of war. Was killed March 8, 1870, by the falling of a tree while alone in the woods in Somerset, Vt. ³ Graduated from Lawrence Scientific School in 1862; town clerk, county surveyor, councillor.

Company A (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Warren L. Moody	Northfield	'40	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Farmer	Gardner, Kan.	
James Moran ¹	Ireland	Mar. '48	"	'62	"	—	—	
George V. Merriam	Greenfield	Jan. 4, '43	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Mason	Greenfield	
William U. Mitchell	Deerfield	Feb. 22, '44	"	Sept. 9, '62	Drummer	Machinist	Bridgeport, Conn.	
Willard G. Mitchell	Deerfield	Feb. 22, '44	"	Oct. 29, '62	Private	Locksmith	—	d. Aug. 22, '76
Richard F. Newcomb	Bernardston	Sept. 20, '37	Bernardston	Sept. '62	Sergeant	Paper manufacturer	Quincy, Ill.	
Christopher Newton	Greenfield	May 31, '40	Greenfield	Aug. '62	Private	—	—	d. Port Hudson, July 20, '63
Edmund C. Newton	Leyden	Mar. 15, '43	Bernardston	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—	d. Bernardston, Aug. 7, '83
Henry G. Nims ²	Greenfield	June 28, '41	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—	d. Greenfield
George Nims ³	Greenfield	Aug. 21, '35	"	Sept. 9, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	—	d. Greenfield three days after return of regiment
Thomas J. Noyes	Erving	Dec. 2, '34	"	Sept. 2, '62	Private	Carpenter	Evanston, Ill.	
William F. Oakes ⁴	Harrisburg, Pa.	'45	"	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Vernon, Vt.	
George W. Perigo	Northampton	Sept. 2, '39	"	—	Private	Printer	—	d. Bayou-Boueff, Apr. 27, '63
F. Ralph Park	Bernardston	Dec. 12, '37	Bernardston	Sept. 9, '62	"	Farmer	Bernardston	
Dwight Park	Bernardston	Jan. 11, '32	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	"	Teamster	—	d. Bernardst'n, Mar. 18, '79
Bowdoin S. Parker ⁵	Conway	Aug. 10, '41	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Lawyer	Boston	
David J. Phillips	Boston, Mass.	July 3, '32	"	Sept. 9, '62	Sergeant	Mechanic	Southington, Conn.	
Charles C. Phillips ⁶	Springfield	June 2, '23	"	Aug. '62	Private	Farmer	Greenfield	
Arthur C. Phillips ⁷	Greenfield	Nov. 1, '44	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Cutlery	Greenfield	
Newton Phillips	Gill	Jan. 27, '43	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Farmer	Killingly	
Rufus Potter	Montague	Apr. 4, '13	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Blacksmith	Greenfield	

Chester Potter	Montague	Feb. 29, '20	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Blacksmith	Beaver Falls, Pa.
William G. Potter	Greenfield	Dec. 5, '46	"	Sept. 9, '62	Cook	Merchant	Greenfield
William H. Russell	Colrain	Oct. 31, '41	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Merchant	Westfield
Edwin E. Ryther ⁸	Montague	'45	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Overseer in mill	Bondville
Lyman H. Sawtell	Greenfield	Sept. 5, '31	"	Sept. 9, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Greenfield
John Sheehan ⁹	Ireland	Mar. 18, '40	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Laborer	Greenfield
Fayette C. Slate	Swansey, N.H.	Dec. 15, '40	Barnardston	Sept. 9, '62	"	Merchant	Wallingford, Conn.
Marshall F. Slate	Barnardston	—	Greenfield	Aug. 14, '62	"	—	—
Jonathan Slate	Barnardston	Feb. 9, '11	Barnardston	Sept. 9, '62	"	House painter	—
Lomanzo B. Streeter	Hinsdale, N.H.	Feb. 24, '41	Greenfield	Sept. 9, '62	"	Farmer	Linwood, Minn.
J. Henry Smead	Greenfield	Dec. 28, '39	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Letter-carrier	New Bedford
Charles L. Smith	Greenfield	June 23, '38	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Painter	Greenfield
Osmer P. Smith	Covington, Ga.	Dec. 6, '42	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Teacher	—
Edward W. Sparhawk ¹⁰	Greenfield	Feb. 8, '42	"	Sept. 9, '62	Corporal	—	—
Solomon A. Stone	Whitingham, Vt.	Jan. 9, '29	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Overseer in factory	—
George W. Thornily	Manchester, Eng.	Aug. 26, '38	Barnardston	Sept. 1, '62	"	Mechanic	Buffalo, N.Y.
Lucius M. Weatherhead	Halifax, Vt.	Dec. 29, '38	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Lumber business	Gill
Daniel H. Wheeler	Grafton	Jan. 5, '20	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—

¹ Re-enlisted in the 27th Massachusetts Regiment, and was killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

² Re-enlisted in regular army May 28, 1864; Paymaster, July, 1868; made Lieutenant Colonel by brevet Dec. 1, 1865.

³ "In camp he always preserved the neatness and bearing of a gentleman."

⁴ Re-enlisted April 6, 1864, in 57th Massachusetts Regiment; discharged June 2, as 1st Sergeant.

⁵ Slightly wounded June 14, 1863, at Port Hudson; member of City Council, Representative in General Court, Lieutenant Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General of 1st Brigade of Massachusetts Militia.

⁶ At Port Hudson, July 12, 1863, burned in face and arms; Deacon in First Church, Superintendent in Sunday-school.

⁷ Re-enlisted Aug. 26, 1864, in 4th Massachusetts Artillery; discharged June 17, 1865.

⁸ Re-enlisted Sept. 3, 1864, in 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; discharged June 26, 1865.

⁹ Re-enlisted March 4, 1864, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry; discharged June 28, 1865.

¹⁰ Detached as medical director's clerk.

Company A (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Warren S. Whitcomb	Winchendon	Aug. 11, '42	Greenfield	Nov. 14, '62	Private	Carpenter	Holyoke	
Henry H. Wells ¹	Deerfield	Dec. 6, '47	"	Aug. 14, '62	Private	Mechanic	Greenfield	
William Wells	Shelburne	Apr. 22, '38	"	Sept. 9, '62	Corporal	Farmer	—	d. Mar. 4, '83
Solon L. Wiley	Cambridge	May 31, '40	"	Aug. 14, '62	Corporal	Pres'd't water-works	Omaha, Neb.	
Lyman Wise	Deerfield	'36	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Mechanic	Springfield	
Luke Wisley	Berlin, Vt.	'35	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Byron C. Wright	Hanover, N.H.	Mar. 16, '33	"	Aug. '62	"	Farmer	—	d. Greenfield, Aug. 3, '63
Alonzo A. Washburn	New Salem	'34	"	Sept. '62	"	—	Unknown	Discharged

COMPANY B.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Alvah P. Nelson	Colrain	May 9, '29	Colrain	Aug. 27, '62	Captain	Farmer	Colrain	
Leonard B. Rice ²	Charlemont	Mar. 30, '29	Charlemont	Sept. 8, '62	1st Lieut.	Farmer	Charlemont	
John W. Buddington	Leyden	Dec. 7, '38	Leyden	Sept. 3, '62	2d Lieut.	—	—	d. June 1, '70
Arthur A. Smith ³	Colrain	Dec. 19, '41	Colrain	Sept. 1, '62	1st Serg't	Farmer	Colrain	
George W. Adams	Heath	Jan. 27, '31	Colrain	Sept. 11, '62	Private	Farmer	Charlemont	
Henry M. Albee ⁴	Charlemont	Apr. 27, '39	Charlemont	Sept. 9, '62	Private	—	—	

	Jamaica, Vt.	'31	Monroe	Aug. '27, '62	Corporal	Farmer	West
Samuel A. Axtell	Greenfield	Dec. 24, '44	Colrain	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Salesman	So. Haven, M
James T. Avery ⁵	Charlément	Feb. 7, '45	Charlément	Sept. 3, '62	"	Mechanic	Shelburne Falls
Lorain M. Ballou	Whitingham, Vt.	'42	Adams	Sept. 11, '62	"	Clerk	Winfield, Kan.
Harley M. Barber	Colrain	Nov. 14, '42	Greenfield	Nov. 19, '62	"	—	—
Samuel Bassett	Charlément	Oct. 20, '39	Charlément	Sept. 3, '62	"	—	—
Abel C. Bliss	Rowe	Oct. 3, '41	Rowe	Aug. 14, '62	"	Farmer	Stamford, Vt.
William H. Booth	Charlément	Apr. 15, '44	Charlément	Sept. 3, '62	"	Laborer	New Haven, Conn.
Edwin W. Booth	Charlément	Mar. '42	Charlément	Aug. 29, '62	"	—	—
Newton L. Brown	Rowe	July 22, '35	Rowe	Aug. 29, '62	"	Farmer	Middleboro
J. Franklin Brown ⁶	Rowe	Mar. 20, '29	Rowe	Aug. 31, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Rowe
Alonzo R. Brown	Shelburne	Aug. 15, '35	Colrain	Nov. 19, '62	Private	Mechanic	Holyoke
Alvin Brown	Blakley, Penn.	July 27, '40	"	Aug. 29, '62	"	Carpenter	Aurora, Ill.
Edward P. Browning	Colrain	Sept. 17, '42	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—
Levi E. Call ⁷	Buckland	Jan. 7, '44	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Mechanic	West Gardner
James W. Carpenter	Whitingham, Vt.	Dec. 16, '35	"	Aug. 2, '62	"	Farmer	Colrain
Joel L. Clark	Gaillford, Vt.	May 14, '38	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	"	Colrain
Otis W. Clark ⁸	Colrain	'44	"	Sept. 3, '62	"	"	Montague
George E. Coates	Heath	Nov. 11, '42	Charlément	Dec. 1, '62	"	Flour dealer	South Deerfield
Patrick Conly ⁹	Boston	'44	Heath	Sept. 3, '62	"	—	—

Killed Port Hudson,
June 15, '63

¹ Re-enlisted March 15, 1864, 7th Massachusetts Cavalry; wounded May 6, 1864, in left arm; discharged June 26, 1865.
² Wounded June 14, 1863, at Port Hudson; Representative in Legislature, Selectman, Assessor, etc.
³ Assessor and School Committee, commander of G. A. R. department of Massachusetts.
⁴ Died July 26, 1863, on steamer "Choteau" on the Mississippi River, and was buried at Island No. 37.
⁵ Re-enlisted Aug. 30, 1864, 2d Massachusetts Artillery; discharged June 11, 1865; held many town offices.
⁶ Re-enlisted Aug. 30, 1864, 2d Massachusetts Artillery; discharged June 11, 1865; held many town offices.
⁷ Re-enlisted Sept. 3, 1864, 2d Massachusetts Battery Light Artillery; wounded at Port Hudson June 14, 1863, in left knee; discharged June 11, 1865.
⁸ Re-enlisted in 21st M.V.M. and in the regular army for ten years.
⁹ See Note D.

Company B (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Henry E. Cromack	Colrain	Sept. 10, '43	Colrain	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Farmer	Colrain	
James R. Crittenden ¹	Shelburne	'44	Charlément	Sept. 3, '62	"	—	—	d. Camp Read, Mar. 7, '64
Seth A. Curtis	Richmond, N.H.	'36	Colrain	Sept. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, March 10, '63
John H. Curtis	Colrain	'43	"	Sept. 3, '62	Drummer	Clerk	Colrain	
Uriah Q. Darling ²	Leyden	June 11, '36	"	Sept. 8, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Leyden	
James H. Davis ³	Whitingham, Vt.	'43	"	Sept. '62	Private	Banker	Gibbon, Neb.	
Charles B. Denison ⁴	Halifax, Vt.	June 17, '40	"	—	Corporal	Farmer	Colrain	
Edwin Davenport	Colrain	Dec. 2, '39	"	Sept. 27, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Brashear City, May 25, '62 Never missed a roll-call
Zenas J. Dunton	Colrain	Apr. 16, '42	"	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Pensioner	Colrain	
Edwin A. Field	Charlément	Aug. 24, '37	Charlément	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	—	d. Charlément, Feb. 3, '91
Rodolphus D. Fish ⁵	Shutesbury	Sept. 11, '41	Rowe	Sept. 2, '62	"	Clergyman	Clifton Springs, N.Y.	Taken prisoner at Jack- son Cross Roads ✓
Marcus M. Fish ⁶	Erving	Aug. 31, '40	Colrain	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Brass finisher	Springfield	
Eben Gifford ⁷	Monroe	'40	Monroe	Aug. 27, '62	Private	—	—	d. Libby Prison, '64
Edward H. Gleason	Heath	Apr. 29, '45	Heath	Aug. 29, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Jan. 17, '63
Charles H. Hathaway	Charlément	July 19, '43	Rowe	Sept. 11, '62	"	Hard-wood finisher	Leominster	
Edward D. Hanks	Charlément	Dec. 1, '43	Charlément	Aug. 14, '62	"	Farmer	Rowe	
Henry A. Howard	Buckland	'42	Colrain	Sept. 3, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Colrain	
Henry M. Howard ⁸	Colrain	Apr. 12, '43	Greenfield	Oct. 23, '62	Private	Overseer in factory	Colrain	
George W. Jeffs	Mason, N.H.	'81	Colrain	Aug. 29, '62	Private	Farmer	Chesterfield, N.H.	
Simon S. Keet	Leyden	Dec. 5, '43	Leyden	Sept. 11, '62	Drummer	Mechanic	Leyden	
Charles L. Keyes	Charlément	Aug. 29, '43	Charlément	Sept. 11, '62	Private	Farmer	Whitingham, Vt.	

Charles Hamilton	Shutesbury	Nov. 19, '23	Heath	Aug. 27, '62	Farmer	Heath
Edward H. Leavitt ⁹	Heath	Nov. 11, '38	Charlément	Sept. 2, '62	"	Charlément
Joseph M. Legate	Charlément	Mar. 31, '45	"	Sept. 2, '62	"	Sunderland
Albert Lilly	Charlément	Sept. 21, '44	"	Sept. 2, '62	Laborer	—
Hiram L. McCloud ¹⁰	Rowe	Aug. 13, '36	Colrain	Aug. 30, '62	Mechanic	Colrain
Frederic W. Merriam ¹¹	Charlément	July 6, '44	Charlément	Sept. 2, '62	Architect	North Adams
Foster T. Merriam	Sterling	'39	Colrain	Aug. 27, '62	Mechanic	Paxton
Frank C. Miller	Colrain	Sept. 4, '42	"	Aug. 27, '62	—	—
James B. Miner	"	Jan. 28, '45	"	Sept. 2, '62	Clergyman	Brewster
Benjamin F. Miner	"	Mar. 6, '45	"	Aug. 25, '62	Tin Pedler	Orange
Samuel A. Miner	"	Feb. 8, '43	"	Sept. 2, '62	Farmer	Waterville, Me.
Silas H. Moore	Dover, Vt.	July 10, '29	"	Aug. 29, '62	Carpenter	West Dover, Vt.
Loring B. Moore	Dover, Vt.	Nov. 8, '30	"	Aug. 28, '62	Carpenter	Colrain
Clark E. Morrison	Colrain	Aug. 13, '28	Charlément	Sept. 3, '62	—	—
George H. Newstead	England	'29	Charlément	Sept. 3, '62	Farmer	—
Moses M. Nichols	Royalston	'40	Monroe	Sept. 3, '62	—	—
Ira S. Orr	Watertown, N.Y.	'44	Colrain	Sept. 3, '62	Mechanic	Michigan City, Ind.
Harlow M. Peterson	Colrain	June 2, '40	Colrain	Aug. 11, '62	Farmer	Colrain
James H. Payne	Ashfield	May 8, '42	Rowe	Sept. 3, '62	"	—
Charles H. Porter	Middlebury, Vt.	'36	Colrain	Sept. 11, '62	"	Greenfield

¹ Re-enlisted.

² Postmaster, justice of the peace; served in the Commissary Department of 52d Regiment.

³ Member Nebraska Legislature; President First National Bank, Gibbon.

⁴ Detached into Engineers' Department.

⁵ See Note E.

⁶ Re-enlisted July 15, 1864, Co. K, 60th Regiment; discharged Nov. 30, 1864.

⁷ Re-enlisted, taken prisoner.

⁸ Re-enlisted Feb. 6, 1864, in 21st Regiment M.V.; discharged July 12, 1865.

⁹ Detached to Quartermaster's Department; served on School Committee.

¹⁰ Re-enlisted July 15, 1864, 60th Regiment M.V.; wounded by a spade; discharged Nov. 30, 1864.

¹¹ Detached as Orderly at Gen. Grover's headquarters; Captain, Major, Lieutenant Colonel, in 2d Regiment Massachusetts Infantry; inspector of factories and public buildings.

Company B (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
George D. Preston	Whitingham, Vt.	Aug. 19, '42	Colrain	Sept. 3, '62	Private	—	—	{ d. of measles, New Orleans, March 30, '63
Nathaniel R. Rice	Rowe	Aug. 20, '42	Greenfield	Sept. 3, '62	"	Clergyman	—	{ d. Dec. 11, '72, Poplar Bluffs, Mo.
Hosea F. Purington	Colrain	Aug. 29, '40	Colrain	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Colrain	
William A. Russell	Bennington, Vt.	Mar. 4, '29	Colrain	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Shelburne Falls, Aug. 27, '85
Henry Rushworth	Leeds, Eng.	Mar. 15, '36	Heath	Sept. 2, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Heath, Aug. 19, '63
Justin W. Rugg	Heath	Nov. 28, '32	Colrain	Sept. 1, '62	"	Care of horses	Colrain	
Sumner Hoyt	Halifax, Vt.	'41	Colrain	Sept. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Stamford, Conn.	
Abraham Tanner	England	Dec. 4, '16	Heath	Aug. 27, '62	"	Farmer	Heath	
William H. Severance	New Haven, N.Y.	Sept. 3, '39	Colrain	Sept. 8, '62	"	Druggist	Middleville, Mich.	
Charles S. Stetson	Colrain	Dec. 25, '38	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	Mechanic	Orange	
William H. Stone	New York	—	"	Sept. '62	"	Farmer	—	d. Colrain, Feb. 28, '64
Henry M. Temple	Heath	'30	Heath	Sept. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Heath	
James P. Robertson	Westminster, Vt.	Nov. 24, '44	Leyden	Sept. 1, '62	"	Merchant	New York City	Detailed as Orderly to Gen. Grover
Albert R. Robertson	Guilford, Vt.	Nov. 19, '42	Leyden	Aug. 27, '62	"	Manufacturer	Winooski, Vt.	
Samuel C. Severance	Leyden	Aug. 1, '36	Colrain	Sept. 8, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Leyden	
Leroy S. Stanford	Charlemont	Feb. 11, '44	Rowe	Sept. 3, '62	Private	Farmer	Quimby, Ia.	Town clerk & postmaster d. Aug. 13, '63, at Heath; did not reach home
Edwin M. Sumner	Heath	July 4, '39	Heath	Sept. 3, '62	"	—	—	d. Leyden
Ezra A. Shattuck	Jamesville, N.Y.	'44	Leyden	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—	
John Smead ¹	Colrain	Aug. 1, '42	Colrain	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	Toledo, Ohio	
Amos Temple	Heath	Oct. 16, '37	Rowe	Aug. 28, '62	Corporal	Truckman	Shelburne Falls	Clerk, Treas'r School Committee
William H. Temple ²	Heath	Sept. 12, '42	Heath	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Dealer	Waverly, Ia.	

Hugh W. Thompson	Colrain	Sept. 23, '36	Colrain	Aug. 20, '62	Private	Farmer	Colrain
Vranlia D. Thompson	"	July 29, '39	"	Aug. 29, '62	"	"	Heath
Tyler P. Thompson	"	'43	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	"	Little Falls, N.Y.
Henry D. Thayer	Clarksburg	'44	Monroe	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	—
Warren F. Tower	Florida, Mass.	Apr. 23, '28	Greenfield	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Monroe
Philetus York	Hoosac, N.Y.	July 2, '40	Colrain	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	—
Edwin J. Wilson	Colrain	Sept. 24, '41	"	Oct. 6, '62	"	Farmer	Grand Junction, Ia.
Amasa A. White	Colrain	Jan. 9, '42	"	Sept. 3, '62	"	—	—
John T. Williams	Grovereueur, N.Y.	Feb. 15, '30	Charlemont	Sept. 8, '62	Corporal	Contractor	Holyoke

d. Baton Rouge, Feb. 5, '63

d. Colrain, Aug. 23, '63

d. Colrain, Oct. 26

COMPANY C.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Mark H. Spaulding ²	—	—	Northampton	Aug. '62	Captain	—	Northampton	
John Hillman	Colrain	Nov. 2, '30	"	Aug. '62	1st Lieut.	—	"	
Luther A. Clark	Northampton	Nov. 2, '38	"	Aug. 25, '62	2d Lieut.	Clerk	"	
Henry H. Strong	Northampton	'34	"	Aug. '62	Ord. Sgt.	Clerk	New Haven, Conn.	
Edward L. Abercrombie	Pelham	Jan. 30, '41	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Harness-maker	Florence	
Alexander H. Baker	Northampton	June 12, '38	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Carpenter	Turner's Falls	

¹ Re-enlisted Aug. 31, 1864, in 2d Battery Light Artillery; discharged June 11, 1865.

² Discharged for disability June 1, 1863.
³ 1st Lieutenant Co. A, 27th Regiment; was in battle of Roanoke and Newbern, N.C.; Representative in General Court, Town Treasurer, Collector, Alderman, etc.

Company C (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Jonathan Bailey	Yorkshire, Eng.	May 14, '37	Northampton	Aug. 14, '62	Private	Machinist	Providence, R.I.	Wounded Port Hudson
Louis Beaugard	Canada	'39	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	—	—	d. in Northampton
Charles A. Belden	Hadley	May 26, '42	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—	d. at Boston, Jan. 2, '90
William T. Bolter	Northampton	'39	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	—	d. in Northampton
Jeremiah Broderick	Ireland	'34	"	Sept. '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Simcon B. Childs	Deerfield	Nov. 5, '32	"	Aug. 25, '62	Corporal	Railroad Conductor	Burlington, Ia.	
Frederic C. Clapp	Northampton	June 18, '43	"	Sept. 2, '62	Private	—	—	Sunstruck at P., Fla.; d. July 3, '83
Frank C. Clapp	Williamsburg	Nov. 20, '43	"	Oct. 7, '62	"	Stair-builder	Northampton	
George W. Clapp	Northampton	July 3, '36	"	Sept. 2, '62	"	Carpenter	Northampton	
Spencer Clark	Northampton	Feb. 25, '28	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Bridge-tender	Napa, Cal.	
Orman S. Clark	Orange, Conn.	July 22, '41	"	Oct. 2, '62	"	—	—	Trustee under Oliver Smith's will; d. Nhptn.
Frederick C. Colton	Amherst	Sept. 5, '44	"	July 15, '62	"	Banker	New York City	
Joseph W. Cole	Northampton	'38	"	Aug. '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Royal J. Cook	Plainfield	Dec. 25, '34	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Wood-worker	Concord, N.H.	
Benjamin E. Cook	Northampton	—	"	Aug. '62	Sergeant	Merchant	Northampton	Mayor of Northampton two years.
Edwin W. Cutler	"	'33	"	Aug. '62	Corporal	Tinner	San Francisco, Cal.	
Richard B. Davis	"	—	"	Aug. '62	Sergeant	Wagon-maker	Northampton	
Moses Elwell	"	Sept. 24, '29	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Farmer	Northampton	
John B. Darrow	"	'44	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	—	—	d. Northampton
Joseph G. French	Williamsburg	'31	"	Aug. 15, '62	"	—	—	d. Springfield, '71
Henry S. Gere ¹	Williamsburg	Apr. 30, '26	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Printer	Northampton	

James T. Graves	Townshend, Vt.	Feb. 2, '40	Northampton	Aug. '62	Private	Book-keeper	Chicago, Ill.
Edward E. Graves	Hatfield	Nov. 19, '37	"	Sept. 9, '62	Corporal	Stable-keeper	Florence
Nathan P. Gould	Hatfield	'22	"	Aug. '62	Private	Farmer	Northampton
John H. Godfrey	North Adams	Feb. 3, '42	"	Aug. '62	"	Merchant	Goshen
Henry W. Gladden	Northampton	Nov. 29, '36	"	Sept. 20, '62	"	—	—
Lorenzo D. Gould	Northampton	'29	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—
Henry Grosarth	Germany	'28	"	Aug. '62	Corporal	—	—
George W. Harlow	Marivale, Me.	Sept. 5, '42	"	Aug. 12, '62	Private	Contractor & Builder	Northampton
Clovis Harley	Northampton	'43	"	Aug. '62	"	Unknown	Unknown
William Hickey	Ireland	'41	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	—	—
John Hanna	Marybold, Scot.	Feb. 2, '36	"	Sept. 1, '62	Sergeant	—	d. Northampton, '73
Lewis H. Hitchcock	Cunnington	'33	"	Sept. '62	Private	Wood-turner	d. Northampton, May 12, '89
Levi Kellogg	Northampton	Nov. 11, '32	"	Aug. 25, '62	Private	Farmer	Northampton
Thomas L. Jewett	Northampton	'42	"	Aug. '62	Corporal	Unknown	Unknown
Judson L. Lee	Agawan	Jan. 20, '36	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Plumber	Northampton
Nelson Marsh	Rockingham, Vt.	'39	"	Aug. '62	"	Unknown	Unknown
Owen Q. Moore	Montgomery, Vt.	Oct. 11, '30	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Brimfield
Charles W. Moore	Holyoke	Jan. 14, '28	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—
Edward H. Martin	Chaplin, Conn.	Dec. 2, '41	"	Sept. 9, '62	D. maj.	Com. Salesman	Florence
Luther A. Martin	Chaplin, Conn.	May 11, '37	"	Sept. 9, '62	Musician	—	Rutland, Vt.
Garrett O'Neill	Northampton	Aug. 10, '42	"	Aug. '62	Private	Farmer	Northampton
Francis M. Osden	Westfield	Jan. 28, '40	"	Oct. 1, '62	"	Whip-maker	Westfield
Joseph P. Pray	North Andover	'44	"	Aug. '62	"	Manicure doctor	New York City

Overseer of the Poor;
Constable

Selectman and Treasurer
d. Buffalo, N.Y., Aug.
6, '63
Killed in action Port Hud-
son, June 14, '63

Wounded at Springfield
Landing, July 3, '63

d. Port Hudson, July 9,
'63

Company C (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Albert R. Parsons	Northampton	Apr. 1, '42	Northampton	Aug. 25, '62	Private	Editor	Hartford, Conn.	
Lewis M. Phelps	Northampton	Aug. 22, '41	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Merchant	Wallingford, Conn.	
Spencer Phelps ¹	Chesterfield	Mar. 28, '32	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—	
William C. Pomeroy	Williamsburg	'35	"	Aug. '62	"	Wood-worker	Northampton	
Frank Ready	Canada	'25	"	Aug. '62	"	—	Northampton	
Horace S. Richardson	Northampton	Apr. 1, '37	"	Sept. '62	Corporal	Farmer	Hadley	
Alfred Riley	England	Nov. 18, '45	"	Sept. 9, '62	Private	Paper-maker	Northampton	Re-enlisted Sept., '64, 2d Regt. H. A. Dis- charged July 1, '65
John Ross	Enfield	'31	"	Aug. '62	"	—	Davenport, Ia.	
David L. Sammis	Springfield	Apr. 1, '38	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Merchant	Albuquerque, N.M.	
Charles Shepherd	Florence	Nov. 7, '43	"	Sept. '62	"	Machinist	Springfield	
Delos Smith	Northampton	'44	"	Aug. '62	"	Carpenter	Springfield	
Emerson Smith	Smith's Ferry	Apr. 30, '38	"	Aug. 14, '62	"	Farmer, Councilman	Northampton	
Maynard D. Smith	South Hadley	Apr. 29, '41	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Nurse	Worcester	d. Oct. 3, '74
Benjamin M. Smith	Northampton	May 20, '39	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Merchant	—	d. Brashear City, May 27, '63
Sydney D. Smith	Conway	Jan. 3, '39	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	—	—	
Francis Shaw	Northampton	'41	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Edward A. Stevens	"	Mar. 20, '41	"	Aug. '62	"	Mechanic	Northampton	
George H. Strong	"	Jan. 23, '29	"	Aug. '62	"	Painter	—	d. May 24, '70
Edward B. Strong	"	Sept. 1, '41	"	Sept. '62	"	Supt. of Cemetery	Northampton	Wounded at Port Hud- son, July 1, '63 ✓
Joseph W. Strong ²	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '40	"	Aug. 20, '62	Sergeant	—	—	
Elbridge G. Southworth	Northampton	'42	"	Aug. '62	Private	Salesman	Northampton	

John W. Thayer	Northampton	'43	Northampton	Aug. 15, '62	Private	Merchant	St. Paul, Minn.
Eben Thayer	Hadley	'35	"	Aug. '62	"	—	Northampton
Henry E. Thompson	Northampton	'41	"	Aug. '62	"	Merchant	London, Eng.
Leander Treigner	Canada	Aug. 19, '40	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Silk-dyer	Northampton
Edward Twiss	Northampton	—	"	Aug. '62	"	Iron-moulder	Northampton
Franklin E. Wait	Northampton	Apr. 27, '43	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	d. Plaquemine, Feb. 4, '63
Salmon K. Wait	Williamsburg	Jan. 20, '37	"	Aug. '62	"	—	d. Aug. 30, '63
William B. Wilson	Hatfield	Dec. 8, '40	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Farmer	Dumont, Ia.
Alphonso Wetherill	Northampton	May 17, '43	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	Letter-carrier	Northampton
Willard E. Wright	Montague	Sept. 23, '30	Ware	Sept. '62	Sergeant	—	D'pty Sheriff & C'nclman
Nathan Y. Warren	Northampton	'40	Northampton	Aug. 21, '62	Private	—	{ d. Brashear City, June 8, '63, of sunstroke
Joseph M. Warren	Williamsburg	'37	"	Aug. '62	"	—	d. Baton Rouge, June 20, '63
Albert Willis	Northampton	'44	"	Aug. '62	"	—	d. Brashear City.
Charles L. Wright ³	Westhampton	Jan. 3, '44	"	Sept. 9, '62	"	—	New Haven, Conn.
Lewis L. White	Maine	'39	"	Aug. 24, '62	"	—	d. Feb. 11, '63, Baton Rouge

¹ Died in Port Hudson, July 23, 1863, the day the regiment left for home.

² Died Aug. 14, 1863, in New York, on his way home, the day the regiment was mustered out.

³ Re-enlisted Jan. 16, 1865, in 27th Massachusetts; discharged June 14, 1865.

COMPANY D.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Frederic M. Patrick	Saratoga, N.Y.	Apr. 22, '38	Conway	Sept. '62	Captain	—	New York	Resigned Oct. 29, '62
Horace Hosford ¹	—	'20	Conway	Sept. '62	1st Lieut.	—	—	d. at Everett, 1892
Samuel F. Edwards	South Deerfield	Oct. 1, '41	Deerfield	Sept. 8, '62	2d Lieut.	Wood-carver	Springfield	{ Promoted 1st Lieut.; justice of peace
Oliver P. Edgerton	Coveny, Conn.	June 25, '30	Conway	Aug. '62	Private	Broker	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Promoted 2d Lieut.
Edward J. Hosmer	Buffalo, N.Y.	'42	Deerfield	Aug. 14, '62	Private	—	—	Promoted 1st Sergt.; d.
Edward M. Belden ²	Whately	Apr. 14, '31	Whately	Aug. 27, '62	2d Sergt.	Farmer	Granby	Baton Rouge, Jan. 14, '63
William D. Allis ³	Conway	June 6, '46	Conway	'62	Private	—	—	
A. Judson Andrews	Conway	'43	Conway	Sept. '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Arthur W. Ball	Deerfield	Nov. 5, '39	Deerfield	Nov. 5, '62	"	Farmer	Deerfield	
Francis M. Ball	Deerfield	Aug. '44	"	Sept. '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Jan. 30, '63
Charles Ball	Montague	Feb. 28, '37	"	Nov. '62	"	Farmer	Montague	
John Barnard	Quebec	'20	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—	Killed by a fall from a tree in Deerfield, April 3, '76
Daniel Ballard ⁴	Wendell	Jan. 16, '40	"	Oct. 25, '62	"	Farmer	New Salem	d. South Deerfield, Sept. 4, '75
George W. Bardwell	Whately	July 22, '36	"	Sept. 18, '62	Sergeant	—	—	
Albert Bates	Deerfield	Apr. 12, '35	"	Sept. '62	Private	Farmer	Deerfield	
Nathaniel Bartlett	Plainfield	Apr. '25	Conway	Sept. '62	Corporal	—	—	d. July 9, '63
Henry Bolton	South Hadley	Aug. 18, '41	Deerfield	Sept. 8, '62	Private	Carpenter	Holyoke	
Henry C. Belden	Whately	May 1, '39	Whately	Sept. '62	"	Broom-maker	Whately	
John W. Bradford	Conway	Oct. 14, '42	Conway	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Fairhaven, Vt.	
George D. Braman	Hawley	Feb. 28, '28	Conway	Sept. 8, '62	Musician	Carpenter	—	
Francis W. Briggs	Deerfield	'38	Deerfield	Sept. 8, '62	Private	—	—	

Alonso Childs	Deerfield	May 5, '39	Deerfield	'62	Private	—	—	d. Deerfield, Feb. 17, '88
Alfred D. Clapp ⁵	"	'42	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Mar. 22, '63
Calvin S. Clapp	"	July 1, '46	"	Oct. 8, '62	"	Blacksmith	Greenfield	
William H. Clapp	"	Oct. 28, '41	"	Sept. '62	"	—	—	d. Turner's Falls, May '84
Richard Costello	Ireland	'26	"	Sept. '62	"	Laborer	Deerfield	
Chester G. Crafts ⁶	Whately	Sept. 12, '31	Whately	Aug. 27, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Whately, Sept. 7, '87
Bela K. Crafts	"	Oct. 19, '41	"	Sept. 8, '62	Private	Station agent	Whately	
Luther M. Crafts	"	June 15, '32	"	Sept. 3, '62	"	Mail-carrier	Whately	
Sumner W. Crafts	"	Sept. 5, '41	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Market gardener	Ludlow	
George F. Crittenden	Williamsburg	Nov. 24, '42	Conway	Sept. 3, '62	"	Book-keeper	Northampton	
Charles E. Crittenden	Conway	Aug. 29, '45	Conway	Sept. 3, '62	"	Contractor	Florence	
Andrew Day	Colrain	'44	Deerfield	Sept. 10, '62	"	—	—	
Abel A. DeWolf	Deerfield	Aug. 23, '39	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—	d. Orange, Mass., Mar. 23, '82, of disease contracted in the service
William Dinsmore	Conway	Apr. 16, '39	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	Carpenter	Athol	
Clinton H. Dodge ⁷	Conway	Nov. 15, '35	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Hawley	
Alonso F. Dodge	Hawley	Dec. 7, '33	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—	d. Bat'h Rouge, Mar. 8, '84
Charles M. Elder	Granby	Nov. 5, '37	Whately	Sept. '62	"	—	Sold's h., Togas, Me.	
Thomas Ferguson	—	'34	Deerfield	Sept. '62	"	—	—	
Wilson E. Field	Conway	Nov. 15, '43	Conway	Sept. '62	"	Trader	Lincoln, Neb.	
Albert S. Fox	Whately	Aug. 11, '37	Northampton	Aug. 11, '62	"	Confectioner	Lowell	
Edward D. Goland	Northampton	June 2, '45	Deerfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	Millwright	Turner's Falls	
Alfred B. Goodnough	Deerfield	'45	Deerfield	Aug. '62	"	—	—	d. Cairo, about Aug. 1, '63

¹ Promoted Captain. ² Wounded June 14, 1862; promoted to 1st Sergeant; discharged at Boston.

³ Died Aug. 18, 1863, at Conway, shortly after the regiment was mustered out. ⁴ Overseer of Poor; Representative in the legislature 1882.

⁵ See Note F. ⁶ Chairman of Selectmen and other offices. ⁷ Many town offices; Representative in General Court in 1880.

Company D (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Albert H. Graves	Whately	Apr. 27, '40	Deerfield	Sept. 3, '62	Private	Mechanic	Fitchburg	d. Bat'n Rouge, Apr. 22, '63
Maneley Guilford	Conway	'43	Conway	Sept. '62	"	—	—	—
Edward W. Hamilton	Conway	Nov. 16, '40	Conway	Aug. '62	"	Farmer	Conway	—
Stephen Harvey	Whately	Sept. 14, '23	Whately	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Montague, March 12, '82
Edward Hayes ¹	Ireland	'27	Deerfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Northampton, Sept. 3, '75
Joseph G. Hawks ²	Lynnfield	Aug. 18, '31	—	'62	Sergeant	—	—	{ Drowned in Miss. River
Dwight Hosford	Conway	'44	Conway	Sept. '62	Private	—	Hinsdale, N.H.	—
Marcus Howland	Conway	'43	Conway	Sept. '62	Private	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Jan. 30, '63
James K. Hosmer ³	Northfield	Jan. 29, '34	Greenfield	Aug. 14, '62	Corporal	Librarian	Minneapolis, Minn.	—
Charles A. Hocum	Bennington, Vt.	Aug. 14, '39	Conway	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Farmer	Conway	—
Edward Hoyt	Hartford, Conn.	Aug. 17, '44	Deerfield	Oct. 23, '62	"	Laundry	San Francisco, Cal.	—
Fred A. Hubbard	Goshen	Feb. 18, '27	"	Aug. '62	"	Carpenter	South Deerfield	—
William M. Hubbard	Washington, Mass.	Jan. 15, '36	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Falmouth	—
Morris S. Jenkins	Ashfield	Sept. 6, '34	Conway	Sept. 14, '62	"	Painter	Greenfield	—
Joseph L. Longley	Hawley	Aug. 30, '24	Whately	Sept. 8, '62	"	Cabinet-maker	Whately	—
Franklin B. Lee	Conway	'41	Conway	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Conway	d. Bayou Boeuf, May 2, '63
Henry Lyman	Easthampton	Sept. '34	Deerfield	Sept. '62	"	—	—	—
Henry L. Macomber	Conway	June 3, '42	Whately	Sept. 8, '62	"	Carpenter	Amherst	—
Charles Macomber	Conway	July 10, '43	Whately	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Munson	d. Whately, July 8, '70
Patrick Manning	Ireland	'39	Conway	Sept. '62	"	—	—	Wounded Oct. 8, '63; invalid, confined to his bed
John N. Miner	Whately	Sept. 27, '40	Whately	Aug. 10, '62	"	Farmer	Savoy	—

Otis Moore	Prescott	'37	Conway	Sept. '62	Private	Unknown	Unknown
Edward F. Morton	Hatfield	'45	Deerfield		"	—	—
Henry C. Munson	Greenfield	Nov. 30, '35	Conway	Sept. 8, '62	"	Mechanic	Greenfield
Henry Nye	Conway	June 13, '36	Conway	Sept. '62	"	Farmer	Conway
Charles H. Parker	Buckland	'44	Deerfield	Sept. '62	Musician	—	—
Lorenzo Payne	Conway	Oct. 2, '42	Whately	Sept. '62	Private	—	—
William F. Rhoad	Hadley	May 25, '25	Whately	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Whately
Charles Richards	Deerfield	'44	Deerfield	Sept. '62	"	—	—
Oscar Richardson	Conway	Aug. 21, '21	Conway	Sept. 28, '62	"	Farmer	Ashfield
Edward W. Richardson	Conway	Oct. 22, '27	Conway	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—
Washington B. Ross	—	'42	Deerfield		"	—	—
William D. Sanderson	Conway	Sept. 11, '34	Conway	Sept. 3, '62	Corporal	—	—
Harrison G. Scott	Whately	July 6, '30	"	Oct. 4, '62	Private	—	—
George Shepherd	Newport, Wales	June 23, '42	"	Sept. 8, '62	Private	Watch-maker	Elgin, Ill.
Alonzo Sikes	Ludlow	Oct. 30, '34	"	Aug. '62	Corporal	—	—
Samuel S. Smith ⁴	Whately	June 12, '23	Whately	Sept. 8, '62	Private	Carpenter	—
Elbridge Smith	Whately	Jan. 10, '40	"	Sept. '62	Private	Unknown	Unknown
Asa A. Smith	South Hadley	Apr. 25, '33	"	Aug. '62	Sergeant	Machinist	Mt. Carmel, Conn.
Edward E. Smith	Whately	Nov. 9, '38	"	Oct. 11, '62	Private	Carpenter	Whately
Edgar P. Squires ⁵	So. Hadley Falls	May 5, '42	Deerfield	Sept. '62	Private	—	—
Dana W. Sprout	So. Deerfield	Apr. 25, '39	So. Deerfield		—	Farmer	—
Wellington M. Stebbins	Deerfield	Jan. 4, '36	Deerfield	Sept. 8, '62	Corporal	Pressman	Springfield

d. Bat'n Rouge, Feb. 11, '63
d. Baton Rouge, Jan. 20, '63

Detach'd as Post Butcher
{ Assess'r, Deacon in Congregational church; d. Conway, Dec. 25, '88
d. P't Hudson, July 10, '63

d. Bat'n Rouge, Feb. 11, '63

In city council of Meriden

Detached as Brigade teamster; d. Oct. 24, '62

¹ Re-enlisted Feb. 1, 1865, in 31st Regiment; discharged Sept. 19, 1865.
² See "Color Guard," p. 230.
³ Corporal on Color Guard; author of "Color Guard," "Thinking Bayonet," "Life of Sam. Adams," "Life of Sir Henry Vane," etc.
⁴ Re-enlisted June 25, 1864, 57th Regiment; discharged July 10, 1865, shot through lungs; died in Deerfield.
⁵ Re-enlisted Co. I, 2d Regiment Heavy Artillery, December 1; died of wounds July 13, 1865.

Company D (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Washington Stebbins	—	—	Deerfield	Sept. '62	Private	—	—	d. Bat'n Rouge, Mar. 23, '63
James S. Stebbins	Conway	Aug. 28, '30	Conway	Sept. 10, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Aug. 3, '63
Hiram M. Stearns	—	—	Deerfield	Sept. '62	"	—	—	
James T. Stewart	—	'30	Deerfield	Aug. '62	Sergeant	—	—	d. West
Cyrus O. Stowell ¹	Streetsboro, Ohio	Dec. 3, '43	So. Deerfield	Sept. 3, '62	Corporal	—	—	
Chauncey G. Townsend ²	Ashfield	Jan. 20, '37	Conway	Sept. 8, '62	Corporal	Farmer	—	
William Townsend ³	Woodford, Vt.	July 26, '39	Conway	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Farmer	—	
George Visard	England	—	Deerfield	Aug. '62	Private	—	—	d. So. Deerfield, Apr. 24, '80
George M. Wells	Deerfield	Dec. 12, '38	Deerfield	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Deerfield, July 9, '83
William W. Watson	England	Mar. 17, '25	Conway	Sept. 14, '62	Private	Mechanic	Conway	
Charles J. Warner ⁴	Williamsburg	Mar. 18, '46	So. Deerfield	Sept. '62	Private	Carpenter	Atlantic, Ia.	
Andrew J. Woodard	Belchertown	—	Greenfield	—	—	—	—	d. Northampton

COMPANY E.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Halbert S. Greenleaf	Guilford, Vt.	Apr. 12, '27	Shelburne Falls	Aug. '62	Captain	—	—	Chosen Col. Oct. 13, '62
Josiah A. Richmond ⁵	Ashfield	Apr. 10, '28	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	1st Lieut.	—	Shelburne Falls	
Ansel K. Bradford ⁶	Conway	Oct. 20, '24	Ashfield	Aug. 29, '62	2d Lieut.	Teamster	Florence	
Samuel H. Blackwell	Waterville, Me.	Oct. 26, '37	Shelburne Falls	Aug. 30, '62	Private	Hardware	Fairfield, Me.	Chosen 2d Lieutenant
Samuel A. Little	Halifax, Vt.	May 28, '29	Greenfield	Sept. 1, '62	1st Serg't	Mechanic	Shelburne Falls	
Charles F. Alden	Ashfield	Apr. 27, '32	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. St. Louis, Apr. 29, '82
Ethan H. Allen	Hadley	May 3, '46	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	Greenfield	
Edwin Baker ⁷	Hawley	Jan. 18, '43	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	"	Pharmacist	Shelburne Falls	
Nathan B. Baker ⁸	"	July 20, '41	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Savoy	
Noah Baker	"	Apr. 3, '38	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	Killed in action, Port Hudson, June 14, '63
William R. Bardwell	Shelburne Falls	June 5, '42	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Silk-dyer	Florence	Killed P. H., July 3, '63
George D. C. Braman	Buckland	June 9, '44	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	
Herbert L. Brooks	Buckland	'44	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	
John W. Birmingham ⁹	England	July 8, '45	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	Mechanic	New Britain	
George B. Carter	Buckland	Jan. 24, '40	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Ashfield, Aug. 13, '92
George D. Clark	Hawley	July '43	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Hawley, Sept. 3, '63

¹ See note. Killed at Port Hudson, July 6, 1863, the night before the surrender. In "The Color Guard" he is referred to as "the pleasant corporal," page 215.
² Died Feb. 10, 1885, in Conway, of disease contracted in the army. ³ Disabled by a bullet June 14, 1863, at Port Hudson.
⁴ Re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864, in 2d Massachusetts Light Battery; discharged August, 1865. ⁵ Chosen Captain; justice of peace, Selectman, chief engineer of fire department, lumber-dealer.
⁶ Chosen 1st Lieutenant; wounded in the face at Donaldsonville, June 28, 1863. ⁷ School Committee, Director in savings-bank, Representative, and Senator.
⁸ School Committee; enlisted with his right arm out of joint. ⁹ Re-enlisted July 15, 1864, Co. K, 64th Regiment M.V.; discharged Nov. 30, 1864.

Company E (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
David C. Clark	St. John, N.B.	Mar. 31, '42	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	Rockland	
Squires C. Clement	Deering, N.H.	Nov. 2, '27	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Victory, Vt.	
Millford J. Cranson	Buckland	Sept. 7, '46	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	"	Buckland	
Isaac J. Crossett	Adams	Nov. 9, '36	Cheshire	Aug. 2, '62	"	"	Savoy	
Henry D. Culver	Buckland	July 12, '41	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Bat'n Rouge, Jan. 24, '63
Samuel F. Daniels	Colrain	Oct. 2, '43	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Mechanic	Tully	
Hanson A. Davis	Buckland	Oct. 27, '36	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	Carpenter	Sunderland	Wounded in foot, Port Hudson, June 15, '63
Monter F. Damon ¹	Hawley	May 17, '43	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	"	Merchant	Berlin, Conn.	
Henry E. Damon	Hawley	Nov. 9, '38	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	So. Mendon, Conn.	
Dexter Dickinson	Ashfield	'28	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Shelburne Falls, Apr. 10, '85
James W. Doane	Hawley	Sept. 26, '33	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Hawley	Town cl'rk, Sel'ctman, etc.
Lorenzo Draper	Spencer	Nov. 21, '38	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	Sergeant	—	—	d. Amherst, Jan. 26, '77
Lewis Eldridge	Ashfield	Dec. 3, '39	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	d. Bat'n Rouge, Jan. 30, '63
George O. Farnam	Buckland	'40	Buckland	Sept. '62	Private	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Mar. 7, '63
Henry G. Fisk	New York	'46	Shelburne Falls	Oct. 14, '62	Drummer	Unknown	Unknown	
Stephen Ford	Ireland	'41	"	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Unknown	Unknown	
William H. Foster	Wilmington, Vt.	Aug. 14, '25	"	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Carriage-maker	Charlemont	
Samuel S. Gould	Colrain	'19	Heath	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. in Heath
Charles B. Gunn	Montague	Sept. 29, '47	Greenfield	Nov. 14, '62	"	Civil engineer	Col'rado Springs, Col.	Bridge-builder
John A. Halligan ²	Leeds, England	Jan. 14, '44	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	Mechanic	Shelburne Falls	
Joseph V. Harman	Hawley	Mar. 26, '37	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Teamster	Florence	

Elijah Harmon ³	Hawley	Mar. 22, '35	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	Sergeant	Clergyman	Wilmington	d. Ashfield, Oct. 1, '63
Edward F. Hale	Ashfield	Aug. '40	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Jan. 20, '63
Thomas A. Hall	Hawley	July 22, '44	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	
William Halligan	England	Oct. 13, '30	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Mechanic	Seymour, Conn.	
Nathaniel Herrick	Dummerston, Vt.	Feb. 22, '32	"	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Feb. 17, '63
George F. Hill	Charlemont	Oct. 1, '26	"	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	Shelburne Falls	
Sylvester Howes	Ashfield	Oct. 27, '31	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. on board steamer from P. Hudson, July 26, '63
Elisha B. Howes	"	July 25, '39	"	Aug. '62	"	Truckman	Florence	Wounded in arm July 4, at Port Hudson
John L. Howes	"	Nov. 15, '44	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	Grocer	Holyoke	
Horace Holbrook	"	Apr. 5, '44	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Market	Northampton	
Charles B. Hubbard	Buckland	Sept. 25, '41	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	Banker	Winchester, Ill.	
Lucius Hunt	Hawley	May 26, '39	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Hawley	{ Discharged July 17, '63, Town Clk and Treas. d. Michigan
Silas C. Hunter	Greenfield	'34	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	
Thomas Joyce	Ireland	Sept. '35	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Trader	—	
Henry F. Kilburn	Ashfield	Feb. 20, '45	Ashfield	Aug. 28, '62	"	Architect	New York City	
James M. King	Rowe	Feb. 28, '43	Charlemont	Feb. 1, '62	Musician	—	—	Discharged June 6, '63, at N. O.; d. Charle- mont, Sept. 13, '66
Rufus A. Lilly	Ashfield	May 11, '41	Ashfield	Oct. '62	Corporal	Messenger of Court	Greenfield	{ Disch'd Baton Rouge, Feb. 23, '63
Austin S. Maynard	Buckland	Oct. 5, '44	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Grain merchant	Boston	Selectman, Rd Com's'n'r
Theodore C. Marsh	Hawley	Mar. 30, '38	Hawley	Sept. 4, '62	"	Farmer	Whitingham	
Joseph R. Meekins	Williamsburg	Aug. 14, '25	Greenfield	Oct. 14, '62	"	"	Buckland	
Dwight L. Meekins	Conway	Jan. 5, '43	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	"	Buckland	
Joseph C. Merrill	Shelburne Falls	May 29, '42	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Shelburne Falls, Sept. 29, '81

¹ Justice of peace, member of legislature.

² Re-enlisted July 15, 1864, in 60th Massachusetts Regiment; discharged Nov. 30, 1864.

³ School Committee fifteen years; ordained at Winchester, N. H.; installed in Wilmington, Mass., Dec. 15, 1885.

Company E (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
William A. Parmenter	Holden	Aug. 5, '30	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	d. Oakham, Nov. 30, '81
Charles O. Pelton	Shelburne	Jan. 2, '29	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	Laborer	Shelburne Falls	
John A. Pittsinger	Hancock, Vt.	Aug. 5, '37	"	Sept. 5, '62	"	Market	Westfield	
George B. Pratt	Charlton	Oct. 23, '41	"	Oct. 14, '62	"	—	—	d. Shelburne Falls, June 10, '86
Chester A. Pratt	Guilford, Vt.	Mar. 5, '28	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Springfield
Daniel W. Reede	Chesterfield	Sept. 10, '34	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Springfield, Pa., in 1890
William N. Richmond	Buckland	Jan. 11, '43	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	{ d. on board the "Illinois," Dec. 7, '62
Marcus W. Rice	No. Adams	'45	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Shelburne Falls, July 20, '65
Thaxter Scott	Hawley	'31	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Hawley	
Everett E. Severance	Shelburne	'37	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	Killed at Port Hudson, June 14, '63.
John F. Severance	Shelburne	Jan. 24, '35	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Coal-dealer	Shelburne Falls	
Michael D. Shea	Ireland	'40	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. at Northampton
Frederic H. Smith	Buckland	July 12, '40	"	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Ashfield	Representative in Mass. legislature, Director in Shelburne Falls Savings Bank, Supt. S. School
Orlando C. Sweet	Colrain	Dec. 10, '38	"	Sept. 1, '62	Private	"	Buckland	25 yrs., Deacon in Congregational church.
George F. Steele	Shelburne	Apr. 10, '39	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Painter	Shelburne	
Alfred C. Thayer	Buckland	July 5, '44	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	Springfield	
Henry D. Townsley	Buckland	'39	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Buckland, July 6, '84
Aaron Trask	Heath	Mar. 6, '36	Heath	Sept. 12, '62	"	Farmer	Lowell, Ill.	
Morris Vincent	Hawley	Mar. 23, '33	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Mechanic	Milan, Mich.	
Edwin Warriner	Hawley	May 10, '19	Hawley	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	d. Hawley, June 15, '82
Charles R. White	Buckland	Feb. 22, '23	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	d. Shel. Falls, Nov. 9, '83

Joseph W. Whitney ¹	Buckland	Feb. 4, '27	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Shelburne Falls	d. New Orleans, June 19, '63
Joseph G. Wilder	Buckland	Sept. 21, '41	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	—
George O. Wilder	Charlemont	Feb. 13, '39	Shelburne Falls	Sept. 1, '62	"	Harness-maker	Shelburne Falls	—
Elton G. Williams	Ashfield	Oct. 25, '41	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	Discharged June 6, '63; d. Ashfield, Sept. 3, '63
Lewis Williams	Ashfield	'23	Ashfield	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	Bloomsbury, N. Y.	March 1 wounded by a pistol in the hands of a comrade
Winsor Woodard	Buckland	Apr. 23, '44	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	Laborer	Shelburne Falls	—
Harvey C. Wright	Chatham, N. Y.	Apr. 27, '39	Buckland	Sept. 1, '62	"	Mechanic	Shelburne Falls	—

COMPANY F.

Full Name.	Place of Birth.	Date of Birth.	Place of Enlistment.	Date of Enlistment.	Rank.	Occupation.	Residence.	Remarks.
Lucian H. Stone	Montague	Feb. 24, '18	Montague	'62	Captain	Gardening & Physic'n { Treas. Emery Co., Detroit, Mich.	Pine Castle, Fla.	Town Clerk, Orange, Ms.
Alphonso A. Ballou	Royalston	Mar. 9, '36	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	1st Lieut.	Carpenter	Northfield	—
Marshall S. Stearns ²	Northfield	Nov. 25, '24	Northfield	Aug. 25, '62	2d Lieut.	—	—	d. Shutesbury
Samuel H. Crandell	Keene, N. H.	—	Shutesbury	—	1st Serg't	—	Montague	Supt. of Roads
George F. Adams	Montague	May 1, '39	Montague	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	Brick-maker	—	d. Orange
James L. Andrews	Montague	'43	"	Aug. 14, '62	Private	—	—	d. Baton Rouge Jan. 31, '63
Christopher H. Arnold	New York	'36	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	d. Mound City, Ill., Aug. 3, '63
John A. Bascom	Montague	'32	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	—
Mark L. Benjamin	Madison, Ohio	Apr. 3, '40	Erving	Sept. 11, '62	"	U. S. Armory	Springfield	—

¹ Selectman, Assessor, Bank Director.

² Detailed to have the charge of "Contrabands," headquarters, Baton Rouge.

Company F (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Truman Bowman	Deerfield	Oct. 26, '32	Montague	Aug. 13, '62	Private	Farmer	Ashfield	
Jedediah D. Boutwell	Leverett	'31	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—	d. Montague, May 13, '82
Charles C. Brewer	Montague	Apr. 8, '46	"	Nov. '62	"	—	—	d. Denver, Col., Feb. 3, '89
Erastus B. Burnham	Montague	May 31, '40	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Farmer	Montague	
McKenza B. Britt	Northfield	'39	Northfield	Aug. 28, '62	"	—	—	d. New Orleans
Elijah W. Chamberlain	Newport	Jan. 21, '31	Northfield	Aug. 31, '62	"	Blacksmith	Findlay, Ohio	
Ebenezar Cheney	Orange	Sept. 18, '28	Orange	Aug. '62	Corporal	Trader	St. Joseph, Mo.	
Charles H. Cleveland	New Salem	'36	Erving	Aug. '62	Corporal	—	Worcester	
Rollin N. Clapp	Montague	Aug. 18, '43	Deerfield	Sept. 5, '62	Private	Mechanic	Worcester	
Emory B. Cobb	Orange	'44	Orange	Aug. 29, '62	"	—	—	d. Orange, Dec. 25, '63
Mitchell Cummings	Erving	'39	Erving	Oct. 11, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown	
Matthias Coad	Eastport, Me.	'35	Shutesbury	'62	"	Physician	Williamstown, Mich.	
Henry J. Day	Montague	Jan. 8, '43	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	"	Farmer	Montague	Discharged July, '63; re-enlisted July, '63, in 76 Colored Troops as Assistant Surgeon; discharged Dec. 31, '65
George G. Felton	Winchendon	May 21, '45	Northfield	Sept. 11, '62	"	Real Estate	Camden, N.Y.	Discharged for disability June 27, '63
Ansel Field	Northfield	June 26, '39	"	Sept. 11, '62	"	—	Northfield	
Frank S. Field ¹	Montague	Aug. 18, '44	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	Mechanic	Melrose	
Horace W. Field ²	Hatfield	Jan. 24, '46	Leverett	Aug. '62	"	Farmer	Leverett	
James H. Fokett	Orange	Dec. 3, '38	Orange	Aug. '62	"	Unknown	—	
James L. Foster	Shelburne Falls	Oct. 11, '44	Wendell	Aug. 25, '62	"	—	—	{ Killed Fort Hudson June 16, '63
Luke Furbush	Orange	Mar. 18, '47	Orange	Sept. 10, '62	"	—	—	d. on board transport "Metagan," July 29, '63, on his way home
Dennis Goddard	Orange	Sept. 14, '32	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	"	Mechanic	Athol	

Gamaliel D. Goddard	Orange	Mar. 19, '44	Orange	Aug. '62	Private	Farmer	Orange
Anson W. Goodnough	New Salem	Sept. 20, '33	Leverett	Aug. '62	"	Farmer	Gardner
Samuel Greenhalgh	Pawtuxet, R.I.	'18	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	"	—	Orange
Daniel J. Gilmore	Williamsburg	June 10, '34	Orange	Sept. 12, '62	"	—	—
Isaac Gould	Newfane, Vt.	Dec. 5, '18	Montague	Aug. 15, '62	"	—	d. Wendell; discharged June 6, '63
Hezekiah Hastings	Northfield	'38	Northfield	Aug. 28, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Gill
Henry K. Haskell	Leverett	'44	Leverett	Aug. 26, '62	Private	—	—
Clement C. Holton	Northfield	Nov. 19, '44	Northfield	Sept. 11, '62	"	Machinist	Hinsdale, N.H.
Hobert H. Hunt	Orange	July 8, '45	Orange	Aug. 23, '62	"	Merchant	Chicago, Ill.
Robert H. Huntoon	"	'44	Orange	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—
Collins H. King	"	'39	Greenfield	Oct. 12, '62	"	—	d. Orange, Nov. 3, '87
Job M. Leonard	Vermont	'18	Northfield	Aug. 26, '62	"	—	d. Winchester, N.H., '79
Nicholas Laux	Germany	Dec. 25, '40	Erving	Sept. 11, '62	"	Engineer	Orange
Humphrey S. Leach ³	Wendell	May 21, '31	Leverett	Sept. 11, '62	Sergeant	Watchman	Worcester
Ephraim Marsh, Jr. ⁴	Leverett	'40	Shutesbury	Aug. 28, '62	Private	—	—
Charles Maynard	Orange	July 16, '39	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Montague
Charles A. Murdock	Brimfield	Mar. 29, '30	Montague	Sept. 11, '62	"	Hotel-keeper	East Chatham, N.Y.
Edward N. Marsh	Montague	'44	Montague	Sept. '62	"	—	—
Elijah Merriam	Northfield	'41	Northfield	Aug. 28, '62	"	Farmer	—
William E. Merriam ⁵	"	Aug. 28, '42	"	Sept. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Northfield
Warren Mattoon	"	'21	"	Aug. 26, '62	"	—	d. Northfield, June 3, '66
David D. Mellen	Suffolk, N.Y.	'36	Orange	Aug. '62	"	—	Killed P. H. June 24, '63

¹ Re-enlisted Dec. 29, 1864, Co. C, 26th New York Cavalry; discharged June 30, 1865.

² Re-enlisted March 29, 1864, 2d Massachusetts Cavalry; discharged July 29, 1865; justice of peace, School Committee, Prison Attorney.

³ Justice of the peace, Special County Commissioner, School Committee.

⁴ Re-enlisted Feb. 21, 1864, in 27th Massachusetts; killed at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

⁵ Was sick Jan. 18, 1863, to June 13, 1863; joined the regiment in season for the siege of Port Hudson.

Company F (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Edward C. Nash	Erving	April 3, '38	Northfield	Sept. 11, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Northfield	d. Montague, Mar. 26, '86
Horace Newton	Montague	'41	Leverett	Aug. 27, '62	Private	—	—	d. at the West
Albin N. Nash	Northfield	'30	Northfield	Aug. 27, '62	Private	—	—	d. Leverett, Dec. 1, '89
Roderic Noble	Shutesbury	May 14, '15	Leverett	Aug. 28, '62	Musician	—	—	
Charles Nutting	Shutesbury	Dec. 22, '39	Shutesbury	Sept. 11, '62	Private	Farmer	Amherst	
John H. Osmond	Orange	'34	Orange	Sept. '62	Private	—	—	d. Mound City, Cairo, Aug. 1, '63
Henry W. Payne	Montague	Mar. 15, '38	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	Corporal	Salesman	Boston	
George D. Payne	Montague	Oct. 17, '43	"	Aug. 23, '62	Private	Farmer	Montague	
Charles W. Peeler	Boston	Oct. 1, '30	"	Sept. 11, '62	"	Mechanic	Millville, Wis.	
William S. Phillips	Keene, N.H.	Sept. 26, '38	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	"	Clerk	Winchester, N.H.	
Joseph B. Pierce	Leominster	Feb. 22, '30	Northfield	Sept. '62	"	Farmer	Northfield	d. Mound City, Ill., Aug. 3, '63
Lauriston Pierce	Shutesbury	'31	Shutesbury	Aug. '62	"	—	—	
John S. Pierce	Leverett	July 2, '30	Montague	Aug. 24, '62	"	Carpenter	—	
George S. Pond	Hubbardston	July 20, '34	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	Sergeant	—	Worcester	
William M. Pratt	Shutesbury	Aug. 8, '39	Shutesbury	Aug. '62	Private	Farmer	Leverett	
James H. Reed	Leverett	'41	Leverett	Aug. 28, '62	"	—	—	Killed in a blizzard in Colorado
Berkley W. Reynolds	Orange	Apr. 24, '43	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Pelham, N.H.	
George N. Reynolds	"	Feb. 14, '40	"	Sept. 11, '62	"	Machinist	Lynn	
Theodore A. Reynolds	"	Nov. 9, '43	"	July '62	"	Com'ercial Traveller	Chicago, Ill.	Councilm'n, Hotel-keeper { Selectman, Assessor, School Committee
Cyrus J. Rice	Leverett	June 7, '44	Montague	Oct. '62	"	Farmer	Leverett	d. day before return home
John H. Robbins	Deerfield	Jan. 11, '26	Northfield	Aug. 26, '62	Corporal	Farmer	—	

Alpheus H. Sawin	Wendell	'33	Northfield	Aug. '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Montague, June 12, '70
John P. Sawin	Cambridge	'30	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Painter	No. Adams	
Asahel Sawyer	Northfield	Nov. 17, '43	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Locomotive E'gineer	Cleveland, Ohio	
Spencer S. Shaw	—	'22	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	Private	—	—	d. New Orleans, Apr. 4, '63
Samuel N. Slate	Fort Torrington, N.Y.	Apr. 3, '35	Orange	Aug. 26, '62	Private	Mechanic	Montague	
Parley H. Smith	Deerfield	Oct. 1, '24	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	H'p'l n'rise	—	—	Alderman and Supervisor
Henry R. Stowell	Petersham	June 19, '32	Orange	Aug. 20, '62	Corporal	Merchant	Athol	
Charles E. Spear	Shutesbury	Apr. 28, '41	Shutesbury	Aug. '62	Private	—	—	{ d. Mound City, Ill., Aug. 3, '63
Wells C. Stone	Montague	May 12, '42	Montague	Sept. 11, '62	"	Carpenter	Brattleboro	Discharged for disability, Feb. 21, '63
Lucius Stimson	Northfield	Sept. 2, '23	Northfield	Aug. 30, '62	"	Farmer	Erving	
Charles A. Stimson	Dummerston, Vt.	Jan. 8, '68	Northfield	Aug. 29, '62	"	—	—	d. Greenfield, Jan. 27, '79
Edward B. Stearns	Northfield	Mar. 13, '30	Greenfield	Aug. 25, '62	"	—	—	d. Orange, June 1, '73
Daniel Stearns	Orange	'19	Orange	Aug. '62	"	—	—	d. Port Hudson, July 22, '63, the day before the reg't started for home
Austin Swan	Orange	'34	Orange	Sept. '62	Corporal	—	Wharton, Fresno Co., Cal.	
Henry H. Taylor	Montague	'44	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	Private	—	—	d. Sept. 22, '91
James H. Thompson	Leverett	'18	Leverett	Aug. '62	"	—	—	Not living
Aaron F. Trim	Orange	Nov. 25, '35	Orange	Aug. 3, '63	"	Carpenter	Orange	
George Wait	Montague	'27	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	d. Montague, Feb. 4, '73
Charles B. Wait	Montague	'30	Montague	Aug. '62	"	—	—	d. Montague, May 15, '82
Salmon Wakefield	Orange	Sept. 8, '29	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Amherst	Selectman and Assessor
Gilman N. Watson	Leverett	Mar. 15, '32	Montague	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Leverett	
Asahel M. Webster	Montague	'22	Montague	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	Montague	
Rufus B. P. Wheeler	Orange	'29	Orange	Aug. '62	"	—	Orange	
Oscar Wood	Northfield	Mar. 26, '32	Northfield	Sept. 11, '62	"	Miller	—	

Company F (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Daniel B. Whitaker	Wendell	Apr. 25, '31	Montague	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	d. Port Hudson, July 22, '83
Watson Whiting	Turner's Falls	Aug. 21, '41	Orange	Sept. 11, '62	Private	—	—	d. Montague, July 31, '62

COMPANY G.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Samuel J. Storrs ¹	Holliston	Nov. 22, '37	Amherst	Sept. 17, '62	Captain	Lawyer	—	d. New York
George G. Bliss ²	Northampton	Dec. 22, '39	Northampton	Nov. 18, '62	Captain	—	—	Killed in battle, June 14, '63
Justin P. Kellogg	Amherst	Oct. 8, '36	Amherst	Sept. 1, '62	1st Lieut.	Clergyman	Geneva, Switz.	{ Discharged for disability at New Orleans, June 16, '63
Asa A. Spear	Amherst	Nov. 23, '41	Amherst	Aug. 30, '62	2d Lieut.	Attorney	New York City	
James W. Stebbins	Deerfield	May 17, '38	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	1st Sergt.	Messenger Am. Ex. Co.	Springfield	
Edgar J. Pomeroy ³	Sunderland	Oct. 20, '39	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	1st Sergt.	—	—	d. Marietta, Ga., Jan. 2, '91
Stilman Abercrombie	Pelham	Apr. 11, '30	Pelham	Aug. 27, '62	Musician	Mill operative	Mittineaque	{ d. Jackson, Mich., June 17, '79
Joseph Allen	Pelham	Dec. 20, '47	Pelham	Sept. 1, '62	Private	—	—	
Joel M. Armstrong	Wendell	Nov. 21, '33	Sunderland	Sept. 5, '62	Private	Carpenter	Sunderland	
James A. Baker	Amherst	'40	Amherst	Aug. 26, '62	Sergeant	—	—	d. Millington, N.J., Nov. 7, '89
Dexter R. Barnes	Pelham	Oct. 8, '42	Pelham	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Farmer	Granby	d. Sunderland, June 24, '69
John R. Banks	Ashfield	Jan. 8, '40	Sunderland	Aug. 29, '62	Private	—	—	

Lauriston Barnes	Wendell	—	Pelham	Aug. 29, '62	Private	—	—	Killed on Fitchb'g R.R., Mar. 23, '87
George Burton	Amherst	'26	Amherst	Oct. 11, '62	"	Painter	Amherst	
Milo A. Bartlett	Amherst	'35	"	Aug. 30, '62	"	—	—	d. Pt. Hudson, July 15, '63
Lewis A. Bartlett	Shutesbury	June 16, '32	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Farmer	Amherst	Discharged near Pt. Hud- son, May 25, '63
George H. Bell	New York City	June 8, '44	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	Asst. Postmaster	Carson City, Nev.	
William L. Bliss	Maysville, Va.	Aug. '40	"	Aug. 30, '62	Corporal	—	Colorado	
Perez R. Brown	Belchertown	Jan. 3, '40	"	Aug. 30, '62	Private	Asst. in hospital	Philadelphia, Pa.	
Leander Brigham	Deerfield	Mar. 23, '23	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	—	d. Montague, July 21, '86
William F. Bowman	Shutesbury	May 1, '24	Sunderland	Aug. 28, '62	"	—	—	d. Dixon, Ill., Jan. 1, '77
Joseph Burns	—	'46	Montague	Aug. 30, '62	"	—	—	
Jeremiah Callihan	Ireland	'43	Amherst	Aug. 30, '62	"	Mason	No. Boston	
Edward Callihan	Ireland	'44	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Montreal, Can., '75
Charles Clapp	Amherst	June 30, '40	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Paper-maker	Amherst	
Israel Childs	Deerfield	Jan. 27, '24	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	"	Farmer	Sunderland	
Daniel Cook	Pelham	'30	Pelham	Aug. 27, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Belchertown	
Watson W. Cowles	Amherst	Nov. 26, '34	Amherst	Aug. 30, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Amherst, Feb. 27, '87
Jesse L. Delano	Sunderland	Aug. 31, '35	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Farmer	Sunderland	
George Dickinson	Amherst	Sept. 11, '28	Amherst	Aug. 30, '62	"	—	—	d. Amherst, Mar. 11, '64
Amariah Dickinson	"	July 26, '25	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	—	—	d. Amherst, Nov. 28, '90
John W. Dickinson	"	Feb. 1, '44	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	—	d. New Orleans, June 18, '63
Edmond S. Ellsbree	Palmer	Nov. 22, '43	Pelham	Sept. 1, '62	"	Newsdealer	Chicopee Falls	
William B. Fales	Pelham	May 16, '30	Amherst	Aug. 27, '62	"	Farmer	Pelham	Wounded June 18, '63 ✓
Alden J. Gilbert	Leverett	Sept. 3, '41	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	"	Farmer	Hadley	

Company G (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Henry J. Graves	Hadley	May 27, '33	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Carpenter	Springfield	
Cephas W. Gunn	Leverett	Feb. 21, '38	Amherst	Aug. 26, '62	Sergeant	—	—	d. Greenfield, May 26, '71
Charles E. Hayward	Amherst	Sept. 23, '42	"	Aug. 25, '62	Private	Manufacturer	Amherst	
Horace Haling	Portland, Conn.	Feb. 4, '30	"	Sept. 15, '62	Private	—	Soldiers' H., Chelsea	
Joseph C. Hastings	Amherst	Nov. 16, '18	"	Aug. '62	Cook	Farmer	—	d. Amherst, June 17, '86
James Hardaker	England	Sept. 25, '25	"	Aug. 30, '62	Private	—	—	Killed on a railroad June 4, '70
Freeman L. Holden	Hawley	July 31, '37	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	
Charles C. Howes	Canaan, N.Y.	Aug. 9, '40	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Dealer in provisions	Amherst	
George E. Howes	Canaan, N.Y.	Oct. 31, '36	"	Aug. '62	Sergeant	Builder	Springfield	
Parker D. Hubbard	Sunderland	May 15, '25	Sunderland	Aug. 20, '62	Private	Farmer	Sunderland	
Henry Hubbard	Amherst	Feb. 7, '38	Amherst	Aug. 30, '62	Private	—	—	d. Amherst, Mar. 9, '77
Silas O. Johnson	"	Apr. 12, '26	"	Aug. 25, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Amherst	
William F. Johnson	"	Oct. 9, '32	"	Aug. 25, '62	Private	Commercial agent	"	
B. Franklin Kellogg	"	Aug. 18, '39	"	Aug. 20, '62	"	Manufacturer	"	
Amos D. Leonard	Mimerva, N.Y.	'34	Pelham	Sept. 3, '62	"	Farmer	Minnesota	
Swan L. Lesure ¹	Warwick	Jan. 14, '27	Sunderland	Aug. 20, '62	1st Lieut.	—	—	
Charles A. Macomber	Conway	Aug. '43	Conway	Sept. 3, '62	Private	—	—	d. July 7, '71
Mike Malony	Manton, Ire.	'67	Amherst	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Amherst	Oldest man in regiment
George W. Miller	Salisbury, Vt.	July 8, '43	Sunderland	Aug. 30, '62	"	Florist	Chicago, Ill.	
Wm. P. Montgomery ²	Enfield	Sept. 17, '32	Pelham	Aug. 22, '62	"	Farmer	Pelham	
Arthur Montague ³	Sunderland	Mar. 15, '43	Sunderland	Sept. 3, '62	"	Farmer	—	d. Sunderland, Apr. 2, '63

Merrick Montague ⁴	Sunderland	Nov. 19, '34	Sunderland	Sept. 4, '62	Private	—	—	—
Anson S. Munsell ⁵	Sunderland	Oct. 3, '36	Sunderland	Aug. 30, '62	Corporal	Doctor	Chicago, Ill.	
Levi G. Osborne	Wah't'n, Mass.	Mar. 31, '24	Prescott	Aug. 28, '62	Private	Farmer	Cooleyville, Mass.	
Dwight A. Reed ⁶	Shutesbury	Apr. 28, '24	Shutesbury	Aug. 28, '62	"	Stone mason	Shutesbury	
Amariah Robinson	Jamaica, Vt.	Nov. 15, '23	Pelham	Aug. 24, '62	"	Farmer	Pelham	
Norman Roberts	Amherst	Jan. 10, '35	Amherst	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	—	d. Bat'n Ro'ge, Jan. 12, '63
Albert Roberts	"	Mar. 22, '40	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. Amherst, Feb. 27, '85
George H. Roberts	"	Oct. 18, '44	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Paper-maker	Amherst	Wounded June 14, '63, at V P. Hudson; Constable
Edward M. Ralph	Westminster	Nov. 19, '44	"	Aug. 25, '62	Drummer	Painter	Northampton	Selectman
Charles L. Russell	Sunderland	Apr. 8, '38	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Farmer	Sunderland	Selectman, Assessor, Constable
Austin M. Russell	"	Aug. 8, '41	"	Aug. 28, '62	"	Salesman	Shelburne	
John Wiley Russell	"	July 9, '30	"	Aug. 27, '62	"	Agent Amer. Ex. Co.	Amherst	
Charles A. Sanderson	"	Aug. 4, '42	"	Aug. 12, '62	"	Farmer	Amherst	
Charles H. Sanger	—	'44	Pelham	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—	
Charles C. Smith	Amherst	Apr. 8, '42	Amherst	Aug. 27, '62	"	—	—	d. Amherst, Sept. 6, '63
George P. Spear	Amherst	May 20, '44	Amherst	Aug. 24, '62	"	Contractor & builder	Amherst	Wounded at Port Had- son, June 14, '63 V
Francis H. Sterns ⁷	Cuyahoga, Ohio	Dec. 12, '40	Granby	Aug. 28, '62	Sergeant	—	—	
Warren M. Stowell	Montague	May 31, '31	Amherst	Sept. 11, '62	Private	Farmer	Miller's Falls	
Quartus Tower	Chesterfield	Aug. 14, '22	Sunderland	Aug. 14, '62	"	"	—	
Patrick O. Toole	Ireland	Mar. 1, '41	Amherst	Aug. 25, '62	"	"	Amherst	d. Granby, Dec. 7, '75
James M. Thompson	Bernardston	May 17, '45	Bernardston	Sept. 10, '62	"	—	—	d. Plaquemine, Jan. 23, '63

¹ Discharged on Nov. 18, 1862; re-enlisted in a New York regiment, and killed on picket near Petersburg, Va., June 21, 1864. ² Re-enlisted Sept. 3, 1864, 1st Regiment Heavy Artillery; discharged June 4, 1865; Constable and Collector. ³ Was discharged at Baton Rouge, Feb. 27, 1863. ⁴ Discharged in Boston, April 1, 1863; died in Sunderland, Nov. 28, 1866; School Committee and Selectman. ⁵ Re-enlisted May 16, 1864, in 61st Massachusetts; discharged as 2d Lieutenant June 4, 1865. ⁶ Re-enlisted Nov. 22, 1864, in the 27th Massachusetts Regiment; discharged June 25, 1865. ⁷ Died in Springfield, July 4, 1871, from the effects of military service.

Company G (continued).

Full Name	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Place of Enlistment	Date of Enlistment	Rank	Occupation	Residence	Remarks
John E. Wales	Leverett	Sept. 1, '43	Greenfield	Nov. 18, '62	Private	Grocer	Springfield	
James R. Warner	Sunderland	Dec. 13, '23	Sunderland	Aug. 27, '62	Corporal	Farmer	White-Salmon, Wash.	Justice of peace, Notary Public
James B. Whitmore ¹	Sunderland	June 19, '43	"	Aug. 27, '62	Private	Dry goods merchant	Holyoke	
Henry Wilder	Wendell	Mar. 22, '42	"	Sept. 4, '62	"	—	—	d. Sunderland, Apr. 12, '67
James Wheelock	Barillville, R.I.	Sept. 22, '39	Amherst	Aug. 27, '62	"	Hat-maker	Amherst	
John P. W. Wheelock	Amherst	June 26, '25	Amherst	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Monmouth City, Ill. Aug. 6, '63
Nelson Wilt	No. Dana	Aug. 22, '33	Pellam	Aug. 30, '62	"	Farmer	—	d. Belchertown, Aug. 20, '64
John White	New York City	Aug. 10, '38	Amherst	Aug. 27, '62	"	Farmer	Amherst	{ Wounded at Irish Bend, April, '63
Robert Wilson	Scotland	'23	Amherst	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	—	d. New Orleans, June 14, '63

COMPANY H.

Full Name	Place of Birth	Date of Birth	Place of Enlistment	Date of Enlistment	Rank	Occupation	Residence	Remarks
William Perkins ²	Lancaster, N.H.	Oct. 17, '21	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	Captain	Farmer	Essex	
S. Alonzo Williams	South Hadley	'33	South Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	1st Lieut.	—	—	Supposed to be dead
Malcolm Bridgeman	Belchertown	Dec. 18, '34	Granby	Sept. 8, '62	2d Lieut.	Jeweller	Northampton	
H. Weston Smith	South Hadley	'27	South Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	1st Serg't	Machinist	Unknown	
Henry E. Bates	South Hadley	'44	South Hadley	Aug. '62	Corporal	—	South Hadley	

Charles C. Benway	South Hadley	'43	South Hadley	Aug. '62	Private	—	—	—
Lorenzo Belleville ³	Canada	'44	Hadley	Aug. 26, '62	"	—	—	—
John P. Beckwith ⁴	South Hadley	'33	"	Aug. 26, '62	"	—	—	—
Charles O. Beals	Hadley	'44	"	Aug. 26, '62	"	—	Holyoke	Was injured by lightning at Baton Rouge
Edwin W. Bennet	South Hadley	'44	South Hadley	Aug. '62	"	—	—	—
Henry M. Blackmer	Ware	Sept. 13, '34	South Hadley	Aug. '62	"	Trader	Windsor, Conn.	—
Charles L. Brown	Hadley	'43	Hadley	Aug. 28, '62	"	—	—	d. Bat'n Rouge. May 15, '63
Daniel H. Bartlett	Hadley	Oct. 22, '36	Hadley	Aug. 24, '62	"	Nurse	Amherst	Appointed on the scientific expedition to Africa, October, 1889
Asaph P. Barton	Granby	Aug. 15, '28	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Granby	Left at Mound City; discharged there Aug. 15, '63
Hiram M. Bolton	Winchest'r, N.H.	Jan. 3, '42	Hadley	Aug. '62	"	—	—	d. New Orleans
Lyman P. Bullard	Ashuelot, N.H.	Feb. 17, '36	North Hadley	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	North Hadley	Re-enlisted in Cavalry Regiment
Daniel E. Casey	Boston	'42	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	"	Merchant	—	—
Lowell M. Chandler	South Hadley	'40	South Hadley	Aug. '62	"	—	—	—
Charles H. Church ⁵	Enfield	Nov. 30, '43	"	Aug. 18, '62	"	Tinsmith	South Hadley Falls	—
Eugene M. Clapp	Holyoke	'44	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	—	Niagara Falls, N.Y.	—
Charles W. Clark	Hadley	Dec. 25, '39	Hadley	Aug. 22, '62	"	—	—	d. Bat'n Rouge. Apr. 20, '63
Henry C. Comins ⁶	Leverett	Apr. 11, '37	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	North Hadley	—
William E. Congden	Sturbridge	Aug. 20, '45	South Hadley	Aug. 18, '62	"	Lumber merchant	Chicago, Ill.	—
Alfred L. Cook	Hadley	Dec. 1, '36	Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	d. Hadley, March 5, '90
Eleazer Cook	"	May 24, '36	Hadley	Aug. 21, '62	"	Paper-maker	Windsor Locks, Ct.	Slightly wounded June 14, '63
S. Parsons Cook	"	Mar. 4, '33	Greenfield	Aug. 23, '62	"	Farmer	Hadley	—
George Crabtree	Canada	'43	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	"	Broom-maker	—	—

¹ Promoted to Corporal and acting Sergeant; re-enlisted Aug. 29, 1864, in 30th Co. Massachusetts Unattached Heavy Artillery; discharged as Sergeant June 16, 1865; School Committee.

² Injured at Barré's Landing, May 16, 1863.

³ Lost an arm at Port Hudson, June 14; died in Canada.

⁴ Died on the "Illinois" before leaving New York, Dec. 2, 1862.

June 16, 1864, 8th Massachusetts Infantry; discharged Nov. 10, 1864. ⁵ Selectman, School Committee, President Hampshire Agricultural Society, State Board of Agriculture, etc.

Company H (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
George M. Crafts	Whately	May 16, '35	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	Corporal	Farmer	North Hadley	
Luther W. Dickinson	Hadley	Nov. 30, '30	"	Aug. 23, '62	Private	"	Agawam	Tax Collector, Town Treasurer
Augustus E. Dickinson ¹	"	'41	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	"	—	
Charles F. Dickinson	"	Sept. 3, '42	"	Aug. 22, '62	"	—	—	d. March 10, '75, Silver City, New Mexico
Samuel B. Dickinson	Granby	June 1, '44	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Granby	Selectman four years
James Doody	Ireland	'42	Hadley	Aug. '62	"	—	—	
Andrew J. Doolittle	Winchester, N.H.	Dec. '38	Greenfield	Oct. 13, '62	"	Electrician	Greenfield	
Rodney D. Doolittle	Winchester, N.H.	Nov. 12, '42	No. Hadley	Sept. 10, '62	"	Car Inspector	So. Vernon, Vt.	
John B. Dunbar	—	'41	Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	"	Professor	Bloomfield, N.J.	Superintendent of Schools
Charles S. Enderton	Hadley	Feb. 17, '37	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Hadley	
Gottlieb Feuster	Germany	Apr. 5, '41	So. Hadley	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Foreman	So. Hadley	
James Forsyth	England	Aug. 4, '28	Hadley	Aug. 27, '62	"	Wood-turner	Williamsburg	
John Franklin	Canada	'37	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	"	—	—	d. at Northampton
Francis N. Gardner	Auburn, N.Y.	July 14, '30	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	"	Cloth-finisher	Enfield	
Peter J. Gilligan	Stockport, Eng.	Feb. 20, '41	So. Hadley	Aug. 20, '62	"	Boot & shoe dealer	Holyoke	
George W. Gordon	So. Hadley	'28	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	d. at So. Hadley
Henry A. Graves	"	'43	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	
Warren A. Graves	"	'44	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—	d. on steamer "Chouteau"; buried at Isl-
Edwin E. Gray	Hadley	'43	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	Musician	Clerk	Springfield	and No. 37, July 23, '63
Philip Gunderman	Germany	'44	So. Hadley	Aug. '62	Private	—	—	d. at So. Hadley
Christopher Gunderman	Germany	'42	So. Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	Private	Factory operative	Clinton	

Luther A. Harmon	So. Hadley	'44	So. Hadley	Aug. '62	Private	—	Omaha, Neb.
Wilder F. Haskell	Oakham	Aug. 18, '28	So. Hadley	Aug. 14, '62	Sergeant	Millwright	So. Hadley
William H. Hayward	Hadley	Oct. 9, '33	Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	Private	Attorney	—
Henry H. Hemenway	Leverett	Dec. 6, '40	No. Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	"	Wire-maker	Charlton
William H. Hodge	Hadley	July 24, '41	Hadley	Aug. 22, '62	"	Cashier Life Ins. Co.	Brooklyn, N.Y.
Lewis B. Hooker	Hadley	'36	Hadley	Aug. '62	Sergeant	—	—
John Houlihan	Ireland	—	So. Hadley	Aug. '62	Private	—	—
Oscar R. Hubbard	Hadley	'33	Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—
Edwin N. Hunt	Lee	Dec. 14, '35	Granby	—	"	Farmer	Oakham
Charles W. Hunter	Enfield	May 30, '21	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Amherst
Albert D. Judd	Corning, N.Y.	May 21, '43	"	Sept. 1, '62	"	Custom-h'se survey'r	Columbus, Ohio
Burriett Judd	So. Hadley	'44	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Carpenter	So. Hadley Falls
S. Dwight Kellogg	Hadley	Aug. 9, '25	Hadley	Aug. 25, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Amherst
Thomas Kenny	Roscommon, Ire.	—	So. Hadley	Aug. 19, '62	Private	Dyer	—
Denis Killmury	Roscommon, Ire.	—	"	Aug. 19, '62	"	—	—
Henry W. Lamb	So. Hadley Falls	'44	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	Unknown	Unknown
Benjamin Lombard	Hadley	'30	Hadley	Sept. '62	"	Laborer	—
Truman Meekins ²	Hadley	'25	"	Aug. 25, '62	—	—	—
Dwight C. Morgan	Granby	'35	"	Aug. 25, '62	Private	—	Newton
George V. Nash	So. Hadley	'44	So. Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	Private	—	—
Thomas Nugent	Hadley	'35	Hadley	Sept. 10, '62	Corporal	Carriage-maker	—
Henry A. Oakley	So. Hadley	'40	So. Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	Private	—	—
Nathan Perkins	Amherst	'35	Hadley	Sept. '62	Private	Laborer	—

¹ Was taken prisoner at Jackson Cross Road, June 29, 1863, and was not heard from afterward.

² Ill when regiment left, so served at Fort Warren; died at Hadley, Jan. 27, 1873.

Company H (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Halsey B. Philbrick	So. Hadley	Aug. 14, '43	So. Hadley	Aug. 18, '62	Corporal	Contractor	Hartford, Conn.	Councilman & Alderman
Dwight Preston	—	'33	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	Corporal	—	Unknown	{ Discharg'd Batonko'ge, Apr. 30, '63
Harvey L. Rood	Hadley	'39	Hadley	Aug. 30, '62	Private	—	—	d. Brashe'r City, June 2, '63
Conrad Rising	Germany	'34	So. Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	Private	—	—	Selectman and Assessor
William A. Smith	Granby	Feb. 15, '25	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Granby	Not sick a day in service
Charles Spooner	Granby	Feb. 19, '37	Granby	Sept. 1, '62	Private	Farmer	Granby	d. Bat'n Rouge, July 17, '63
Joseph O. Spear	Deerfield	Jan. 14, '20	N. Hadley	Sept. 8, '62	"	—	—	Town Clerk, Selectman
Joseph Sw Hancock	Bohemia, Austria	Nov. 25, '48	So. Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	"	Market gardener	Hartford, Conn.	d. soon after discharge
Edward Sw Hancock	Bohemia, Austria	'38	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Amherst, soon after discharge
Daniel Sullivan	So. Hadley	'42	"	Aug. '62	"	—	—	Left at Mound City, and died there
Charles C. Smith	So. Hadley	'43	"	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	Selectman and Assessor
George M. Smith	Hadley	'41	Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	"	—	—	Representative in 1882; Selectman and Assessor; Director of Home National Bank
Samuel C. Smith	Hadley	'20	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	"	Miller	Granby	
Sylvester H. Taylor	Granby	May 5, '33	Granby	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Granby	
Henry B. Thayer	Burke, N.Y.	'43	So. Hadley	Aug. '62	Corporal	—	—	
John Tilly	Granby	Feb. 13, '34	Granby	Sept. 1, '62	Corporal	Merchant	Granby	
Charles H. White	Hadley	Jan. 28, '44	Hadley	Aug. 23, '62	Private	Broom-maker	Hadley	
Charles H. Wilbur	Hadley	'38	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Broom-maker	Chicopee	
Joseph Young	Canada	'43	"	Aug. 25, '62	"	Basket-maker	Northampton	

COMPANY I.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Charles E. Tileston	Williamsburg	Oct. 20, '31	Williamsburg	Sept. 14, '62	Captain	Carpenter	Williamsburg	d. Leeds, Aug. 23, '72
Lucius C. Taylor	Pelham	Nov. 23, '30	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	1st Lieut.	—	—	{ d. Northampton, Sept. 28, '88
James W. Clark	Northampton	Apr. 15, '34	Northampton	Sept. 15, '62	2d Lieut.	—	—	At State House
Edward F. Hamlin	Plainfield	June 6, '42	Northampton	Sept. '62	1st Sergt.	Executive Clerk	Newton	
Lewis Adams	Worthington	Aug. 10, '26	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	Private	Farmer	Chesterfield	
William D. Adams	Rowe	Dec. 18, '33	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	Corporal	Wool-carder	Williamsburg	Wife and child drowned in Mill River disaster
Oliver Ames	Buckland	Nov. 30, '33	Williamsburg	Aug. 17, '62	Private	Farmer	Huntington	
Levi Baker	Chesterfield	Oct. 5, '35	Chesterfield	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Chesterfield	Selectman and Constable
Albert L. Bartlett	Amherst	May 12, '47	Northampton	Sept. 15, '62	"	Hard-wood worker	Meriden, Conn.	
George O. Bartlett	Hadley	June 29, '31	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	Blacksmith	Williamsburg	Detailed as blacksmith
Newman W. Bartlett	Williamsburg	July 10, '24	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	Corporal	—	Easthampton	{ Discharged for disability March 6, '63
Luther E. Bartlett	Cumington	Feb. 13, '33	Cumington	Sept. '62	Private	Farmer	—	d. Brattleboro, Aug. 11, '63, disease contracted in service
Francis G. Bardwell	Whately	July 13, '42	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	"	Hatfield	
Jared R. Bardwell	Whately	June 20, '42	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	"	—	d. Zeandale, Kan., Aug. 10, '76
William Bartlett	Plainfield	Feb. 8, '45	Cumington	Sept. 15, '62	"	"	Goshen	{ d. Shelburne Falls, Nov. 24, '64
Edward Black	Williamsburg	Dec. 26, '44	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	{ d. Chesterfield, March 1, '88
John E. Bisbee	Chesterfield	June 6, '43	Chesterfield	Sept. 14, '62	"	—	—	Constable, Dp. Sheriff, etc.
Henry A. Bisbee	Chesterfield	Sept. 5, '37	Williamsburg	Aug. 30, '62	"	Carpenter	Williamsburg	{ Mayor, member of Kansas legislature
Rufus G. Bond	Greenwich	Nov. 16, '43	Northampton	Sept. 1, '62	"	—	Sterling, Kan.	

Company I (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Andrew Breckenridge	Sligo, Ire.	Jan. 6, '32	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	Private	—	—	{ d. Williamsburg, Dec. 26, '90
Henry M. Brown	Greenwich	Oct. 14, '36	Greenwich	Sept. '62	Private	Salesman	Dana	Postmaster
Edgar Bryant	Chesterfield	Dec. 31, '40	Chesterfield	Oct. '62	Drummer	Box-maker	Westfield	
Willard C. Bryant	"	July 19, '44	"	Aug. 15, '62	Private	Farmer	Wyanet, Ill.	
Calvin Bryant	"	May 31, '39	"	Aug. '62	Musician	Manufacturer	Keene, N.H.	
Henry D. Cleghorn	Williamsburg	Apr. 21, '41	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. way home, Mound City, Ill., Aug. 1, '63
Martin L. Cook ¹	Cummington	July 27, '36	Cummington	Sept. 16, '62	Private	—	—	
Samuel W. Cowles	Williamsburg	'45	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Feb. 16, '63
William G. Cowles	Williamsburg	July 26, '41	Northampton	Sept. 15, '62	"	Foreman in mill	Collinsville, Conn.	
Michael Cunningham	Ireland	'32	Cummington	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	d. Cummington, Aug. 21, '63
Oliver J. Damon	Chesterfield	Nov. 21, '29	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	"	Farmer	Chesterfield	
George C. Gleason	Spencer	Oct. 15, '42	Chesterfield	Sept. 2, '62	"	Farmer	Golightly, Ala.	
Stephen Gilmore	Greenwich	Dec. 5, '44	Greenwich	Sept. 15, '62	"	Brick-maker	Westboro	
Charles M. Gillett	Williamsburg	Apr. 30, '36	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	Farmer	Williamsburg	
Nathan S. Graves	"	June 19, '43	"	Sept. 15, '62	"	Hackman	Springfield	
Willis Guilford	"	Oct. 27, '35	"	Sept. 15, '62	"	Carpenter	Williamsburg	
Chauncey Guilford	"	Sept. 25, '37	"	Sept. 15, '62	"	Farmer	Williamsburg	{ Invalid,—disease contracted in army
Ira N. Guillo	Wardsboro, Vt.	Apr. 11, '28	Whately	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	d. Will'sburg, Dec. 21, '91
Festus A. Haydon	Chesterfield ²	May 13, '41	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	d. Chesterfield, '65
Samuel W. Haydon ²	Williamsburg	Aug. 20, '41	Greenfield	Sept. 10, '62	"	—	Worthington	
Charles G. Hillman	Charlemont	Dec. 25, '39	Williamsburg	Sept. 14, '62	—	—	—	d. Bat'n Rouge, Mar. 3, '63

Jerome E. Hillman ²	Williamsburg	Mar. 31, '35	Williamsburg	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	Salesman	Northampton
Nelson A. Higgins ⁴	Chesterfield	Apr. 12, '41	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	Private	—	—
Medad C. Hill	Williamsburg	Oct. 15, '23	Conway	Sept. 15, '62	Private	Farmer	—
Francis A. Holmes	Williamsburg	Jan. 2, '39	—	Sept. 15, '62	Corporal	Teacher	—
Jonathan O. Howard	Winchester, N.H.	Oct. 1, '25	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	Color Guard Private	Stable-keeper	Stafford Springs, Ct.
George A. Hunt	Northampton	Sept. 22, '43	Northampton	Sept. 15, '62	"	Blacksmith	—
Edward C. Jenkins ⁵	Cummington	Dec. 26, '43	Greenfield	Sept. 15, '62	"	Mechanic	—
Martin F. Joslyn	Nassau, N.J.	Feb. 21, '28	Cummington	Sept. 15, '62	"	Farmer	—
Charles Kinney ⁶	Worthington	Jan. 13, '41	Cummington	Sept. 15, '62	Corporal	Emery wheel manfr.	Leeds, Northampton
Henry S. Leonard	Halifax, Vt.	May 2, '37	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	Private	Farmer	Williamsburg
Joseph Main	Northampton	Aug. 5, '33	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	"	Laborer	Belchertown
Henry D. Miller	Northampton	Nov. 26, '42	Williamsburg	Sept. '62	"	Recorder	Philadelphia, Pa.
Francis Moore	England	Apr. 29, '27	"	—	"	Photographer	Caldwell, Idaho
Munroe M. Morton	Williamsburg	Feb. 27, '36	"	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—
Charles B. Newton ⁷	Hadley	Aug. 29, '43	Whately	Aug. '62	"	Carpenter	Springfield
Azro B. Niles	Haverhill, N.H.	June 8, '28	Williamsburg	Oct. 2, '62	"	—	—
Henry N. Noyes	Conway	Dec. 5, '36	Cummington	Sept. 15, '62	"	Farmer	So. Deerfield
Fayette A. Oldes	Middlefield	July 25, '38	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	"	Merchant	Springfield, Ohio
William A. Pearson	Canada	'38	Whately	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—
Edward S. Perkins	Buckland	Dec. 4, '34	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—
Abner Phelps	Northampton	'19	Goshen	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—

¹ Died at Cummington, Sept. 8, 1863; disease contracted in army. ² Re-enlisted Aug. 24, 1864, in 2d Regiment Heavy Artillery, and discharged June 26, 1865. ³ Re-enlisted Dec. 15, 1863, in 37th Regiment; discharged July 16, 1865. Lived in the tract of Mill River disaster; wife, house, furniture, destroyed. By warning those below of their danger at the risk of his life, he was given a gold medal. ⁴ Died at Chesterfield, March 28, 1886; Postmaster and Deputy Sheriff. ⁵ Re-enlisted Aug. 12, 1864, in the 4th Heavy Artillery; discharged June 16, 1865. ⁶ Wounded at Port Hudson, July, 1863. ⁷ Served in the first call for 300,000 men.

Company I (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Otis H. Potter	Hancock	Apr. 1, '39	Williamsburg	Aug. 24, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Apr. 15, '63
Josiah H. Potter	Hatfield	June 4, '40	Northampton	Sept. 9, '62	Private	—	Northampton	
Edward Potter	Whately	Oct. 29, '34	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	Farmer & bee-keeper	Whately	
Orin M. Potter	Whately	June 12, '42	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Mar. 6, '63
Harlem P. Porter ¹	Cummington	Apr. 23, '38	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	Poultry-raiser	Cummington	
Levi P. Root	Greenwich	Apr. 25, '30	Greenwich	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, June 6, '63
Myron W. Reed	Cummington	Jan. 16, '37	—	'62	"	Machinist	Hartford, Conn.	
William L. Reed	Cummington	May 5, '32	Cummington	Sept. 11, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Cummington	
Sylvester F. Root	Greenwich	Oct. 28, '28	Greenwich	Sept. 15, '62	Sergeant	Health officer	Sidney, Ohio	
George W. Skiff	Cummington	Oct. 24, '40	Chesterfield	Sept. 14, '62	Private	Farmer	Williamsburg	
Reuben S. Smith	Ashfield	May 17, '32	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	d. Chesterfield, Nov. 17, '90
Nathan A. Spooner	Southampton	Feb. 14, '27	Cummington	Sept. 14, '62	"	Farmer	Holyoke	
Emerson S. Stetson	Chesterfield	'32	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	{ Supposed to have been killed Supposed to be living
Edwin D. Strong	Northampton	Dec. 29, '44	Northampton	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	
Truman A. Taylor	Pelham	Apr. 26, '43	Northampton	Sept. 15, '62	"	—	—	
Daniel Taylor	Hawley	Oct. 9, '12	Cummington	Sept. 15, '62	"	Farmer	Cummington	
Onslow Taylor	Springfield	Mar. 31, '38	Cummington	Sept. 15, '62	Corporal	Farmer	Plainfield	
Williard Thayer	Williamsburg	Sept. '22	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	Wagoner	—	—	{ d. Williamsburg, Oct. 7, '63 Selectm'n of Cummingt'n
Cyrus M. Tillson	Halifax, Mass.	Mar. 6, '31	Cummington	Aug. '62	Private	Contractor	Springfield	
Gilbert W. Thomas ²	Williamsburg	Jan. 20, '40	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	Carpenter	Holyoke	
Joseph T. Thayer	Williamsburg	Aug. 4, '38	Williamsburg	Sept. 7, '62	"	Blacksmith	Northampton	

Job Torrey	Chesterfield	Dec. 5, '21	Chesterfield	Sept. '62	Cook	Farmer	Florence	
Henry H. Torrey	Chesterfield	June 14, '38	Chesterfield	Sept. 15, '62	Private	Concrete-paver	Westfield	
Calvin C. Walbridge	Tolland, Conn.	Oct. 16, '31	Williamsburg	Sept. 15, '62	"	Carpenter	Leeds	Constable & Policeman
George L. Winter	Greenwich	Nov. 2, '44	Greenwich	Sept. 15, '62	"	Harness-dealer	Greenwich	

COMPANY K.

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Edwin C. Bissell	Schoharie, N.Y.	Mar. 20, '32	Westhampton	Sept. 8, '62	Captain	Professor of Hebrew	Chicago, Ill.	
Lewis S. Clapp	Easthampton	'22	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	1st Lieut.	—	—	d. Longmeadow, Apr. '79
Henry P. Billings ³	Hatfield	'35	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	2d Lieut.	—	—	
Martin L. Williston	Attleboro	Mar. 20, '43	Northampton	Aug. 28, '62	1st Sergt.	Clergyman	Elmhurst, Ill.	Professor of History in Carleton College
Dwight G. Abells	Hatfield	Aug. 25, '42	Hatfield	Sept. 8, '62	Private	Farmer	Southington, Conn.	
Whitney F. Alvord	Easthampton	'41	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	Livery-stable-keeper	Easthampton	
Ebenezer C. Anderson	Hatfield	'32	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Eaton Rouge, July 1, '63
Henry F. Anderson	Hatfield	'44	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	—	—	—	d. Hatfield
Robert Baldwin	Southampton	'36	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	Private	—	So. Hadley Falls	
Caleb Bardwell	Hatfield	Sept. 28, '40	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	Hatfield	
Clinton Bates	Chesterfield	'38	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	—	—	d. Bat'n Rouge, Apr. 19, '63

¹ Re-enlisted Aug. 19, 1864, in Co. K, 4th Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; wounded July 2, 1863, at Springfield Landing, La.; discharged June 17, 1865.

² Re-enlisted Aug. 13, 1864, in 2d Massachusetts Heavy Artillery; discharged June 26, 1865; wounded May, 1864, over the eye.

³ Died in Hatfield, Oct. 2, 1891; Registrar of Deeds for Hampshire County twenty-one years.

Company K (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Lysander B. Bates	Southampton	'42	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	—	—	
Alonzo F. Bartlett	"	'44	"	Oct. 11, '62	Private	—	St. Louis, Mo.	
Charles E. Bartlett	"	Oct. 11, '41	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	Restaurant-keeper	Somerville	
Lyman H. Bartlett	Shutesbury	Mar. 21, '34	Easthampton	—	"	Miller	Enfield	
Horace C. Bartlett	Westhampton	Nov. 27, '30	Westhampton	Aug. '62	"	Farmer	—	
Fernando B. Bennett	Hatfield	'27	Hatfield	Aug. '62	Sergeant	—	—	Killed at Port Hudson, June 15, '63
Charles L. Boehm	Germany	'37	Easthampton	Nov. 18, '62	Private	—	Corning, N.Y.	
Frank L. Boehm	"	'33	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	Corning, N.Y.	
John Breck	"	'35	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	
Abner P. Bridgman	Westhampton	'32	Westhampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Northampton, Feb. 28, '89
Jeremiah Brown	Hatfield	Apr. 7, '35	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	Contractor & builder	Northampton	
Lambert J. Bristol	Cheshire, Conn.	Aug. 24, '37	Hatfield	'62	"	Commercial salesman	New Haven, Conn.	
George Burt	Westhampton	Oct. 11, '31	Westhampton	Aug. 25, '62	"	Farmer	Westhampton	Selectman and Assessor
George Chandler	Germany	'33	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	Laborer	—	d. Hatfield, June 7, '69
Horace F. Clapp	Southampton	May 16, '25	Westhampton	Sept. '62	"	—	—	
William E. Clapp	Easthampton	'39	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Easthampton	
Augustus D. Cowles	Hatfield	'36	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Hatfield, Mar. 31, '68
Charles W. Dawes	Cummington	June 29, '39	Easthampton	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Cummington	Selectman
Sylvester Davis	Westhampton	'31	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	Peru	
Alvin D. Dinsmore	Conway	Oct. 14, '42	Hatfield	Aug. 14, '62	Drummer	Carpenter	Northampton	P.M. at West Farms
Henry A. Dickenson	Whately	'41	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	Private	—	—	d. Hat'n Ro'ge, Mar. 22, '63

John E. Doane ¹	Hatfield	'36	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	—	—	{ Representative General Court
William I. Edwards	Westhampton	Mar. 25, '28	Westhampton	Aug. 24, '62	Private	Farmer	Westhampton	d. Hatfield, Aug. 17, '68
Lucius Field	Leverett	'38	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	
Edward M. Ferry	Easthampton	Feb. 10, '35	Easthampton	Sept. 8, '62	"	Farmer	Easthampton	
Williston S. Graves	Easthampton	'38	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	
Henry Gridley	Russell	'38	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Northampton, Jan. 11, '86
Gilbert M. Hall	Meriden, Conn.	Feb. 6, '27	Southampton	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Southampton	
Alonzo Hallett	Varmouthport	'42	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	San Francisco, Cal.	
Joseph K. Hull	Westfield	Apr. 17, '36	Easthampton	Sept. 3, '62	"	Invalid attendant	So. Willingt'n, Conn.	{ Assistant at Medical Director's office
Charles W. Johnson	Watervleit, N.Y.	Jan. 17, '40	"	Sept. 8, '62	"	Painter	Easthampton	Never fell out
Jeremiah N. Johnson	Southampton	'44	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Ro'ge, Mar. 8, '63
Edwin E. Janes	Easthampton	'44	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	Easthampton	Postmaster, Deputy Sheriff
John G. Keppel	Germany	'34	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	
Seth W. Kingsley	Hatfield	July 22, '44	Hatfield	Nov. 18, '62	"	Blacksmith	Hatfield	
Charles N. Loud ²	Westhampton	Sept. 13, '39	Westhampton	Sept. 8, '62	"	Manufacturer	Westhampton	
Albert A. Lyman	Northampton	Dec. 27, '45	Easthampton	Sept. '62	"	Farmer	Northampton	Member of City Council
Charles H. Lyman	Easthampton	'44	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	
Daniel W. Lyman ³	"	'44	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	Killed in action, Port Hudson, June 14, '63
John W. Lyman	"	'36	"	Oct. 11, '62	Corporal	Fruit-dealer	Northampton	
Samuel K. Matthews	Cummington	Nov. 10, '43	"	Oct. 11, '62	Private	Carpenter	Easthampton	
George L. Marsh	Hatfield	May 6, '38	Hatfield	Sept. 1, '62	"	Farmer	Northampton	Assessor at Hatfield
Josiah L. Morton	Hatfield	Jan. 5, '42	Hatfield	Sept. '62	"	Stable-keeper	Wauwatosa, Wis.	
Henry L. Moore	—	'30	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	{ Discharged for disability, Feb. 23, '63

¹ Died at Hatfield, Jan. 5, 1891; Assessor and Collector.² Selectman, Clerk, and Treasurer; served in the Christian Commission one year.³ See Note H.

Company K (continued).

FULL NAME.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	DATE OF BIRTH.	PLACE OF ENLISTMENT.	DATE OF ENLISTMENT.	RANK.	OCCUPATION.	RESIDENCE.	REMARKS.
Charles S. Marsh	Westhampton	Oct. 13, '39	Westhampton	Sept. 8, '62	Corporal	Salesman	Newton	
Charles K. Morton	Hatfield	May 9, '42	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	Farmer	Hatfield	{ Selectman, Agent State { B'rd Lunacy & Charity d. Brashear City, Apr., '63
Anson P. Norton	Southampton	'37	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	—
Lucius E. Parsons	Easthampton	'41	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	Private	—	Easthampton	—
Edwin C. Parsons	—	—	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	—
Herbert W. Pomeroy	Easthampton	'44	"	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, July 5, '63
Jonathan E. Pomeroy	Southampton	'41	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	Northampton	d. Plaquemine, Jan. 28, '63
William W. Pole	Easthampton	'40	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	Lawrence, Kan.	—
Stephen W. Pierce	Easthampton	'31	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	Musician	—	Easthampton	—
David B. Phelps	Southampton	'25	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	Sergeant	Farmer	—	d. S'thampton, Jan. 14, '84
William F. Reed	Shutesbury	'39	Shutesbury	Oct. 11, '62	Private	—	Richmond, N.H.	—
Watson Root	Southampton	'38	Southampton	Sept. '62	Corporal	Farmer	Westfield	—
Morris W. Searle	Southampton	'34	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	Private	Police officer	Westfield	—
Alfred Shaw	Easthampton	'41	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	{ Discharged for disability, Apr. 29, '63
George W. Shaw	Easthampton	'40	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. N'thampton, July 10, '87
George W. Snyder	Westhampton	'42	Westhampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Brashear City, May 9, '63
Albert H. Strong	Southampton	'42	Southampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, Apr. 17, '63
Henry Sullivan	Westhampton	'44	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	—
Calvin L. Strong	Ware	Dec. 5, '40	Easthampton	Aug. 29, '62	"	Farmer	Easthampton	—
Marshall D. Strong	W. Springfield	Aug. 14, '43	Holyoke	Aug. 14, '62	"	Janitor	Easthampton	—
Calvin L. Strong ¹	Hatfield	Apr. 30, '43	Hatfield	Aug. '62	"	Lumber merchant	Hatfield	—

Lorenzo D. Trask	Easthampton	—	Mar. 11, '37	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	Private	—	—	d. Agawam, Sept. 13, '90
William G. Taylor	Adams		Apr. 16, '28	"	Sept. 2, '62	Private	Carpenter	Easthampton	
Newton Wood	Easthampton		Apr. 17, '42	"	Aug. 28, '62	Corporal	Carpenter	Easthampton	
Daniel W. Wells	Hatfield		July 15, '25	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	Private	Farmer	Hatfield	Representative to Gen. Court; President of Smith Charities
Enoch E. Wood	Easthampton		Oct. 24, '41	Easthampton	Aug. 28, '62	"	Farmer	Easthampton	
John E. Waite	Hatfield		'40	Hatfield	Oct. 11, '62	"	Salesman	Indianapolis, Ind.	
Lewis P. Wait ²	Easthampton		'36	Easthampton	Oct. 11, '62	"	—	—	d. E'st'mpt'n, Apr. 29, '90
Luther S. Wright ³	"		'40	"	Oct. 11, '62	Sergeant	—	—	d. Baton Rouge, July 19, '63
Charles L. Webster	"			"			—	—	

¹ School Committee, Assessor, and Collector.

² Died in Easthampton, having served fifteen days.

³ Tax Collector.

SUMMARY.

NAME OF COMPANY.	WHOLE NO. OF ENLISTED MEN.	DIED IN SERVICE.	DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.	DESERTED.	DIED SINCE THE RETURN IN AUGUST, 1863.
Company A	95	7	3	—	21
Company B	94	14	1	—	15
Company C	95	10	—	2	14
Company D	96	16	—	—	19
Company E	91	10	3	—	19
Company F	100	13	2	—	20
Company G	86	8	4	—	24
Company H	93	12	1	1	16
Company I	90	8	2	—	24
Company K	90	12	2	—	14
	930	110	18	3	183

The last column is not quite correct, as some men from whom no report has been received are probably dead.

NOTES

NOTES.

NOTE A.

Lieut. Col. Samuel John Storrs was born in Holliston, Nov. 22, 1837. He graduated from Amherst College in 1860, and at once became principal of the High School in Amherst, and remained such until his enlistment. He was a successful teacher, and gained the respect and good will, not only of his pupils, but of the citizens of the town. He was highly esteemed by them all. After his enlistment in Co. G the choice fell on Col. Storrs almost unanimously for captain, and the company congratulated itself on its fortune in securing a leader of such sterling qualities. These admirable characteristics and his fine form soon attracted the attention of the line officers; and, when the field officers were chosen, he was made lieutenant colonel. This promotion was a severe disappointment to Co. G, and placed it at a disadvantage until the gallant Capt. George S. Bliss was found. The company testified to their appreciation of their promoted captain by presenting him with a sword and a sash appropriate to his new rank. Col. Storrs's services with the regiment are known to the whole command, and need not be reviewed here. He was always ready for every service required of him, faithful in the discharge of every duty, and conscientious above most men in all his official acts. After the return of the regiment he went to New York City, studied law at Columbia College Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. His life from that time was spent in that city in the practice of his chosen profession. He led a quiet, unpretending life, and made many firm and lasting friends. His clients were business men, and became warmly attached to him; and he had their confidence in an unusual degree. He was a sound lawyer, a man of cool and reliable judgment, and of sterling integrity. Of one thing his clients and friends were sure, he could be thoroughly trusted. His prominent characteristic was his conscientiousness. No man had a more manly or more sterling character than he. He was active in church work and in all good works of every kind,—a thorough, Christian gentleman. May 21, 1871, he married Miss Julia A. Lamont, of New York. He died July 23, 1892, from heart failure, resulting from a severe surgical operation, from which recovery was confidently expected. He was an active member of the Loyal Legion.

NOTE B.

Jefford Marshall Decker, adjutant of the regiment, was born in Wiscasset, Me., March 6, 1814, and was a soldier both by nature and education. For thirty (30) years before the war for the Union he had been an active member of the Massachusetts State Militia. He had served as captain of a company in Lawrence, captain of Co. G in Greenfield, and colonel of the 10th Regiment. In addition to these thirty years militia service, he had held the commission of lieutenant colonel of the 10th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers during thirteen (13) months' active service in the field, prior to his enlistment in the 52d Regiment.

While the Army of the Potomac was in camp at Brightwood, D.C., during the winter of '61-'62, Lieut. Col. Decker was temporarily assigned to the command of the 7th Massachusetts Regiment, which position he filled most acceptably. He served with distinction in this army until the 31st of May, 1862, on which day the battle of Fair Oaks was fought. Soon after this, on the 17th of July, his health having failed him, he was honorably discharged the service.

During Decker's long experience as private, captain, and colonel in the militia organizations of the State he not only thoroughly mastered Scott's "Military Tactics,"—recognized as the best military authority of the times,—but also became thoroughly familiar with the "Army Regulations," published by the government for the regulation and government of the armies of the United States.

This knowledge, so essential to the efficient soldier, thus obtained, was utilized to the fullest extent by him as drill-master and disciplinarian.

Soon after his discharge from the Army of the Potomac permission was given by Gov. Andrew to raise the 52d Regiment, with the privilege of electing its own line and field officers. When the line officers had been elected by their respective companies, it became necessary for them to elect the several field officers; and, as Decker had, in the mean time, so far recovered his health as to be willing to re-enter the service of his country, certain of the line officers naturally sought to give him the command of the new regiment. But, upon being informed of this fact, his Excellency Gov. Andrew authorized the statement that he should refuse to commission him, for the reason that reports had reached him to the effect that "Decker had shown the white feather at Fair Oaks!" This announcement from Gov. Andrew, as was intended, proved fatal to the wishes of Decker and his friends as to the colonelcy, whereupon the captain of Co. E, who had not sought or expected the honor, was nominated for, and in due time elected, commander of the regiment.

The newly elected colonel, desiring to secure for the regiment the benefit of Col. Decker's invaluable services, appointed him quartermaster. The patriotic and conscientious governor peremptorily refused to commission him, and for the same reason previously given; namely, alleged misconduct in the presence of the enemy.

When this decision of Gov. Andrew was made known to Decker, he said firmly: "Well, colonel, I will go with you, anyway. If I cannot go as quartermaster, I will go with you as a private. Please let me see the enlistment roll!" The roll was handed him, and without a moment's hesitation he signed his name to it.

This manly and courageous act on the part of Decker greatly moved Col. Greenleaf, so that, still believing in his innocence, and still determined, if possible, to avail himself of the services of this soldier on his staff, he at once resolved on the vindication of his would-be quartermaster from the unjust charge of cowardice. With this object in view, he at once called upon the late Wendell T. Davis, Esq., of Greenfield. A mutual friend made known to him the situation, expressed to him briefly his confidence in Decker and his desire to make him a member of his staff, and requested him (Davis) to go immediately to the Army of the Potomac then in Virginia, and obtain for him duly executed affidavits from members of the 10th Massachusetts Volunteers with respect to Decker's conduct at Fair Oaks. Mr. Davis generously complied with this request, and forthwith started for the front. No time was to be lost. The enlistment roll was signed in the morning, and Mr. Davis left Greenfield on his patriotic mission in the evening of the same day.

In a few days he returned, bringing with him the desired affidavits from officers of the 10th Massachusetts who were cognizant of the facts, including one from Gen. Henry S. Briggs, who had commanded the regiment up to the day that the battle was fought. These affidavits, four or five in number, were all in Decker's favor. They exonerated him fully and completely from the charge that had reached the governor's ears.

Col. Greenleaf promptly laid these affidavits before his Excellency in person. They had much the intended effect. They were sufficient to satisfy Gov. Andrew that the charge of "white feather" against Lieut. Col. Decker was unfounded; and yet he was still unwilling to confirm the appointment of quartermaster, on the ground that that position would not enable him to sufficiently prove his courage, which was the point in question. Accordingly, the appointment of quartermaster was withdrawn, and Private Decker was appointed *adjutant* of the regiment, which position he cheerfully accepted, and in due time was commissioned by the good governor as such.

Rarely, if ever, in the history of this country, either in peace or war, has the office of adjutant been filled by a better soldier than was Jefford

Marshall Decker. He served the 52d Regiment most faithfully and efficiently from the time it left Camp Miller, November, 1862, until the 13th of June, 1863, when, his health having again failed him, the colonel ordered him to the hospital in the rear. From that date he never saw another well day. He died — this genial, kindly, resolute soldier, one of the many martyrs to the Union cause — at Salem, Mass., Jan. 1, 1870.

NOTE C.

Alanson B. Long was born in Greenfield, Franklin County, Mass., A.D. 1837. His father, Lemuel Long, was a farmer, genial and hospitable, from whom the son inherited in a large degree that spirit of good fellowship which was one of his strong characteristics. Of the fond, devoted mother, we have only to say that she was all that sacred name implies. By energetic effort, Alanson succeeded in obtaining the advantages of a liberal education, and in due time graduated from Dartmouth College and entered Harvard Law School. Here, unfortunately, he overtasked himself and at the age of twenty-four was smitten with paralysis. After months of suffering he so far regained his strength as to make a sailing voyage to Europe and California, by which he was greatly benefited. On his return to New England he had so far recovered as to be able to enter upon the duties of principal of the Greenfield High School, which position he was occupying when the 52d Regiment was recruited in the counties of Franklin and Hampshire. He at once enlisted, and accepted the captaincy of Co. A. His life as a soldier is briefly told.

Untiring in his devotion to duty, Capt. Long looked carefully after the welfare of the men under his command, and most cheerfully met every demand made upon him while in the service, even rising from his sick-bed in the hospital, at Port Hudson at midnight, and walking three miles to join his regiment, when he learned it had been ordered to participate in the memorable assault of the 14th of June, 1863.

After the return of the 52d to Massachusetts Capt. Long read law for a time in the office of Judge E. R. Hoar, but soon returned South, where he ultimately finished his law studies in the University of Louisiana, and was admitted, April, 1866, to the Louisiana bar, before which he became a successful practitioner. At the time of his death he was United States District Attorney of Louisiana, and his prospects were bright for a long and honorable career. To quote from an article published in the New Orleans *Picayune* soon after his decease: "He was a very handsome man, considerably above the ordinary stature, well built, with an extremely pleasant and open countenance, bright, dark eyes, and genial smile. His manner even to acquaintances was exceedingly cordial; and,

even when pressed with business, he found time to give a pleasant greeting or to impart any information. . . . He never forgot that he was a gentleman: and the best evidence of this lies in the fact that here in the South, which he had aided to overcome, there lives not a human being who knew him but entertained the kindest feeling for him." Alas that this life so bright and full of grand possibilities was so soon to be closed on earth! Ever faithful to duty, Capt. Long was true to the grave responsibilities of the district attorney's office, which at that time—soon after the close of the war—were extremely trying and complicated. There had always lingered about him traces of his paralytic trouble, which manifested itself in a noticeable thickening of his speech when he was overfatigued; and the arduous duties of his position brought on a fresh disturbance of his nervous system, resulting in his death in New Orleans, Oct. 30, 1870. A *post mortem* examination revealed the fact that the membranes of the brain were congested, and that there was an effusion on the brain of about four ounces of serum. The physician who reported the autopsy closed his report with these words: "A brain of the size of his, and of so fine a quality and surface, is a sure indication of great mental power and splendid intellect, and could his life have been spared, in health of body, years would have developed him a man of gigantic powers of mind."

This sketch of one of nature's noblemen, whose earth life closed when he was but thirty-three years of age, would be incomplete without a word respecting his integrity and his unselfishness. Men of business in New Orleans have spoken of his integrity as something phenomenal. Standing where others fell amid the temptations that surrounded young men in the South during this transition period, Alanson B. Long never forgot the purity of his New England home training. His manliness had ever the true ring. Of his forgetfulness of self, those who were the recipients of his tender care and devotion will ever bear witness. The last time he was in Greenfield, August, 1870, he lifted the mortgage from his father's farm, and evidenced his provident care for his only sister. At this time he said to a friend, "I think I have made all comfortable, and I can now begin to plan a home life for myself." Once before, in a conversation with this friend, he had said, "I have looked death in the face every day for too many years to have it seem altogether that of a foe." Perhaps on that sad October afternoon, when Death found him quite alone, it seemed to his tired eyes the face of a friend. Brave, tender, manly soul! Massachusetts sent out in the 52d Regiment no worthier son.

NOTE D.

THE EPISODE OF PATRICK CONOLLY.

After we had been in camp several weeks and had received several mails from home, I saw a little Irish fellow, Pat Conolly, looking sad and disconsolate, while the others were reading their freshly received letters. I asked him if he had not received any letters that morning. He replied: "No. There is no one to write to me. I never had a letter in my life." "Have you no relatives?" I asked. "No," he said, "not one." I learned his story, and took care ever afterward to have a kind word for him whenever I met him, which he repaid with the abundant affection of a warm and generous nature. If, when on guard or picket, he was able to secure a canteen of milk or some fresh eggs, he was careful to see that the chaplain had a share. On the night after the battle at Irish Bend I secured a length of rail fence for my own use, while the rest was speedily turned into kindling-wood, to cook the coffee for supper. I took off the top rails and laid them over the bottom ones to secure a shelter for the night. While thus employed, Pat came up, and said he was looking for me, as he had heard I was sick and without any blanket. I told him it was true. I was a good deal used up, and my blanket was on my horse, and the horse had been left behind, and would not be up for a day or two. Pat at once offered to share his blanket with me. I declined, as kindly as I could. Pat was not neat; and I knew that, if I accepted his offer to share his blanket, I should have more bed-fellows than I wanted. The next morning we were aroused before sunrise. As I crawled out from under the rails, Pat stood by waiting to offer to carry my haversack. He had his own gun, cartridge-box, knapsack, and haversack to carry. I told him we were to have a forced march that day, and he must look out for himself. He was heavily loaded. I had nothing but my empty haversack. It was a hard march. At night our horses came up, and I had a blanket to wrap about me as we lay in an open field.

The next day I found Pat, as our straggling line made its way over the broad plains of Western Louisiana. He had confiscated a horse, which he was leading by a rope. Too unselfish to ride, he had piled as many knapsacks of Co. B's men as he could upon the horse, and thus relieved the tired and foot-sore men of a portion of their burden. At night Pat's horse and the chaplain's were tied side by side, and shared their rations between them, Pat close by as guard to both. The next day came an order to have all confiscated horses turned over to the quartermaster. I was eager to save Pat's horse for the good he was doing the company in carrying their knapsacks. While I was meditating how we could save the horse, the quartermaster rode up, and ordered

the knapsacks off and the horse turned over to him. Some one near me called out, "That is the lieutenant colonel's horse, sir." "Well, let him go then," replied the quartermaster. It was a stretch of the truth, but it was not the first time the truth was stretched all it would bear during the war. Pat kept his horse through all that long march, and then turned him over to the quartermaster.

All went well with Pat till the siege of Port Hudson. On the day before the assault of the 14th of June Pat was made very happy by the arrival of two letters which I had caused to be written to him, one by my wife. He showed them to me with great delight. He passed unscathed through the fierce battle of June 14. But the next day, as he lay behind a log, quite near the enemy's works, he thought he saw a head he could hit. He fired, and, in the excitement, popped up his own head to see if he had hit anything. A dozen bullets flew at him, and one struck him in the forehead and killed him instantly. The following night two men crept in to where the body lay. They found in his pockets the cherished letters. That was all. They threw a few shovels of earth over the dead body; and that was the last of the good-natured, affectionate, unselfish, friendless Irish boy, Pat Conolly. There was no one at home to mourn his death. I shall always cherish his memory with tender affection.

NOTE E.

Rodolphus D. Fish was with the regiment on the expedition to Jackson Cross Roads. Being sick at the time, he was ordered into one of the wagons, and carried some distance by the panic-stricken colored mule-driver. While waiting for the regiment to come up, he and others were taken prisoners. His own account of his experience as a prisoner is as follows:—

"Shortly there was a dire commotion,—a volley of musketry,—and we were prisoners, rifled of our belongings, made to mount the teams as drivers, dash through an opening in the fence, across fields, through streams. We finally came upon a road running northward. Such was the haste that the mules must not drink while fording the stream; and thus we drove till near midnight, so exhausted that in slipping from the saddle I fell on the ground asleep, and lay in the wet sand without covering till daylight, dreaming of the springs of cool water in Franklin County.

"At dawn we remounted, and about noon reached their camp near Woodville, Miss., having been shamefully treated. At one time a guard raised his carbine and threatened to shoot me; but God kept my heart in perfect peace. Here we were more carefully searched, losing many

valuables, after which they fed us with sour pone, and then prepared for an early start on Monday for Jackson. During the night I got an ear of corn to gnaw upon. At early dawn some fifty of us were hustled into a few wagons, and the third day reached a small village, thence by rail to Jackson, having had one small meal a day. At Jackson we were searched again, with a revolver in the face. Pockets, stripes, and linings yielded a harvest of money and keepsakes, my watch among the rest. Here they issued dry meal, giving no facilities for cooking. Before the search I had sent a black boy found hanging round out to secure some food, giving him a pocket-glass for pay. After three hours he returned with two pones, saying he got fifty cents for the glass and gave the whole for the food, which, divided between the boy and a few men, soon disappeared.

"Leaving Comrade Dickinson in the hospital, the day following we took rail for Mobile, being treated on the way with raw bacon, and assured that once we reached the city they would serve us with coffee, — corn-meal coffee. Our portion here was a fair lunch a day in three pieces, six hours apart.

"The fourth day our number increased to one hundred and fifty. We started by rail for Richmond, passing through Montgomery, Macon, Columbia, and on the fourth day reached Raleigh, N.C., where they fed us with four hard-tack, the first food since we started, although each day we passed through cities having commissary stores, having been twice marched to the doors thereof and refused. How we begged to jump from the box-cars and eat the luscious dewberries growing profusely by the track. But no!

"From Raleigh we slowly steamed away to Petersburg, reaching the city at dawn. All was excitement. One of our army divisions was hovering around Richmond, while the conflict raged at Gettysburg and the railway was taxed to its utmost capacity to carry every boy that could hold a gun to the defence of the capital. So it was nearly night when we were taken in by a train following one loaded with paroled Confederates. Six miles out of Richmond the first engine exploded, injuring many poor boys; and we marched in on the track, and were quartered in an old tobacco warehouse, opposite Thunder Castle.

"In the morning the authorities searched us again with brutal treatment, after which we pinched ourselves to see if the bones were left.

"To our astonishment and joy, in the afternoon we were herded with some fourteen hundred more Yankee prisoners they dare not keep in the city, and taken in and on box and platform cars to City Point for parolement, via Lynchburg and Petersburg.

"Coming around the curve in sight of the dear old flag on the steamer, and the stars and bars on the bluff, the rebs began to cheer, and the Yankee skeletons jumped to their feet and three times drowned their huzzas. How we hustled on board! and, while pushing out from the

wharf, were fed each with half of a large loaf of nice, clean, white bread, a large slice of ham, and a cup of hot coffee that was coffee. Down I sat upon the deck, and praised God. Did anything ever look or taste so good?

"Taken to the parole camp at Annapolis, clothed in new garments, fed two weeks, sent home, the goodies provided all the way, the happy greetings at Greenfield, Shelburne Falls, and home, and the thousand and one questions about the regiment, which arrived three weeks later,—these you must imagine."

NOTE F.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE SOPHOMORE CLASS OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

Whereas our beloved friend and classmate, Alfred Dwight Clapp, has been removed by death,

Resolved, That we acknowledge the Infinite Providence in this affliction, and bow in submission to the divine will.

Resolved, That we mourn the loss of a dear friend and brother, whose upright and honorable character won for him our respect and confidence.

Resolved, That in his death, occasioned by disease contracted in the arduous and exhausting duties of a soldier's life, we see a noble life sacrificed in his country's cause.

CAPT. GEORGE S. BLISS.

Capt. George S. Bliss was born in Northampton, Dec. 22, 1839. He was educated in the public schools of Northampton, and from the earliest boyhood gave promise of a noble and manly character.

On the breaking out of the war he enlisted, June 21, 1861, in Co. C, 10th Regiment, and served with that noted regiment through the dreadful Peninsula Campaign. He took part in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Malvern Hill, and Fair Oaks, where he was slightly wounded. He was strongly attached to the 10th, and his experience there did much to fit him for the position he afterward held as captain of Co. G, 52d Regiment. In consequence of his wound he received a brief furlough, and came home to Northampton. At that time Co. G was "in search for a captain." Capt. Storrs had been promoted lieutenant colonel. His successor was mustered out of service while the regiment was at Camp

Miller. George S. Bliss, a sergeant of the 10th, was at home, and was highly recommended to fill the vacant office in Co. G, and was immediately chosen captain. He resigned his place in the 10th, and was commissioned and entered upon his office two days before the regiment left for the front. He was a brave and skilful officer, kind and considerate for his men, an excellent drill-master, and deeply interested in the well-being of any man under his command. He gained the respect and love of every one in his company. No sacrifice was too great for them to make for him.

On the 13th of June he said to his company: "We are going into battle in the morning. Every man must do his duty. There must be no skulking. A dead soldier is better than a living coward." On the following day, while leading his company, he received a wound in his breast, which resulted in his death on the 16th. In a letter written home on the 13th he says: "I am not eager to see the fighting; but, if ordered in, I shall try to do my duty. If it be my fate to fall, be assured you shall have no reason to be ashamed of my record." In his death Co. G and the whole regiment lost one of its bravest and most efficient officers.

NOTE G.

Two Bibles were sent to Col. Greenleaf at the time the regiment was organized, to be given to the two most deserving soldiers. Just before the regiment started for home a meeting of the staff was held to dispose of these two Bibles. One was unanimously voted to Edgar G. Pomeroy, of Co. G, who had served as orderly sergeant. The other was given to James K. Hosmer, of the Color Guard, for his valuable services as nurse in the hospitals, especially at Springfield Landing.

NOTE H.

Daniel W. Lyman, of Co. K, was one of the youngest men in the regiment,—a few months more than eighteen when he enlisted,—a native of Easthampton. He was a frequent correspondent of the *Northampton Gazette*. A soldier faithful in all his duties. Worn out by the march from Barre Landing, he was sent to a hospital in New Orleans, and so far recovered that he joined his regiment shortly before the assault on Port Hudson. A conscientious, Christian man, constantly grieved that so much needless work was put upon the soldiers on Sunday, and that so many battles were fought on that day. In an extract from a letter

written to his father June 16th, he is told that "Daniel was one of the victims of the disastrous assault upon the rebel works made last Sunday. He was instantly killed, and afterwards buried by his comrades on the spot where he fell. Your son had carried himself bravely and manfully in this campaign. He was interested in all that was done for the religious welfare of the regiment. He was led by the noblest sentiments of patriotism to devote himself to this cause, and you may well feel that he is a sacrifice which you have laid upon the altar of your country and your God."

2 PT
1 M-L
-A



